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FEBRUARY 8, 1947

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H. E. Kelley

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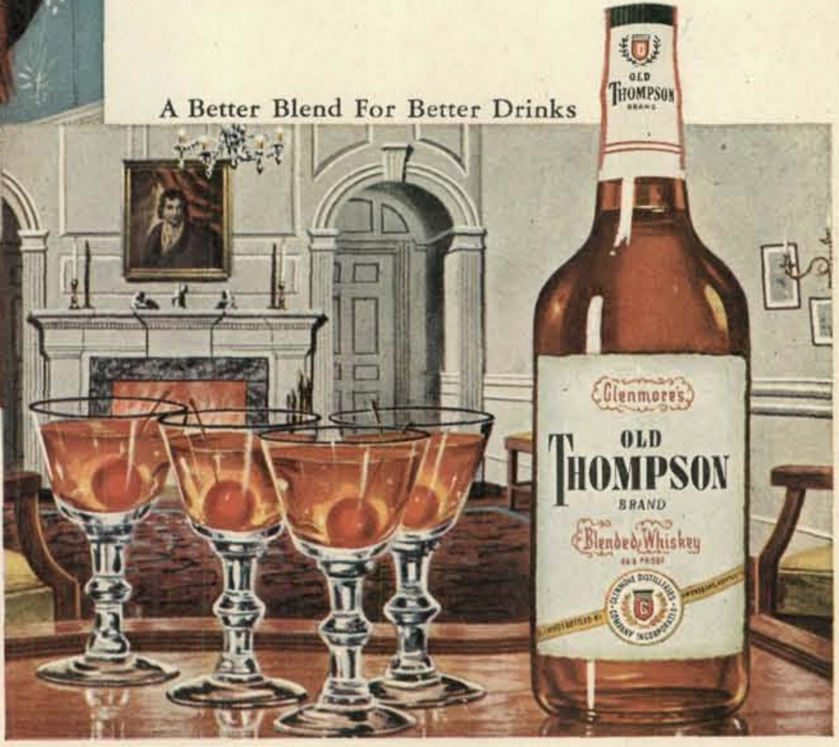

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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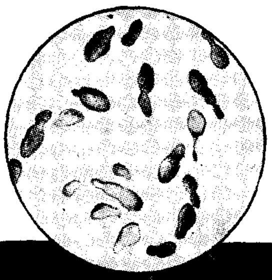
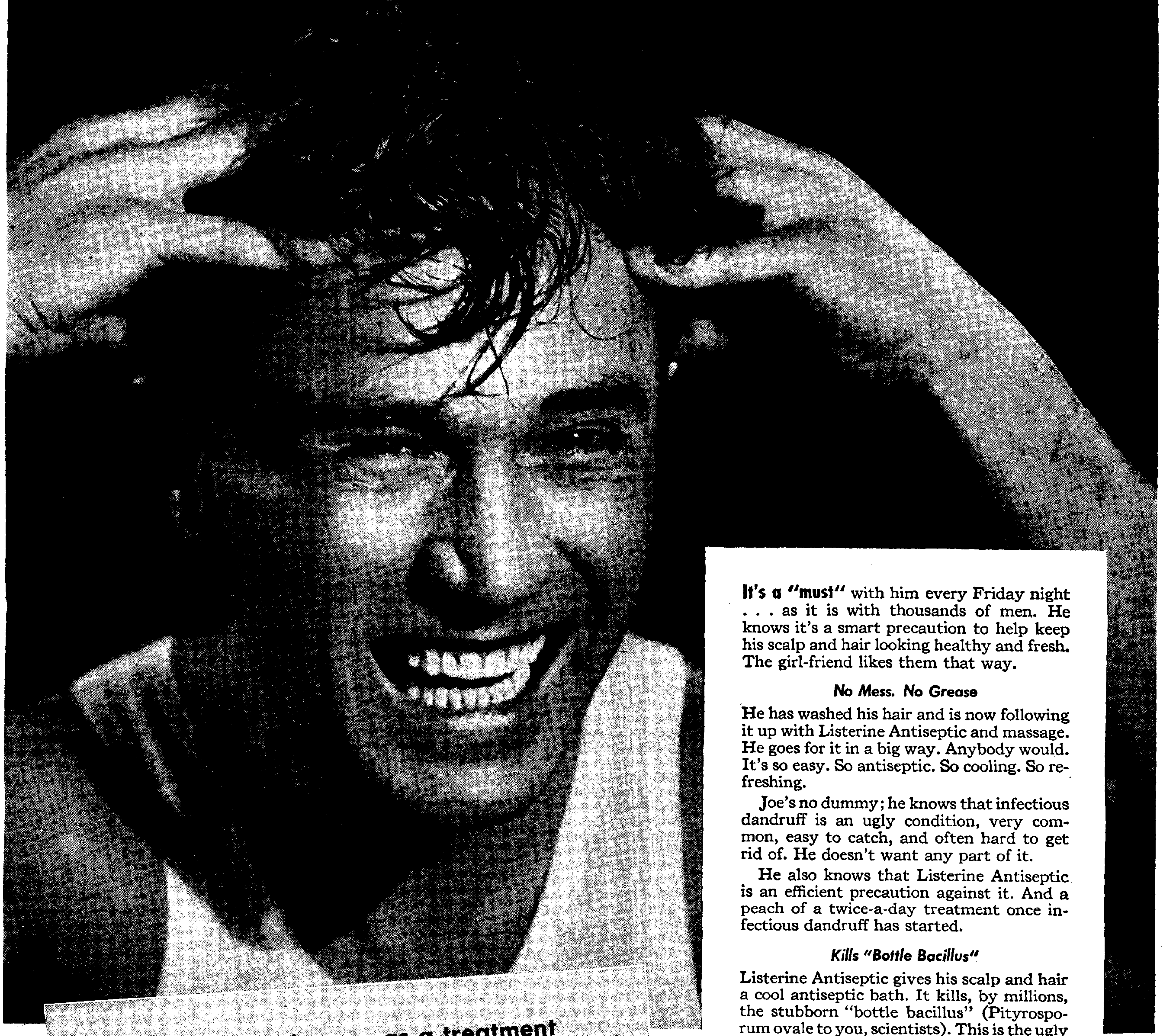
Joe does himself a great big favor



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



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Listerine Antiseptic gives his scalp and hair a cool antiseptic bath. It kills, by millions, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale to you, scientists). This is the ugly little customer that so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

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Picture

OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY"

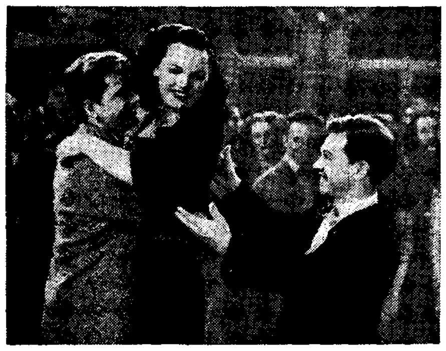
with

MICKEY ROONEY · LEWIS STONE

SARA HADEN • LINA ROMAY • FAY HOLDEN
BONITA GRANVILLE • DOROTHY FORD

Screen Play by HARRY RUSKIN and WILLIAM LUDWIG
Original Story by HOWARD DIMSDALE

Directed by....... WILLIS GOLDBECK
Produced by........... ROBERT SISK



There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".

To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced. When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the scene is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life. A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul. His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragi-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.

You may thank the expert acting of Lewis Stone, Sara Haden and Fay Holden for much of the effective entertainment. The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story. And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with. "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy". Love is you.

COLLIER'S
February 8, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

LET 'EM EAT CAKE

DEAR EDITOR: Your contributor, Robert C. Ruark (The Flapper's Children, Dec. 28th), knows all about American slang, both past and present, but he is shaky when it comes to German. He writes of the German formula *Kuchen, Kinder* and *Kirche*. He translates this "cake, children and church" which would seem a hilarious boner to any German. Any one of them will assure you that Kaiser Wilhelm II who originated the saying had no idea of feeding his good Germans upon cake. He meant them to live on solid *Schwarzbrot*. What he said was *Küche*, which means kitchen. UPTON SINCLAIR, Monrovia, Calif.

. . . Parts of The Flapper's Children were true but I disagree with some of Miss Loos' ideas. Must older people give American youth a bad name? Even though a teen-ager tries to do his best and do right, magazines and newspapers run down his reputation. The older generation reads these articles and then doesn't give us a chance to give our side of the story.

We aren't as bad as people say. I am seventeen, the age supposed to be doing so much wrong. I attend movies, parties and dances with a very large crowd. We would appreciate it if there were more recreation centers and more things to do. If we had places to go we wouldn't get into such messes. Because of the help we don't get, we turn to one another for comfort. The results of this pairing off and later marriages turn to disagreements and divorces.
ROSEMARY JULIUS, Dalton City, Ill.

LEFT-HANDED GERTIE

DEAR COLLIER'S: Please notice you have Gravel Gertie playing her banjo left-handed in The Week's Mail, Dec. 21st. It is impossible to play the banjo left-handed because the strings are arranged wrong.
MICHAEL VICTOR GABRIEL ALOYSIUS MAYVILLE,
Springfield, Ohio

You're right but Gertie is playing a left-handed banjo.

PRAYER & HANDS

DEAR EDITOR: After reviewing the prayer, Father of Mankind (Christmas issue), I feel compelled to express my thanks.

Yesterday my husband bade us all sit down because he had something of importance to read to us. He had hardly progressed halfway through when I had to tiptoe out of the room to conceal my emotion. I am unable to read it aloud myself because of the effect it has on me.

We have placed this poem and picture

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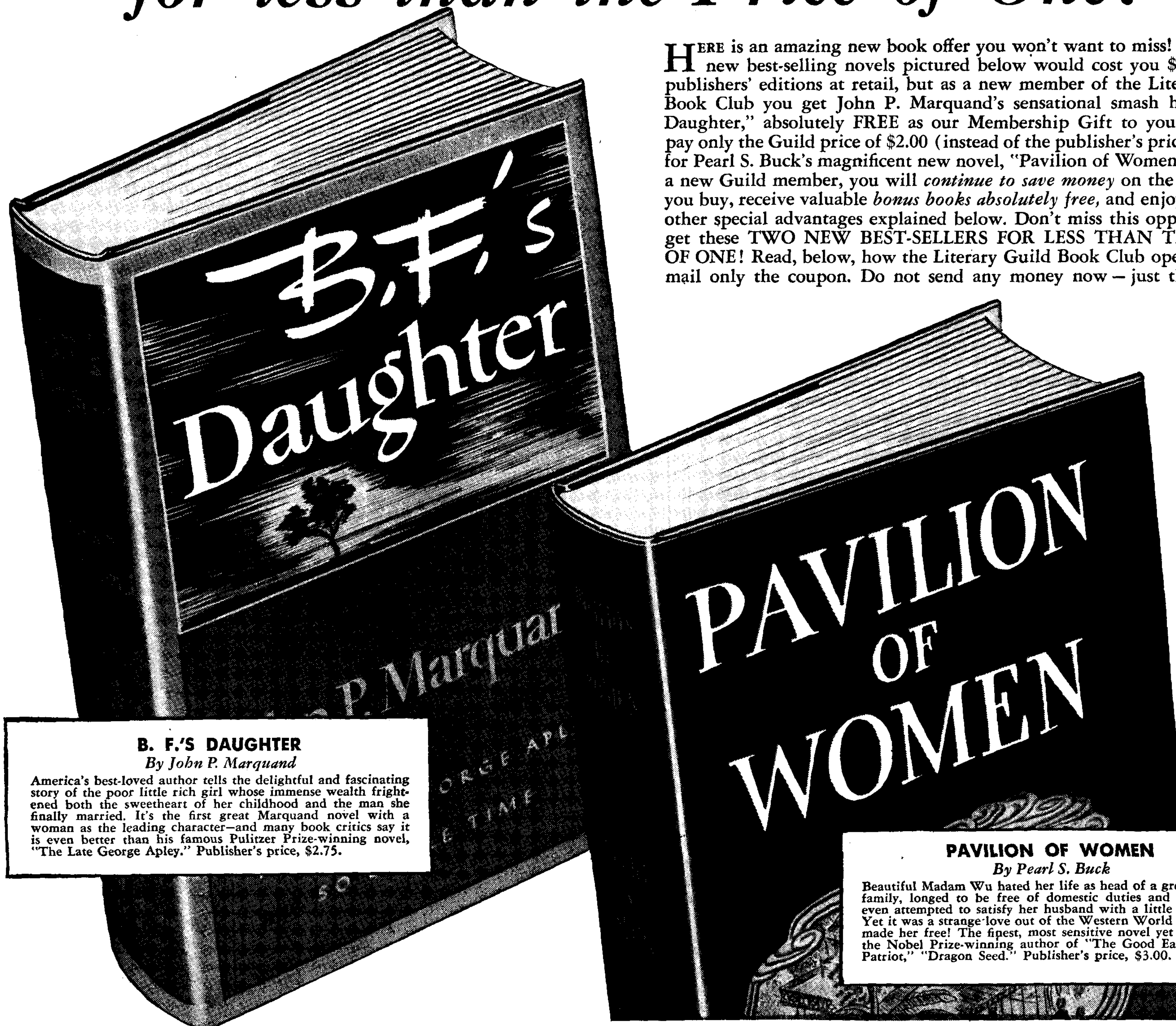

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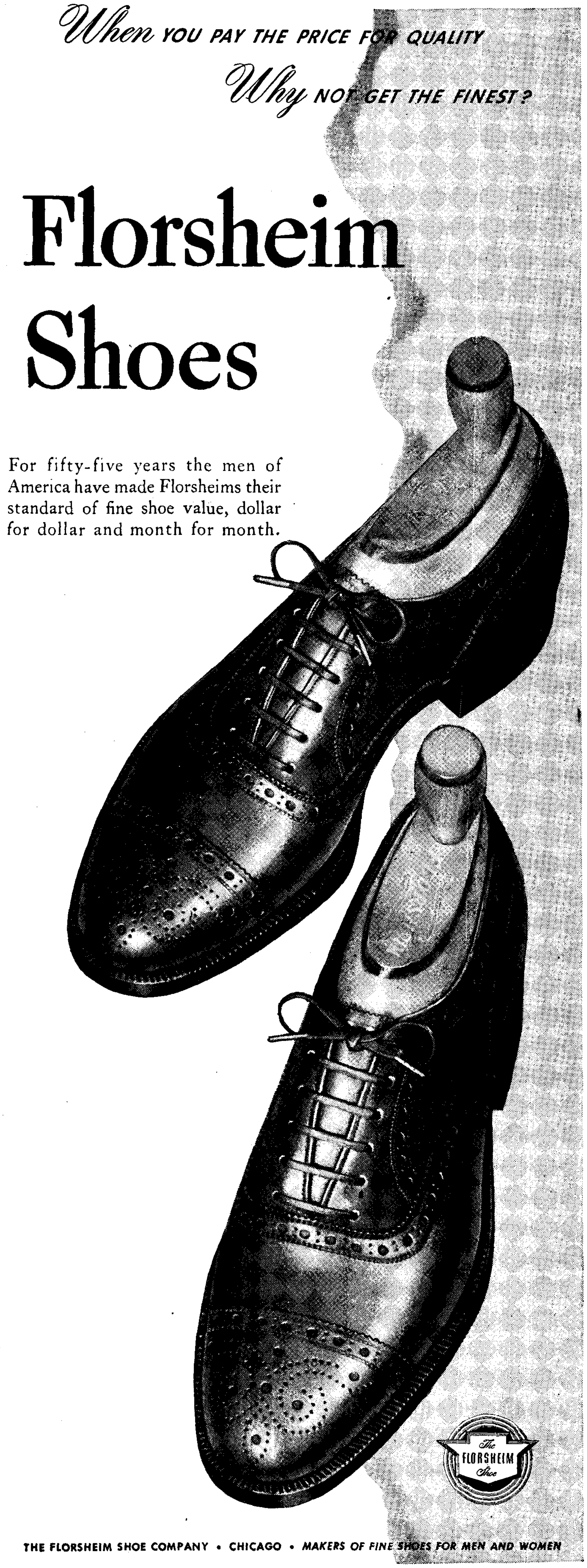
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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The public may purchase today, through the U.S. Office of Education, prints of the educational and training films that it and other government agencies made during the war. These movies run from 10 to 35 minutes, sell at from $20 to $35 and cover nearly 1,150 subjects as varied as machine-tool operation and baby bathing.—*By Patrick J. Collins, New York City.*

America's outstanding skier is Alf Engen of Salt Lake City, who, in the past 17 years, has won 12 national championships as well as some 400 other skiing contests. He is the only man to have been U.S. champion in all four major skiing events—jumping, cross-country, slalom and downhill, no one else having won more than two.

The Passover, chief feast of the Jews, is the world's oldest religious festival, having been celebrated annually for 3,400 years to commemorate the liberation of the Hebrews from bondage in Egypt. Among orthodox Jews, the first evening of this eight-day festival is observed in the home with a ritual meal at which the father, wearing his burial gown, retells the story of the Exodus. An extra cup of wine is also set on the table for the prophet Elijah, who, according to tradition, may come as a guest.

In turf history, only two horses have won more than half a million dollars. The first was Whirlaway, who, before his retirement in 1943, earned $561,151, having run in 60 races of which he won 32, was second in 15 and third in eight. The other is Stymie, who so far has earned $516,285, having run in 96 races of which he won 24, was second in 24 and third in 22.

The oldest and most exclusive club in this country is The State of Schuylkill, also known as the Fish House Club, in Andalusia, Pennsylvania. Founded in 1732, its membership is limited to 30 gentlemen, who, every two weeks between May and October hold a dinner which they prepare and serve themselves and which ends with a toast to George Washington, a guest in 1787.

Although the first observatory in the United States was not built until 1831, its observatories and their branches today own 21 of the world's 51 giant telescopes—refracting instruments of 26 inches or more and reflecting instruments of 36 inches or more. The remaining 30 are in 15 other countries.

Vaslav Nijinsky, the greatest male dancer of all time, although still alive, has not given a performance since he became insane in 1918, a year after his one American appearance in New York. One of his ballet steps, never achieved by any other dancer, was the *entrechat dix,* a vertical leap during which he crossed his feet ten times while in the air.

Fees charged today by certain psychiatrists and psychoanalysts run as high as $50 an hour for single office visits and $5,000 for the orthodox course of 400 treatments over a period of 18 months.

The 75,000 public dime-a-day lockers in the railroad stations and bus terminals of 2,200 U.S. cities range in earnings from $20 to $100 a year, the average for all being $40.

Klein's famous coat-and-dress store in New York City is now advertising again for the first time since 1921, when the Police Department requested the firm to stop announcing its sales. Each time these ads appeared, more than 200,000 women converged on the store with the result that near-by streets were jammed, show windows broken, traffic paralyzed and many persons injured, despite the efforts of squads of mounted policemen to maintain order.

Rotobowling, a new game, while similar to regular bowling, is played noiselessly and with little effort. The pins are encased in rubber, the alley is carpeted and its sides are raised and cushioned; and the ball is propelled by the rotating force set up in it by a small portable electric machine that is aimed and operated by the bowler.

One of the chief obstacles in the development of television today is the ban on "live" music decreed by the American Federation of Musicians in February, 1945. Since then, all vocalists have been obliged to sing in pantomime while their actual voices and the accompanying music were furnished by recordings made outside the studio.

Since March, 1943, when the federal government began paying the maternity bills of enlisted men in low-paid grades, it has spent nearly $100,000,000 on the birth and care of 1,000,000 babies. Moreover, another 100,000 are on their way in families still eligible to receive this support.

A secret American war weapon is a chemical spray that affects the roots of food plants in such a way that the plant itself grows normally but fails to bear a crop.

Russia's great citadel, the Kremlin in Moscow, which occupies only 90 acres, contains more historic buildings than any other area of equal size, having 25 palaces, museums and monasteries and 30 churches and cathedrals.

A scientific mystery yet to be solved is the reason why water droplets in certain clouds do not freeze when having a temperature several degrees below the freezing point.

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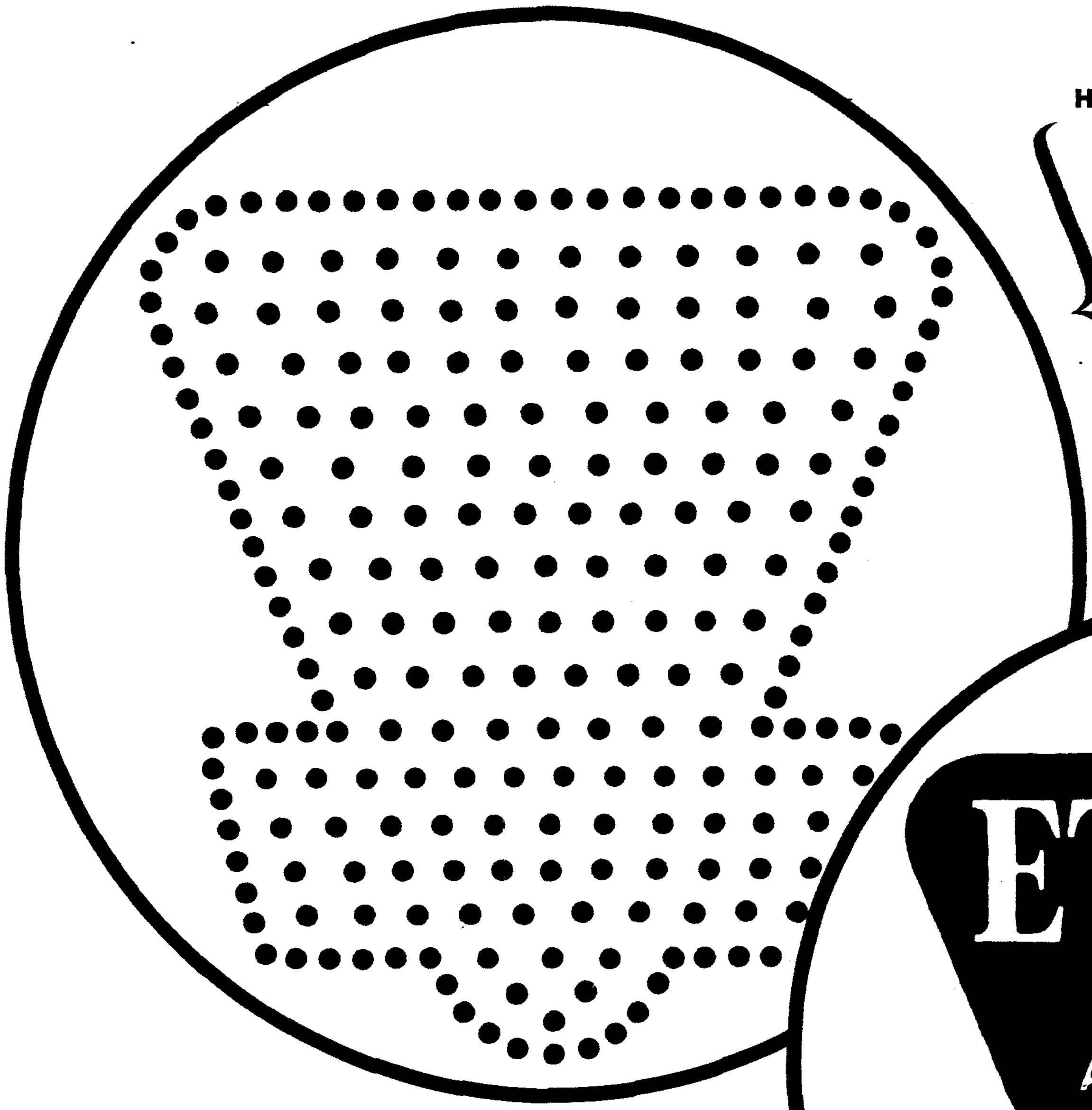

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- a *seventy-five?*
- b *one hundred fifty-two?*
- c *two hundred forty?*
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THE WEEK'S WORK

CLAUDE W. HUSTON

Gervasi and Velie confer with Editor Davenport on housing survey

LAST fall Collier's dispatched Lester Velie and Frank Gervasi across the country as housing reporters. Final conclusions will be found in Housing: The Solution (p. 12).

Gervasi and Velie traveled about 15,000 miles, saw people living in trolley cars, above prisons, in airplane fuselages, abandoned gas stations and packing crates.

For his part, Velie found getting a room at night to cover his curly locks the toughest part of his assignment. Usually he had to phone ahead to his next stop and beg the mayor to do something about it.

Also there was the weather. In Denver, folks boasted to Velie its mile-high, clear weather was superior to Florida's or California's. Roofs did not have to be strong and blizzardproof. The day after Velie flew out, a terrific blizzard descended on Denver, crunching in roofs, gumming transportation. The day after he flew out of California, a storm buried Los Angeles and vicinity for days. Friends begged Velie, on his return to Great Neck where he lives with his wife and two boys, never to leave. They feared the storm-maker in him.

As for Frank Gervasi, we quote his plaintive housing history. "Nothing ever happens to me," he moans. "Somebody else is always having the adventures. It was so during the war. Other correspondents were always having their typewriters shot from under them. Not I. I carried the same typewriter through six years of war, until, in Algiers, the little Hermes just gave out on me. It simply wouldn't write another line. So I sold it to Chet Morrison for 5,000 francs (about 25 bucks, then) and he sold it for 50,000 francs (about 250 bucks). Even when I did get hit by a piece of shrapnel on a PT boat, guess what? The stuff tore through my clothes and bruised me—no blood.

"And that's the way it was during the trip through the South and Southwest on the housing story. I didn't have any trouble finding hotel accommodations. On the contrary in places like New Orleans, I uttered the magic words 'Collier's Weekly,' and 'Walter Davenport, friend of mine,' and not only got a room and bath, but a lot of free drinks, too.

"The words worked well in Texas, except when I tried to brag that Kyle Crichton was a friend of mine. The boys left me with the check. Say 'Crichton' in Texas, and you're deep in the heart of trouble. He wrote up one of their teams as being unbeatable—and that team has had its brains knocked out regularly ever since. He better never go back to Oklahoma, either."

And that is that. Collier's hopes it has helped to turn light on the housing horror.

LIKE his brother David, Hy Peskin, who dodged long fingernails and flying hairpins to photograph Red Heads, You Kill Me! (p. 64), is a color action specialist. He disdains the posed or "frozen" shot, prefers to get in among the scrimmage, the horse race or the bull fight to get his stuff.

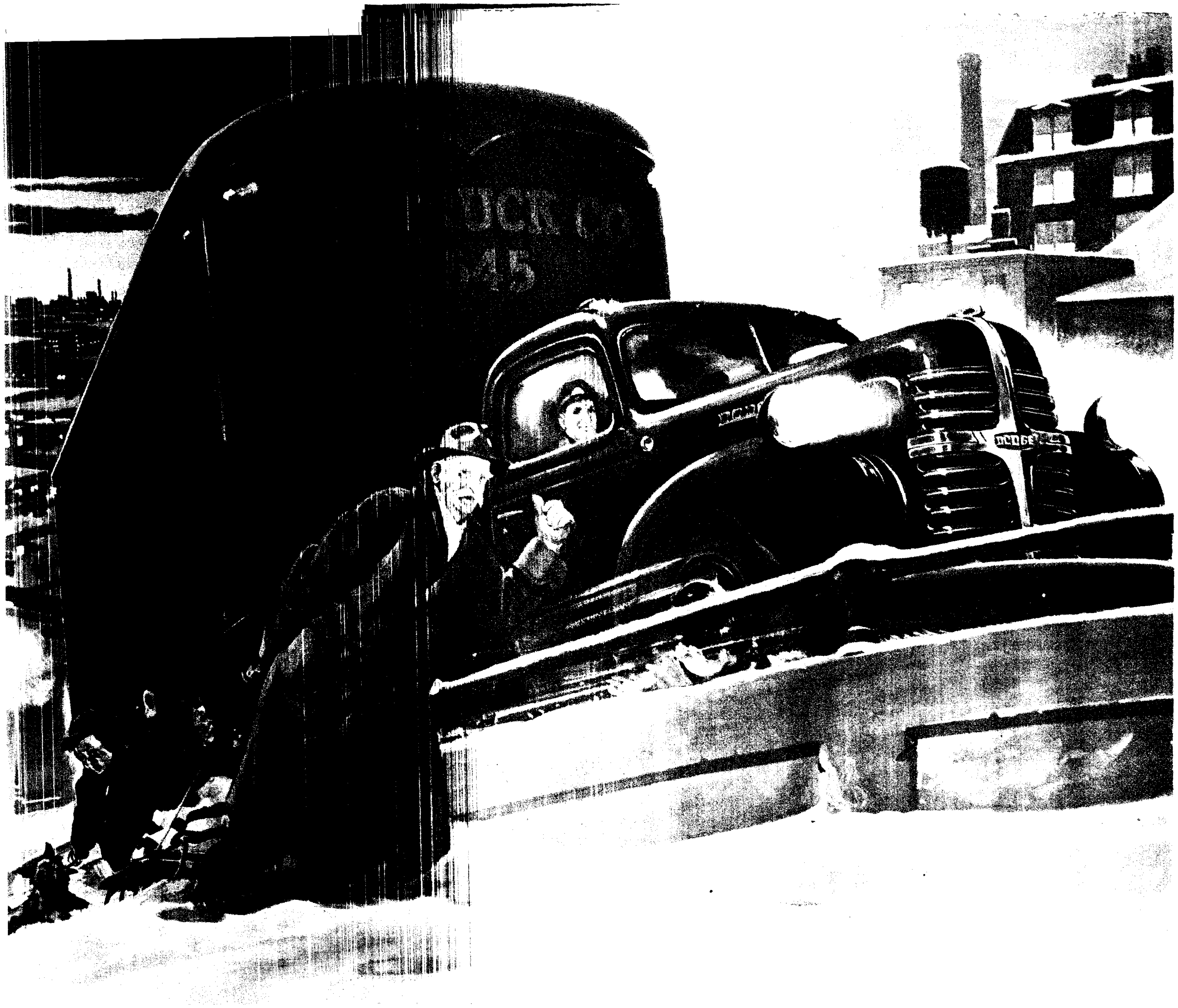
Last year before the World Series Hy stationed himself in the pitcher's box alongside Tex Hughson of the Boston Red Sox, and requested that Mr. Ted Williams, standing in the batter's box, bang one at the camera.

Mr. Hughson wound up, delivered. The ball came screaming directly at Peskin, squatting over his bulky 40-pound secret camera. Mercifully it passed a scant two feet above his noggin. "Otherwise the center fielder would have had to catch it and bring it back," he claims. "The head, that is!" The picture, incidentally, is today considered a classic. It shows Williams actually hitting a ball.

Born, raised, educated, married and twice a father in Brooklyn, Hy broke into photography by acting as camera caddy to Izzy Kaplan, one of New York's most tabloidy picture snatchers. After a spell as "hypo" boy on New York's Daily Mirror, Peskin got himself a super-Brownie and for seven years photographed the deathless doings of Dem Bums. He gained picture immortality when he snapped the famed Kill the Umpire scene, a Brooklyn pastoral showing an overheated fan sitting astride Umpire George Magerkurth and beating the poor 250-pound fellow with true Brooklyn wrath. Peskin says, "I knew it was coming, so I laid for the picture."

To capture the muscular glamor of the Red Heads, Hy hung from hoops and backboards having basketballs tossed at him, and trying not to fall for any of his subjects. Then there is a Red Head surprise play in which the very Stubby Winters dribbles through the long, shapely, widespread legs of Gene Love, tallest Red Head player. That's a Peskin play. The Peskin coat of arms? "It shows my brother Dave lugging the camera while I eat a big cheesecake with the inscription, 'Everything happens to me—thank God!'"

This week's cover: Photographer David Peskin caught Mary James (left) and Phyllis Warren, two of the loveliest of all the lovely Montgomery Ward models (Fashions for Fifty Million, p. 18), on their Sunday off, romping in the mountains near Phoenix, Arizona. . . . TED SHANE



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You'll be interested in these *challenging* facts:

Fact 1—These new trucks (three series) get their power from two remarkable heavy-duty truck engines . . . proved in wartime on China's Burma Road, on the toughest hauls ever assigned to any trucks, anywhere.

Fact 2—Yes . . . they have *it . . . pull!* Horsepower-to-weight ratios hit a new high! These engines (282 and 331-cubic inch displacement) develop 225 and 270 pound-feet of torque respectively.

Fact 3—Long life . . . *cool* performance? Look! Engine cylinder walls are chrome molybdenum alloy cast iron. Engine valves are super-hard silchrome steel. Exhaust valves are sodium-cooled; valves and seat inserts are "diamond hard" Stellite faced. Exhaust valve seats are also individually water-cooled . . . large water pockets surround valve stems.

Fact 4—From frame to steering wheel—front axle to rear—these trucks are *strictly* heavy-duty engineered: Heavy-duty clutches; heavy-duty 5-speed transmissions; heavy-duty Timken rear axles; heavy-duty springs, brakes, wheels, tires . . . all are *"Job-Rated!"*

These new heavy-duty trucks are *"Job-Rated"* for loads ranging from 18,500 to 23,000-pound gross vehicle weight . . . and up to 20 tons gross tractor-trailer weight. They're *"Job-Rated"* for performance, for economy, for long life. See your Dodge dealer for the *complete* facts . . . and the *new* answer to lower heavy-duty haulage costs.

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175 BASIC CHASSIS MODELS TO FIT 97% OF ALL HAULING NEEDS

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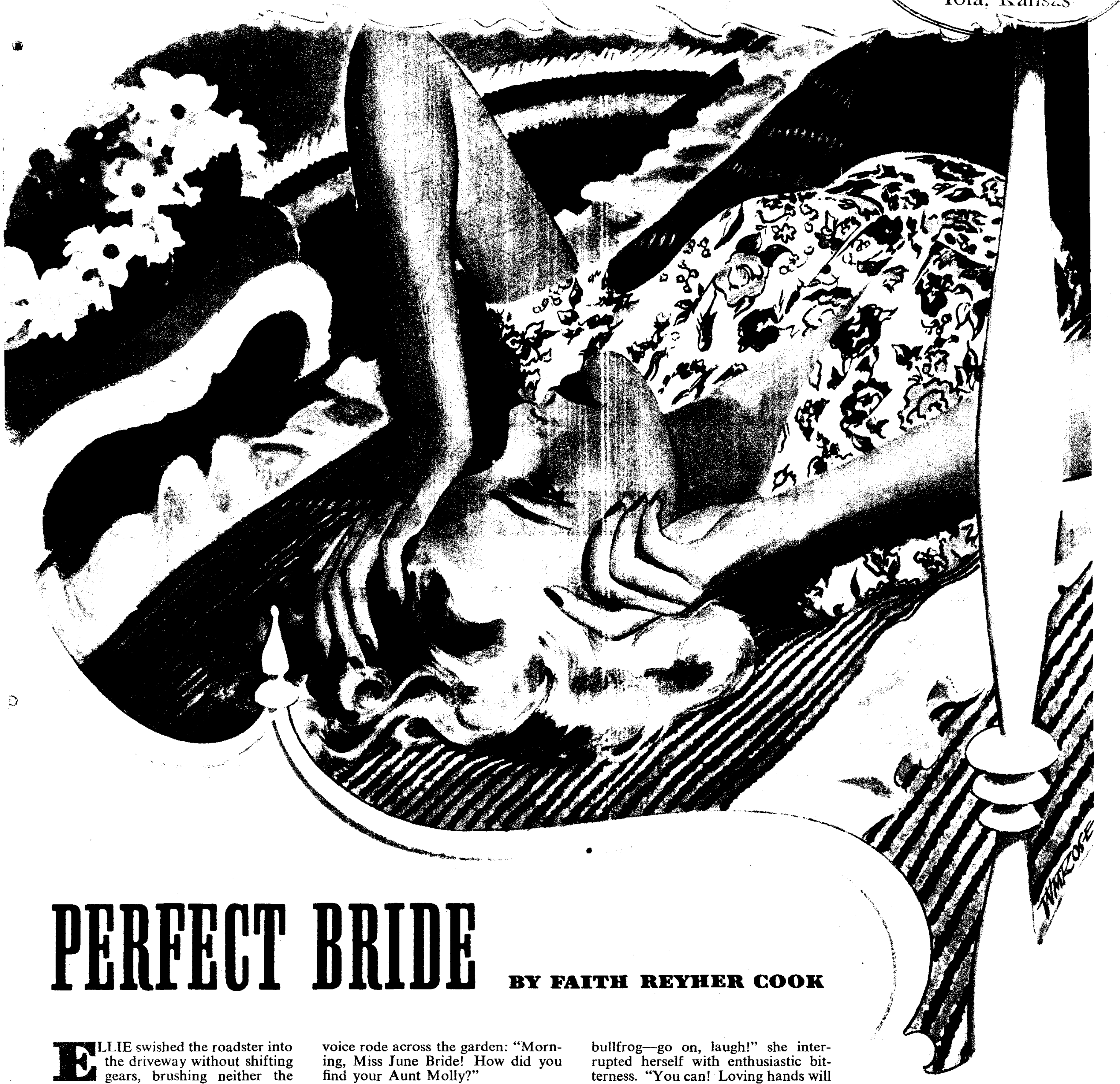


Ellie tried to close her ears to the din that filled the house; and to the sound of her mother's voice

PERFECT BRIDE

BY FAITH REYHER COOK

ELLIE swished the roadster into the driveway without shifting gears, brushing neither the rosebush on the left nor the tusk of protruding curb on the right, and came to a stop less than an inch from the garage door. She stared at it, hearing the gravel settle. She grinned. It had never been done before except once by her father when slightly under the influence of.

"Am I radiant!" she said aloud, but the grin went.

Father: capital F. Mother: capital M.

She sat back and thought: My husband-to-be gave me the Book of the Bride, and said, "Follow the text, little one, and be radiant." So I know it by heart but it is no help now—I am on my own without a guide.

From the kitchen porch Hannah's voice rode across the garden: "Morning, Miss June Bride! How did you find your Aunt Molly?"

Ellie sprang out of the car and waltzed across the lawn. "Concentration is beyond me. The merest thing makes me fall dreaming."

Hannah chuckled. "You is in the proper mood for marriage."

A second-story window flew open. Ellie tensed, looking up. "The cream of the morning to you, Mother! Has anyone telephoned?"

"Millions."

She relaxed. Millions was all right.

"The chair people, the ice-cream people, the gown people—" her mother enumerated in the intoxication of organizing a wedding out of chaos. "Old Doctor Ames has a summer cold. Imagine! But I said he'd marry you if he had to honk like a bullfrog—go on, laugh!" she interrupted herself with enthusiastic bitterness. "You can! Loving hands will take your troubles from you."

As a matter of fact Ellie wasn't laughing. She was staring at her mother with a starkness that hurt to see. Mrs. Wayne didn't see it. She continued to enumerate the crosses of her gleeful martyrdom, then leaned out of the window extending both arms toward the weather vane on the garage roof.

Ellie stared. "Mother, what on earth are you doing?"

"I am praying," she said with dignity, "that your wedding day will be as fine as this one."

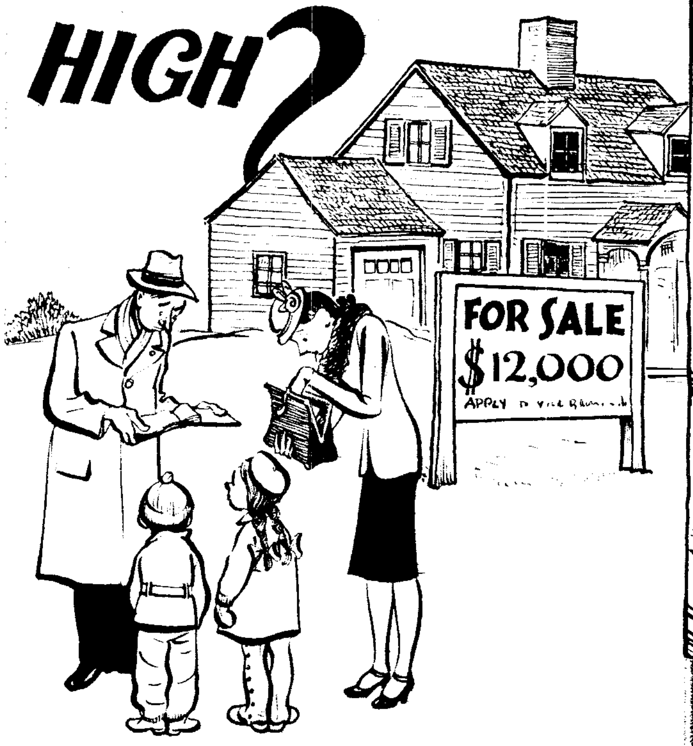
"I think your prayer will be answered, dear." Ellie threw her own arms wide. "Move over, all you

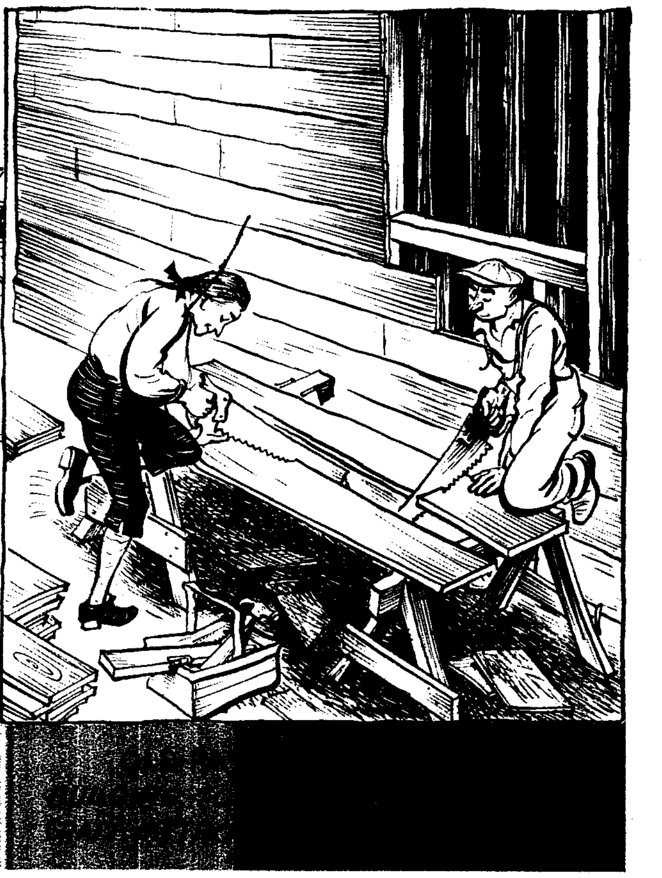
(*Continued on page 40*)

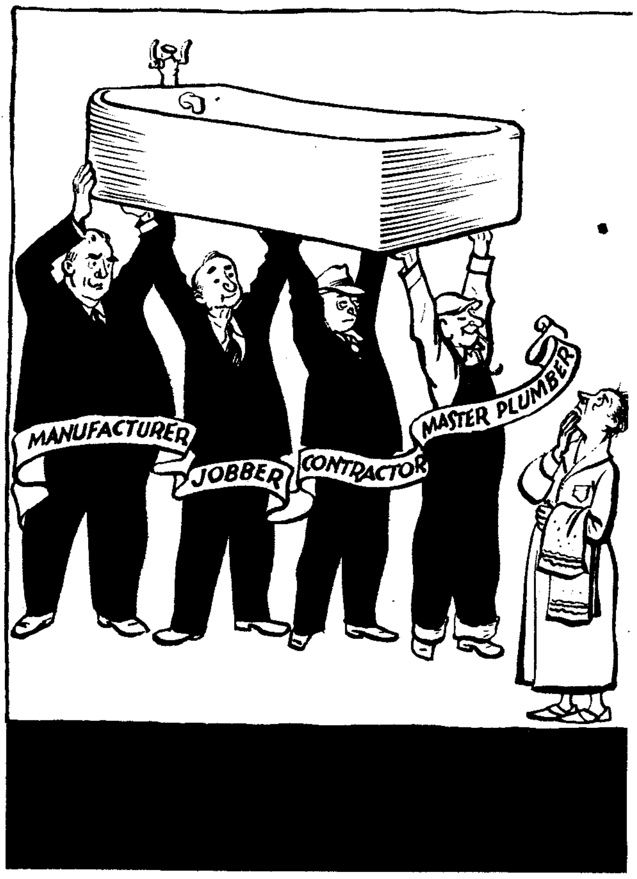
She had read the Bride's Book from cover to cover. And now, the day before her wedding, she found it contained no provision at all for the problem she had to face

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

WHY ARE HOUSES HIGH?







HOUSING: THE SOLUTION

BY LESTER VELIE AND FRANK GERVASI

NEARLY 18 months after V-J Day, in the second winter since victory, Americans who can afford to pay rent for good living quarters are bedded down in bathtubs, living above prisons, making homes in abandoned trolley cars and airplane fuselages, dividing and subdividing scarce space until a six-room apartment that had once housed five now houses 50.

In America's urgent need for shelter and people's ability to pay for it, the stage was set for the sort of production miracle we had come to regard as normal during the war. But there has been no such production miracle. We have spent four months surveying America's housing, and our report to Collier's readers turned out to be the report of our greatest peacetime failure—so far.

This failure is measured in unfinished houses. Against an urgent, immediate need for 3,000,000 houses and apartments and a longer-term need for five times that number, only 450,000 permanent living units were completed in 1946. But the failure is measured more significantly in the houses that were completed; in the skimpy shelters we saw blighting our cities and creating the slums of tomorrow; in the price tags of $10,000 which relatively few Americans can afford, and in plans to build even higher-priced homes.

These prices, like termites, are eating at the foundations of our housing boom, and could cause its collapse even before the surface of our need is scratched.

When President Truman shoveled in the dirt over the already dead Veterans Housing Program last December, builders tossed their hats in the air, but their hats didn't go so high as prices. Yet even before the price lid was lifted, high prices had already undercut the boom. The New York Journal of Commerce asked editorially:

"Is a building recession now under way similar to that which occurred in 1920, and will it persist until building costs come down?"

Builders, too, were worried about the price stilts under houses. Even in Detroit, where factory workers' incomes are high, The Builders Association of Metropolitan Detroit warned:

"The mass market cannot absorb a large number of new houses, payable out of income at prices in excess of $7,500. Yet, the greatest portion of homes carry higher sales tags . . . Even worse is the fact that most of these new homes will not represent sound consumer value . . ."

America's incomparable mass industries are rolling at a record peacetime pace to meet the accumulated need for cars, washing machines, radios, clothes. As this is written, automobile producers are zipping out cars and trucks at the rate of 5,000,000 a year, and before 1947 is out, should turn out 6,000,000. But the building industry, able to produce only for the luxury trade, shows signs of falling on its face.

Houses and apartments for rent are the country's most urgent need. Because builders could not build at a profit under the old $80 rent ceilings an investigation found almost no apartment construction in the country. Now with ceilings gone, builders are preparing to supply apartments—mostly at $90 and up.

Who can pay this?

Fifty-four per cent of all vets can afford to pay rents between $30 and $49 monthly, the War Department found last spring. Thirty-two per cent can't pay more than $30. Only 17 per cent can afford to pay over $50. In most big cities, government investigators found in 1940, only one of every 70 families could pay rents in the $100-a-month class, which the new apartments will command. Even in 1955, government experts have estimated, one of every four American families will earn no more than $1,000 yearly, which means they can pay no more than $20 a month rent.

Just a Realtors' Theory

"But everybody can't live in a new house or apartment," real-estate men and builders all over America told us. "The people that move into the new, expensive apartments and houses will vacate old ones that will filter down to the lower-income groups."

This is the way the industry has always argued that the poor be housed. But now it isn't only the one third ill-housed who must make do with cast-off, filtered-down housing. Now the great American middle classes earning between $2,000 and $3,000 yearly must get their houses secondhand, because the building industry can't build even for them.

True, all families can't live in new houses and apartments. Most are perfectly happy in good, used accommodations. But the number of houses built for those at the top never is sufficient to catch up with the vital statistics—with the growth in population and the increase in families. Besides, there are relatively so few who can afford top-priced houses that the homes they vacate are insufficient to meet the needs of the more modest millions. There's never been enough to filter down. If there had been, the housing shortage wouldn't now be so severe that the most optimistic experts claim it can't be eliminated in less than a decade of frantic building.

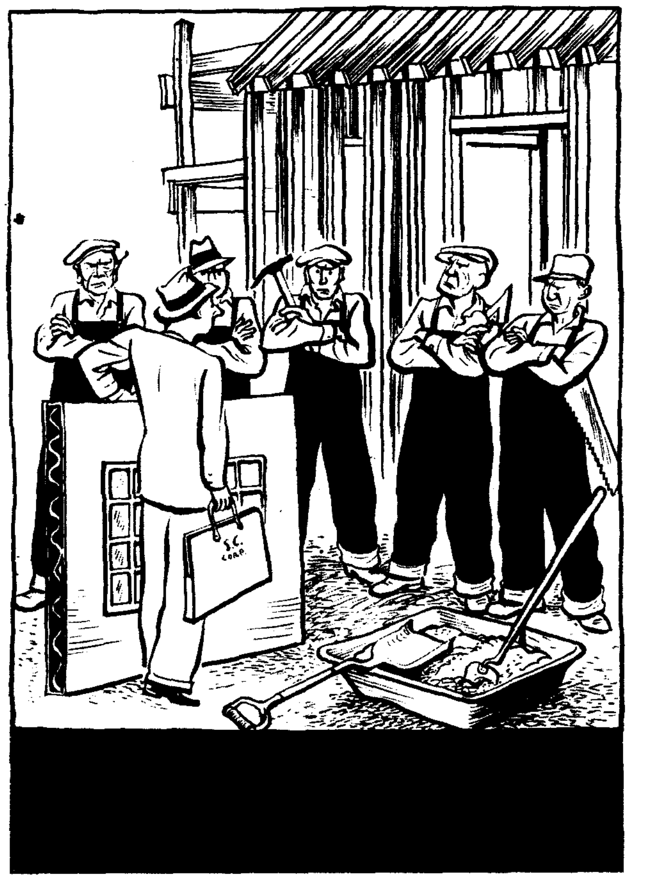
Since neither the volume of building nor the filtering down keeps pace with the need, people must use houses and apartments long after they should have been torn down. Some 10,000,000 families live in rickety, outworn shelters that the National Housing Agency says should be torn down. But don't take the word of a housing agency. Ride from Chicago's Loop to its airport and pass mile upon mile of slatternly neighborhoods, or take a walk through the midtown section of almost any city with its 30- and 40- and 50-year-old houses. They furnish the proof.

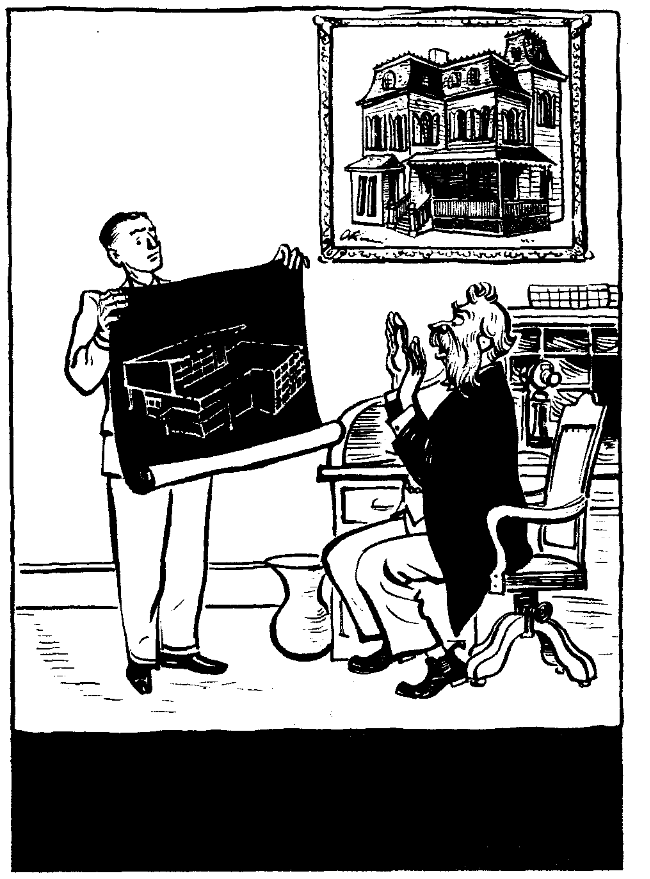
What this country needs is a good $5,000 house. Why aren't we getting it?

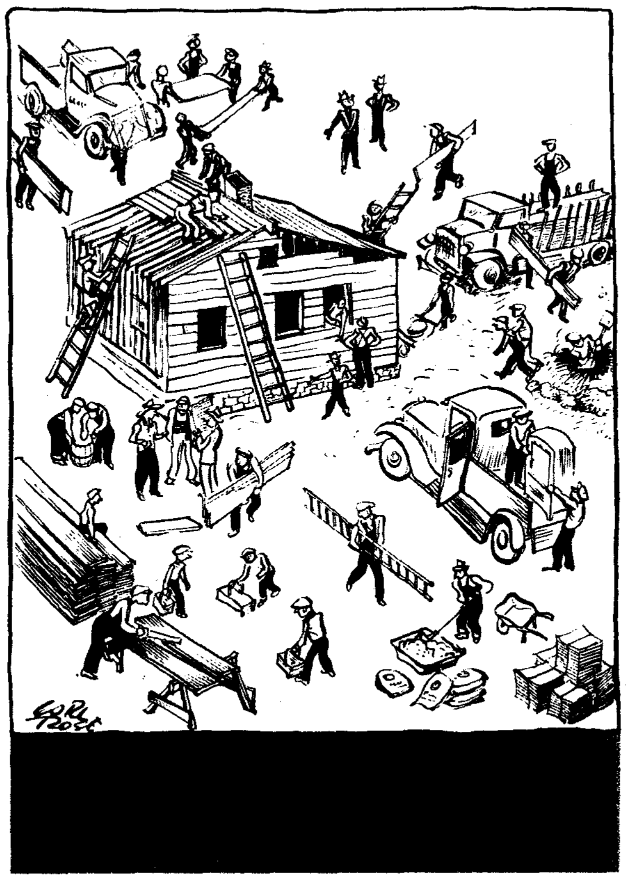
Home builders in Chicago, Denver, New Orleans grew almost tearful as they told us of their struggles with black markets in materials and labor, with a maze of government regulations.

Government controls have now largely vanished. Materials and labor bottlenecks will be broken in time, as we have broken them in the past. But unless there's a revolution in the building industry, builders won't produce houses for mass markets any more than they have ever done.

While we found some builders trying to modernize home-building methods, the story for most builders was monotonously the same: We saw homes being built just as they were when Grandpa went to bed with a mustache press over his mouth. The tens of thousands of parts of the house are largely assembled by hand. The builder, we found, was perhaps the only manufacturer forced to buy his







supplies at retail. If the automobile industry had clung to such traditional handiwork methods, the cheapest car today would cost about $10,000. The lucky few would drive new cars, while most would drive "filtered-down" 20- and 30-year-old Cadillacs and Packards. That's a pretty rough approximation, but you get the idea.

Seeking the causes of the housing collapse, we could go to no single, large figure in the industry. For answers to our questions we had to thread a maze of real-estate men and developers, bankers, building-materials suppliers, labor leaders, subcontractors, builders and government officials. With responsibility diffused in this way, it is no wonder that Wilson Wyatt could neither co-ordinate nor expedite. Each element in the scattered industry was intent on protecting its own interest, hoarding the work, restricting output.

The industry is a bog of archaic distribution methods, restrictive suppliers' and labor practices and ancient handicraft methods that swallow home builders' dollars in such gulps that builders are already—during a great housing crisis—pricing themselves out of the reach of customers.

Consider a builder's adventures in buying lumber, bathtubs, plaster. The piece of lumber the builder needs, for instance, makes its way to him through four or more middlemen, each adding his charge until the lumber costs twice as much as it did when it left the sawmill. If the builder wants to buy bathtubs or electrical supplies, the story is much the same.

Charges of Unfair Dealing

How do suppliers and distributors arrange this? For one thing the labor unions must "co-operate." In a case now before the United States Supreme Court, the Department of Justice charges that San Francisco manufacturers of millwork—doors, sash and other products—combined with labor unions to bar lower-priced products from coming in from outside. In return for higher wages, the government charges, labor unions helped producers increase prices "arbitrarily and unreasonably" by striking against and picketing users of competitive supplies.

In California, "with its extraordinary growth," the circuit court judge who heard the case observed dryly, "such monopoly power well could impose greatly increased costs on the smaller home builder and others."

The home builder can't buy plumbing fixtures direct from the manufacturer. He must buy them from the man who installs them, the master plumber, who buys from the jobber, who buys from the producer. Naturally, the home builder can install only those fixtures that the subcontractor buys. If he tries any short cuts like cutting out the subcontractor, union plumbers won't install the fixtures.

This strange loyalty stems from the fact that plumbers are hired, not by the builder but by the plumbing subcontractor and they "protect" him in return for union recognition and high wages. Even the biggest builders can't buck this system. In many cities—so charges the Justice Department in a case now being tried at Cleveland—the bathtub field is limited to a handful of manufacturers who dominate sales in a distribution system that adds 15 to 40 per cent to their cost.

The story in other building supplies —electrical fixtures, plaster, lath, etc.—is monotonously the same, the Justice Department has charged in indictments which read like the Who's Who of building-materials suppliers.

When government experts studied the vanishing home builder's dollar, they found that 52 per cent of it goes for materials. Before the $5,000 house can come, the ancient trade practices that keep materials prices on stilts—in bad times as well as good—will have to go.

Only drastic action can provide the answer to America's housing crisis but it can be the difference between success and our greatest peacetime failure. The finale in Collier's housing series

So will the ancient union practices that stretch out work as if there were a depression. While labor, acting like the rest of an industry with a self-interest in fighting modernization, should not be made a scapegoat in the housing crisis—neither is it an innocent lamb.

In San Francisco the "mud trades" (plasterers, bricklayers) insist on a six-hour day with double time for the additional two hours, even though plasterers are so scarce hundreds of houses are held up for the lack of them. In Chicago, lathers consider 30 bundles of wood lath a day's work, and completing the stint in 6½ hours, leave the job about 2:30 P.M. with a parting, "Goodby, suckers!" to the other workers.

While all this hikes costs, a more serious barrier to the $5,000 house is union resistance to short cuts. Painters bar the use of spray guns in many cities on the ground of health even in the case of water paints which have no fumes and could harm nobody. In Chicago, plasterers insist on applying three coats of plaster, although builders believe two are sufficient. In Chicago, too, glaziers last September marched indignantly off a job to which home builders had brought windows with factory-installed glass, and wouldn't return until permitted to take the glass out on the job and reset it. In New York, electricians insisted on installing electric refrigerators, the "installation" consisting of plugging in the electric cord.

Another reason why the $5,000 house costs $10,000 and up is the dead hand of the building codes.

Some 2,000 codes regulate building materials and methods, supposedly in the interest of protecting the home buyer against fire, disease and other hazards. But by specifying what can be permitted, the codes prevent the use of new construction methods and materials and become instruments for freezing the industry in its present state of anarchy.

Joe Green, manufacturer, develops a new-type wall construction. It's easy to install, saves labor and undersells other materials. Is his fortune made? You don't know your building codes. To sell his wall material, Joe Green must convince the city fathers in scores of towns and must pay for tests to prove safety. Who would judge the new materials in these tests? In San Francisco, no changes can be made in the building code unless the labor unions approve. Elsewhere, building officials can approve new materials only over the opposition of manufacturers, contractors and labor—who may stand to lose by the advent of the new material. Under the circumstances, let Joe Green try to break in!

Rules That Hinder Progress

Building codes are necessary to protect the consumer. Yet their perversion to protect special interests may give a product a monopoly in one town but bar it altogether in another. Modern manufacturers can make a house with walls only four inches thick, having weather resistance of masonry walls a foot thick. But if the codes specify 12-inch walls in a particular community, no prefabricated houses can be built there.

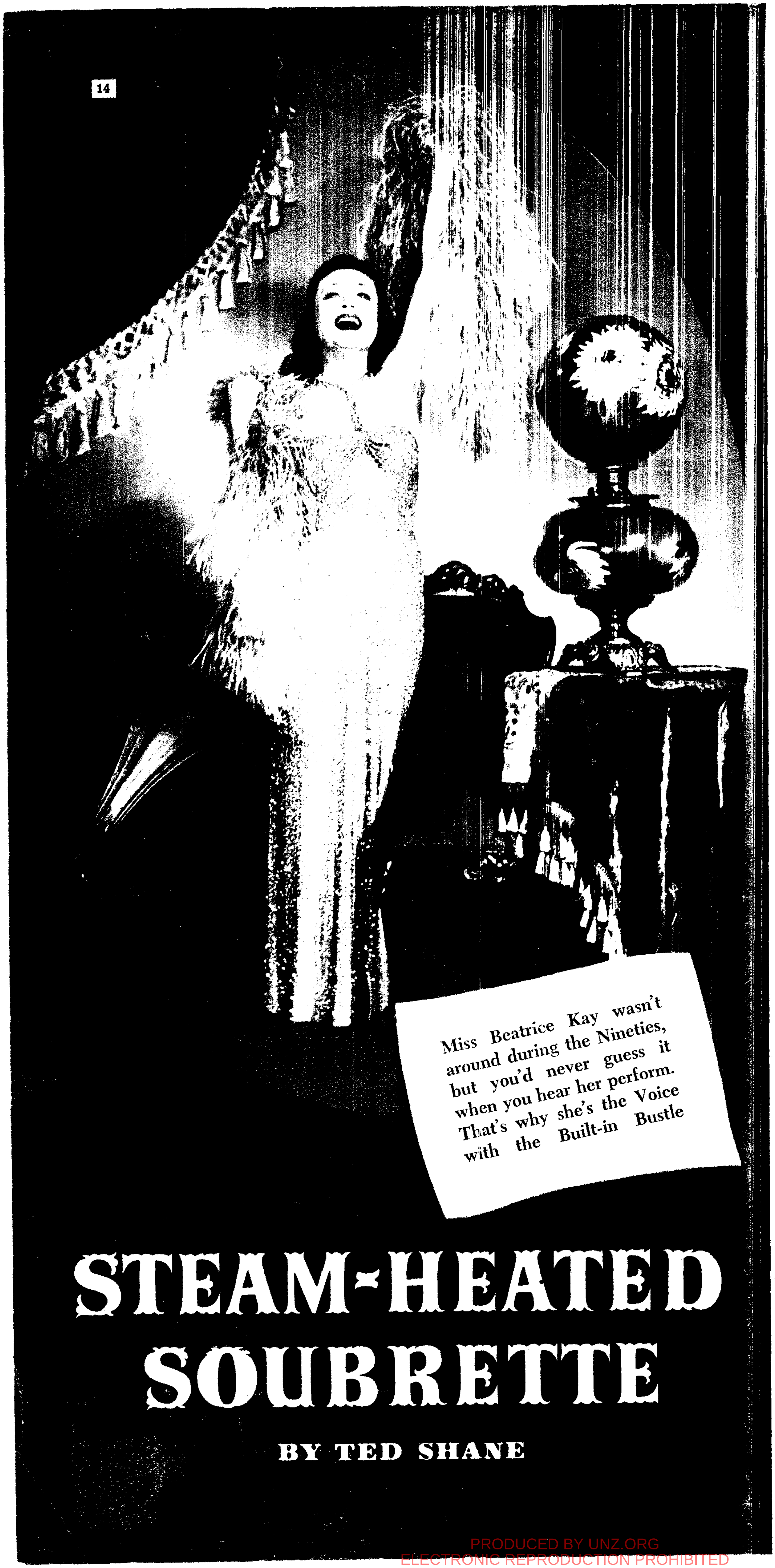
That's how prefabs are barred by Chicago's regular building code, a bulky set of regulations which the Chicago Tribune has described as a "racketeer's delight."

Even where codes are honest enough, materials requirements vary so widely that manufacturers can't standardize parts and must stock thousands of items when hundreds might do.

Why doesn't the home builder fight the system of inflated distribution costs, code restrictions, labor stretchout? A General Motors producing by the million can throw its weight around, fight inefficiency among suppliers or unions. But when you produce three to five houses yearly, you're too small to fight effectively. When last counted in 1939, there were some 31,000 building contractors in America and 187,000 subcontractors (master plumbers, carpenters, electricians). In the years from 1936 to 1939, 80 per cent of the nation's builders put up only five houses a year. Reformers have inveighed against the

(Continued on page 67)

DRAWINGS BY CARL ROSE



STEAM-HEATED SOUBRETTE

BY TED SHANE

Miss Beatrice Kay wasn't around during the Nineties, but you'd never guess it when you hear her perform. That's why she's the Voice with the Built-in Bustle

WHEN Miss Beatrice Kay slinks on stage in picture hat, boa, front and rear falsies, and makes with a nostalgic tear-jerker like The Curse of an Aching Heart, she becomes the gravel-throated soubrette our grandparents grew mauve and decayed listening to.

The mists of memory gather, and the minds of young and old become confused.

The diminutive Miss Kay was playing the Bowery Theater in Detroit a while back, when a college boy telephoned her dressing room. "Forgive this intrusion, Miss Kay," he said, with the deference shown by college men to ladies of another generation. "I am a grandson of Admiral Dewey and I understand you were a great friend of my grandfather's."

"Young man," rasped Miss Kay, in her mellowest whisky tenor, "thanks for calling. My friendship with the admiral is news to me. I don't believe I was around when the admiral was."

The grandson of the Hero of Manila Bay was the victim of a popular illusion. A bewitching bit of dynamite in her early thirties, Miss Kay, through night club, stage, radio and hard work, has made herself the living symbol of the so-called Gay Nineties. Long ago, Miss Kay learned the futility of carrying her birth certificate around with her. People didn't believe her. Not long ago on a vaudeville junket Miss Kay went backstage at the Metropolitan in Providence, and found herself mistaken by two stagehands for the girl singer with the band on the same program. Rudely they sat her down to wait, while they readied the more important Miss Kay's dressing room.

"Hey," she heard one stagehand shout to the other. "The heat on in Kay's room?"

"It don't work!"

"Then fa gossakes get a hot-water bottle! You know how crabby them old dames is! What about the shower?"

"Shower? At her age? She'll catch her death of cold!"

Miss Kay spoke up firmly: "Gentlemen, *I* am Beatrice Kay!"

"Who are you kidding, sister? My old man used to hear her years ago. She's no chicken!"

To this day when Miss Kay plays Providence, these good men remain uncertain, still think it some sort of hoax.

A Life Filled With Embarrassing Moments

There is nothing Miss Kay can do to keep her admirers from adding anywhere from 20 to 50 years to her age, or from accusing her of fraud when she insists she's really a young woman. Smilingly they wink at her vanity in concealing her true age. Many have called her a liar; remark that the wig she wears is most becoming; inquire how often she's had her face lifted. When she leaves a broadcast or the theater, people confuse her mother with herself—ask Mama for her autograph! Once when she was performing at a night club, a gentleman in his cups rose and cried loudly: "Look, little girl, give up. I know Beatrice Kay. Why do lousy imitations of good artists? You stink!"

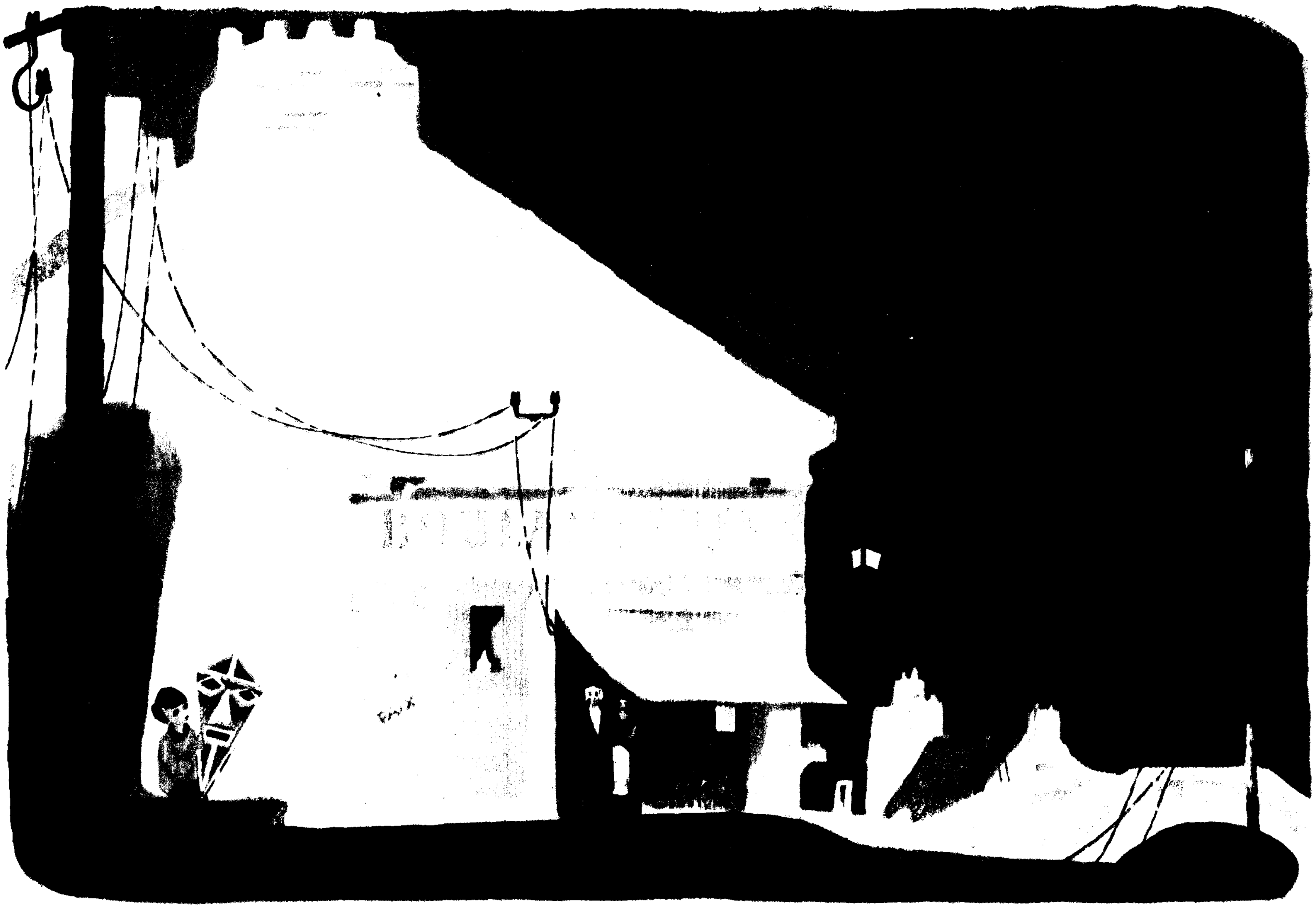
"Even if I had my birth certificate tattooed on me," says Miss Kay, "it wouldn't help. People with memories are very stubborn. They always say, 'I heard you thirty years ago—your voice hasn't changed a bit!' "

The extraordinary aging of Miss Kay is probably due to the radio, which has made her into the Voice with the Built-in Bustle. While it is understandable that her air audience might believe she was pushing 70, it is hard to fathom why people meeting her face to face think so, too. It reveals something about radio.

The steam-heated quality Miss Kay gets into her songs over the air has a way of rousing steam-heated memories. Her mail is filled with letters from gentlemen in whom she has wakened the lavender and old wolf. The writer invariably suggests they meet outside the Plaza Hotel in New York, where the only remaining horse-drawn hansom cabs in Manhattan can be found. Cozily tucked beneath an ermine rug, they—Beatrice and the creaking dandy—will clip-clop down Fifth Avenue to the Brevoort, the only real Nineties restaurant surviving a world of automatic dishwashers and mechanized cocktail shakers.

After dinner, on to the theater—too bad Edwin Booth and Bernhardt are dead—but perhaps Miss Kay will not mind sullying *(Continued on page 69)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER



A MOTHER FOR MAXIM

BY LIBBY BENEDICT

A moving story of heroic sacrifice

MADAME MALLARD, recognized her as soon as she came in through the door of the little bakery. Perhaps it was because in the intervening six years Madame Mallard had always seen Madame Lévy as a phantom, that the visitor's appearance did not surprise her. Otherwise Madame Lévy might have been unrecognizable. She was thin, her hair was gray and her large brown eyes—oh, but they were Maxim's eyes!—were old and sunken as they had no right to be in a woman her age; but still they were Maxim's eyes. From the garden behind the oven room came the sound of Maxim's laughter. Was it to be taken away from her, thought Madame Mallard—the laughter that had enlivened her household for so long?

She had risen out of habit, as if Madame Lévy were a customer, but also out of preparedness. This was a moment she had foreseen and hardened herself against—not ever with belligerency, and she was not belligerent now. She would not deny the truth, nor could she fight against anything Madame Lévy might demand.

"Madame Mallard, you surely don't recognize me?" The voice was the same, and the accent, too—that broadening of the vowels which so many immigrants had when they spoke French.

"Madame Lévy, of course."

"Then you do recognize me!" There was surprise and even something of pleasure in the response, as if the woman were flattered to know she had not changed beyond recognition.

"Yes, of course I recognize you. But I don't know what to say to you, Madame Lévy. You have been through so much."

Madame Lévy dropped into the one chair that stood outside the counter. She looked up into Madame Mallard's face, and her eyes brimmed over.

"It was not knowing that was hardest," she said. "Now I know." Then, quickly: "About my husband, I mean."

Keyed as she was to the significance of the moment, Madame Mallard started a little at the other's obvious desire to treat the subject of Maxim carefully. Otherwise Madame Lévy would not have so quickly emphasized that it was her husband's death to which she was referring as a tragedy, and not what she might know about Maxim. Could it be that she was going to let them keep Maxim? It would be a miracle—a miracle like the miracles which Madame Mallard and her husband no longer made an active part of their creed, since they

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN

AMERICAN UNDERGROUND

BY CONSTANCE WAGNER

In 1860, freedom was a dangerous word. To Allan it spelled liberty, but for Nancy it meant a world split in two—with no one to tell her which half to choose

THE battered buggy pulled up in the drive that ran around the side of the farmhouse, and the sheriff threw the reins over the dashboard and bit off a chew of tobacco. His little bright eyes moved alertly from house to barn, as if they were making note of every detail for possible future reference.

Allan Savage, coming around the corner of the barn, approached the buggy with no sign of pleasure. "Hullo," he said. "What's up?"

The sheriff spat skillfully between the horse's hind feet, without taking his eyes off Allan's face. His tone, however, was casual. "Nothin'. Just stopped to pass the time o' day."

Allan hooked his thumbs in his belt and stood with his feet wide apart, returning the sheriff's look without blinking. "Just taking a look around?"

The sheriff nodded. "It don't do no harm," he remarked, "to keep your eye peeled." He shifted the quid from one side of his mouth to the other. "Looks like a hot election," he added chattily. "They had a wide-awake down Galesburg last night. Must've been a couple hunderd torches in the procession. Quite a sight. . . . You old enough to vote this trip?"

"Yes." Allan's lips closed tightly on the word.

The sheriff's eyes moved carefully about the barnyard, then came back to the young man. "I've always been a Democrat," he proclaimed. "Cast my first vote for Andy Jackson, and I've never been sorry for it nuther. Chaw?"

"No, thanks."

The sheriff took up the reins and clucked at the horse. "Reckon I better be travelin'." He leaned over the side of the buggy. "I'll be droppin' in again," he said distinctly.

Allan turned away without a word and started back to the barn as the buggy rattled off down the hill. His quick glance toward the house took in a flash of blue between the curtains of an upper window. He wondered, uneasily, if it was Nancy Pelton's blue dress. . . .

His mother was kneeling on the floor in the barn, feeding some mash to one of the calves that had been ailing. With her hands still in the basin of mash, she looked up as Allan appeared in the doorway.

"What did he want?"

Allan sat down on a milking stool and stared at his hands. "He was looking around." He could feel his mother gazing at him fixedly, but he didn't look at her. "They've got the wind up," he said at last. "That's the second time this week that he's been here. He went to Petersons', too."

There was a slight edge to his mother's voice. "You're not nervous, are you?"

Allan rubbed the palms of his hands together, studying them. "No. I'm not afraid, if that's what you mean," he said slowly. "Only—I've wondered lately if it was worth while. Sometimes it seems—a little futile. And, of course, it's illegal."

Mrs. Savage sat back on her heels, shaking the mash from her finger tips. "So long as there are laws made against decency, you should thank God that there's a few people with courage enough to break 'em." Her voice held a firm ring of conviction. "I've no need of a flock of muddleheads in Washington to tell *me* what's wrong and what's right."

Allan took a deep breath. "This makes sixty-three," he said irrelevantly.

His mother stood up, holding the bowl in her strong brown hands. "I wish it was ten times that," she said clearly. "When you've got right and justice on your side, you're bound to fight with whatever weapons come handy."

She strode out of the barn, her man's boots making a solid clop-clop on the wooden floor. Allan bedded the calf carefully in a pile of new hay, and followed her up to the house.

The girl from Kentucky was standing on the low porch, with a knitted shawl about her shoulders. The wind had sharpened as the day drew toward evening. Allan noticed her hands resting on the white-painted rail, and her dark eyes which were turned toward the undulating fields.

"I never imagined," she said, "that Illinois was so beautiful."

Allan nodded. "This is the finest time of year hereabouts." He was thinking that her skin had the color and texture of white roses, seen against the soft black mass of her hair. And he reflected further that it was strange that his sister Pamela should have shown sufficient discrimination to become intimate with such a girl as Nancy Pelton, during her year at boarding school. A more direct contrast to Pamela's pallid personality could not have been imagined.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that you'll have to listen to a good deal of political chatter while you're here. It can't be avoided, of course, with election only a week off, and both candidates from Illinois."

Her dark eyes, turned toward him, flickered for an instant under his frank gaze. "Mr. Breckinridge is from Kentucky," she said softly. Her head went up, then, with a small, decisive movement. "I promised my father that I wouldn't discuss politics, up North," she told him.

Allan felt suddenly chilled. It was as if he had been roused, without warning, from a warm, delightful dream, to find himself confronted by cold reality. If he had allowed himself to succumb to enchantment for a few hours since her arrival, the spell was irrevocably shattered now. And, as if circumstances all conspired to make his awakening complete, there was a pounding of hoofs at that instant on the dirt road, and he lifted his head sharply as a boy of fifteen or sixteen appeared from behind the barn. He looked disheveled and excited, and the horse he was leading seemed winded. He stumbled across the uneven turf, half running toward the house. Then, as if he had just noticed the girl standing beside Allan on the porch, he stopped awkwardly, and stood gaping.

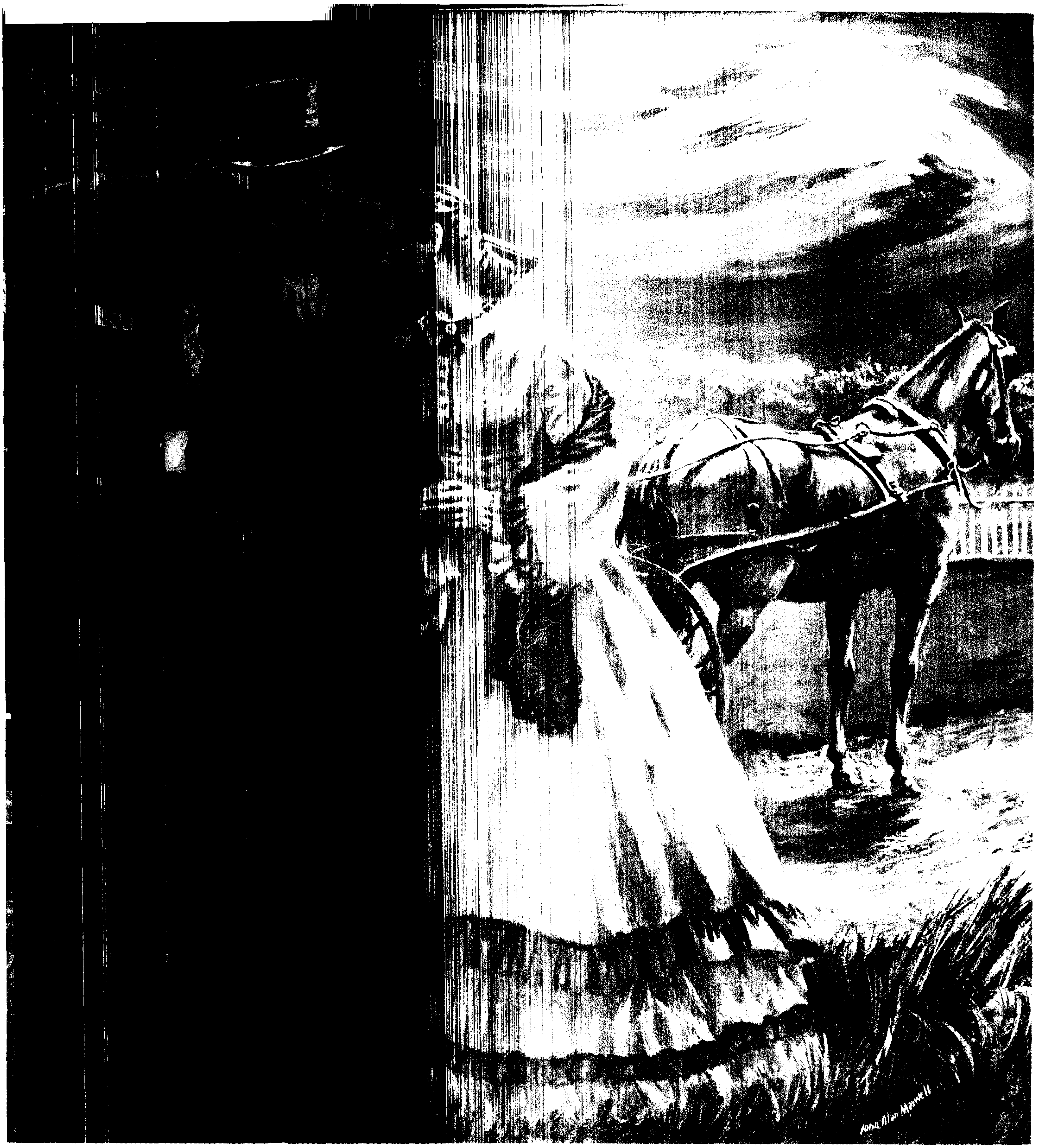
Allan's face darkened with annoyance. "Hullo, Johnny," he said. "What's your hurry? Looks like you've been riding that nag fit to kill her."

THE boy still stood off at a little distance, goggling at Nancy Pelton. "I didn't know you had company," he said sulkily. "Pa sent me over to tell you there'd be a load of freight from Galesburg late tonight, and he wants you should handle it, 'cause we ain't got no room. He says he'll be driving it up from town himself."

Nancy Pelton was watching him with the detachment of one listening to details of a transaction that has no interest or meaning for the hearer. But Allan felt the angry color mounting to his face as he looked across the porch rail at the boy.

He said, "Lookee here, Johnny. Tell your father that it's very inconvenient just now. I mean—tell him it's out of the question. D[illegible]? He'll have to take that freight on to Wa[illegible] this time. We can't take the responsibility." The sudden irrational anger he felt had something to do with the girl, with her smooth, white face and the wide darkness of her eyes, turned toward him. "Tell your father," he almost shouted, "that we can't have anything to do with it!"

His mother's stocky figure appeared in the doorway, and, behind her, Pamela, freshly curled and furbelowed. Mrs. Savage's hard, weather-beaten



face looked toward the boy questioningly. "What's all this to-do?" Her crisp Yankee tones were as cool as spring water, thrown suddenly onto the hot surface of Allan's resentment. "What's the trouble, Johnny?"

Words gushed out of the boy, only half coherent. Mrs. Savage held up one hand to stem the torrent. "That'll do. Certainly we'll take it," she said decisively. "Bound for Canady, I presume?"

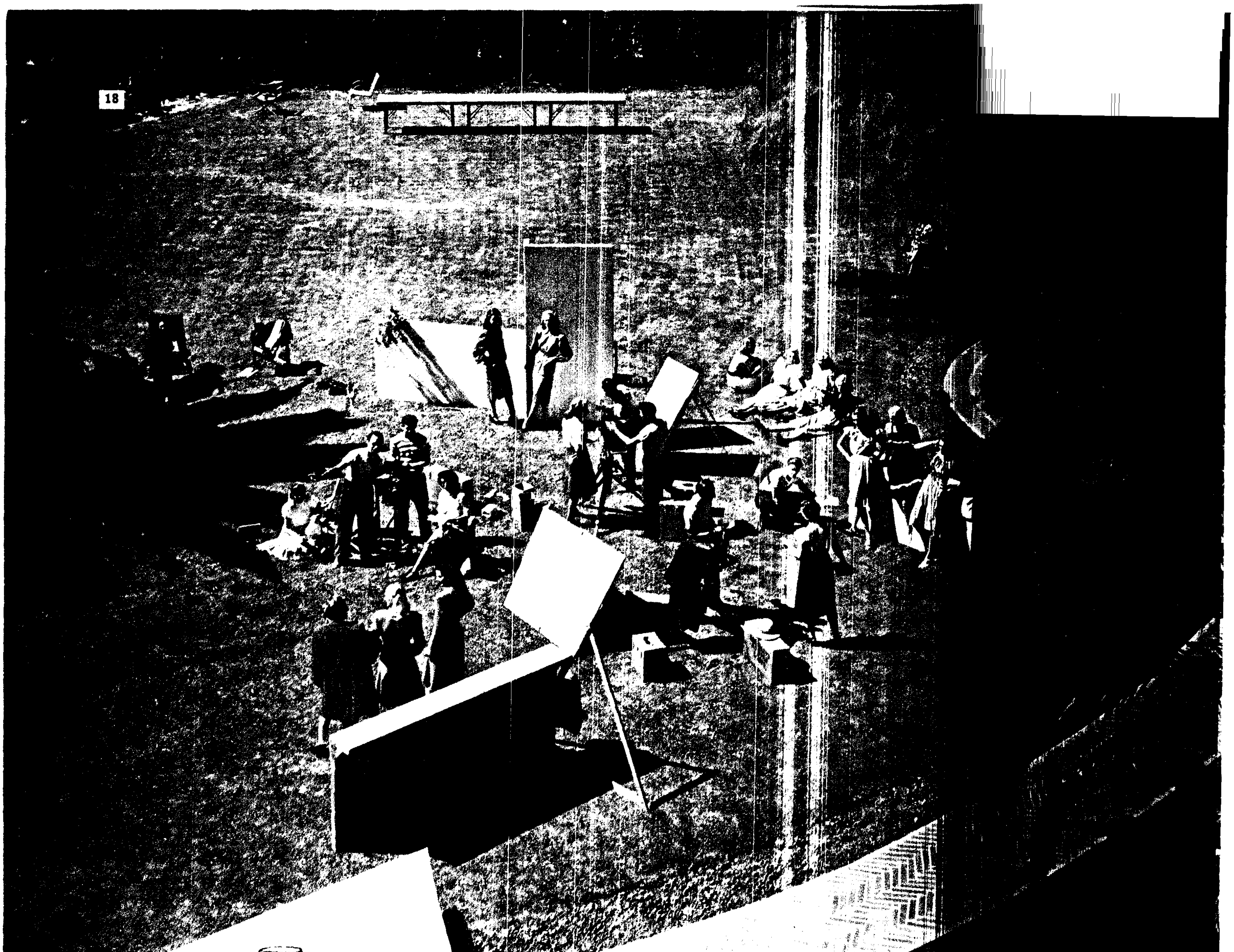
The boy bobbed his head, looking swiftly toward Nancy Pelton and away, with an air of unease. "Pa says they want to get it to [illegible] he mumbled.

Pamela came onto the porch. [illegible] Her small, colorless face looked, to Allan, [illegible] white veil, and the pale blue eyes two rents in the veil, through which he caught a glimpse of [illegible] underneath. She slipped her arm through Nancy's, and propelled her gently toward the door. As they passed into the house, he heard her shallow voice saying, "We'll have time for a game of checkers before supper."

Allan looked after them, *(Continued on page 55)*

He was [illegible] a helpless sense of fatality as he looked at Nancy's white face turned toward the barn and the wagon. Let her stand there, he thought. Let her see and understand

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

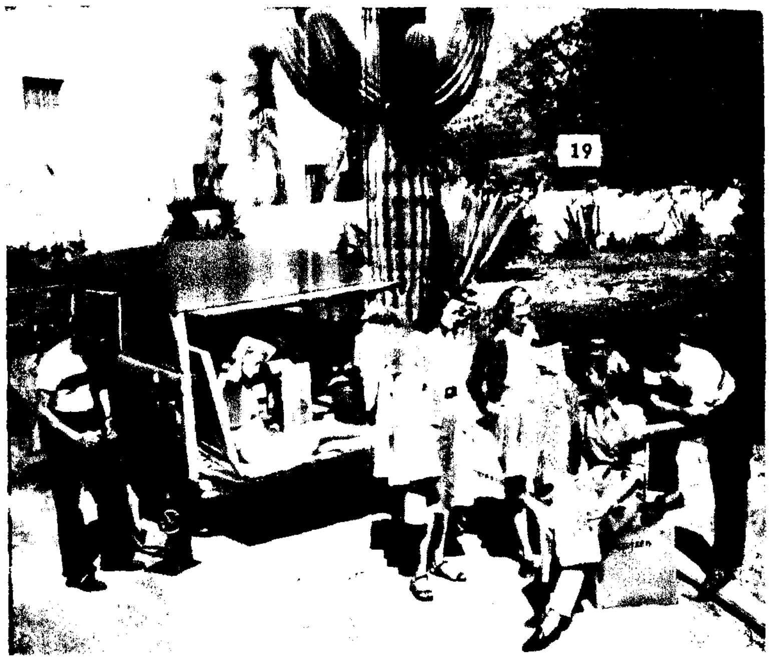


FASHIONS FOR FIFTY MILLION

BY ULRICH CALVOSA

Montgomery Ward's semiannual excursion to Phoenix, Arizona, is a big production on a large scale. Here photographers, models, stylists are at work in the patio of the Westward Ho Hotel. Below, seamstress Jessie Tague fits suit on Betty Anderson. On the racks are some of the 600 garments that are shown in the spring and summer book

The clothes: a part of the Montgomery Ward spring and summer line. The background: Camelback Mountain near Phoenix. The girls: professional models, namely (left to right), Mary Wolfers, Martie Hazlett, Mary James, Ginger Baker, Darrel Harvey, Carol Carter, Jean Bowen, Betty Anderson, Phyllis Warren, Bobbie Orr and Peggy Lloyd. The reason: it makes an exceptionally pretty picture



A style safari arrives at Camelback Inn to make pictures for the catalogue. Photographer Weitzen (right) discusses poses and backgrounds with stylist. As clothes are sold nationally, every effort is made to exclude the Arizona desert atmosphere

Neat but not gaudy styles do best with Ward's multiple million clientele, as in these well-cut but conservative bathing suits. Ward stylists find mail-order customers lag from three to six months behind big-city customers in the acceptance of new style trends. Here (left to right) Jane Welch, Betty Anderson and Mary Wolfers show off some of the bathing suits that will be worn from Seattle to Savannah

Model Mary Wolfers poses in the peplum dress (below) featured on page two of the catalogue. Mary is familiar to Ward customers; this spring for the fourth time she is the catalogue cover girl. The dress represents Ward's bet for a best seller

ABOUT now, in millions of households, in thousands of places, husbands and wives are having arguments about who gets first look at the mail-order catalogue.

The old man, he wants to get hold of it to size up the new ideas in separators and paints and fertilizers and galluses. The old lady, she figures she should have first look, on account of needing draperies for the living room and electric gadgets for the kitchen—that's what she says, but most likely what she really wants to see is clothes.

The old lady—a nasty phrase we use to represent a lot of perfectly nice women—ought, by all the rules of chivalry, to have priority. Because she, like millions of other women who live beyond the reach of big-city stores, through long, cold weeks has been waiting for this first sweet catalogued promise of spring.

For her, the mail-order catalogue has the same kind of appeal that Vogue and Harper's Bazaar have for the beminked and bediamonded habitués of Park Avenue and the Gold Coast.

On the style end of things, this lady of the catalogue doesn't come out badly. The mail-order houses have become big enough and rich enough to do quite a job in fashion. Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck and others hire stylists and designers and cover-girl models with the best of them. These photographs, taken at Phoenix, Arizona, give you an idea.

Here, in a sunny resort setting, fifteen top models, from New York and California, for six weeks put on bathing suits and slacks and dresses, and posed for pictures under supervision of a retinue of executives, stylists, fitters and assistants.

Ward's goes to Phoenix for one reason—sun. Intense, even sunlight is essential to the making of photographs which show texture and line with perfect accuracy—and perfect accuracy is necessary for customers who buy merchandise sight-unseen.

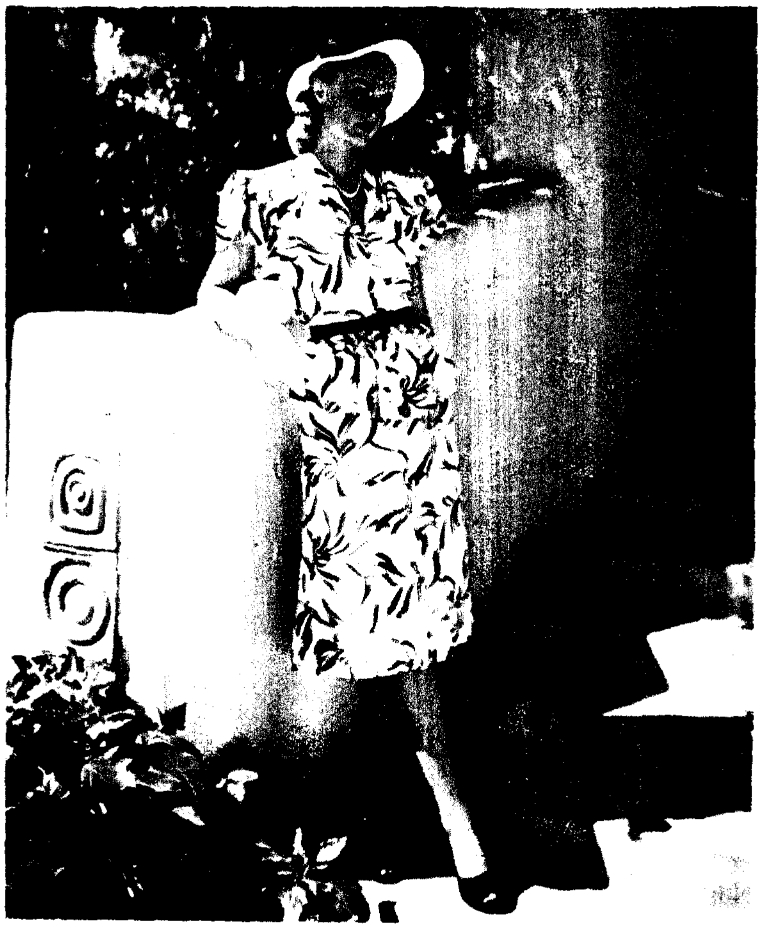
It was different seventy-five years ago, when Ward's came into being. In 1872, A. Montgomery Ward conceived the radical notion of selling by mail. He was first in the field. In his original catalogue, a one-page affair, he listed 163 items—without illustrations. Ward's spring catalogue shows 100,000 items, in 1,126 pages—with illustrations de luxe to entice its 50,000,000 customers.

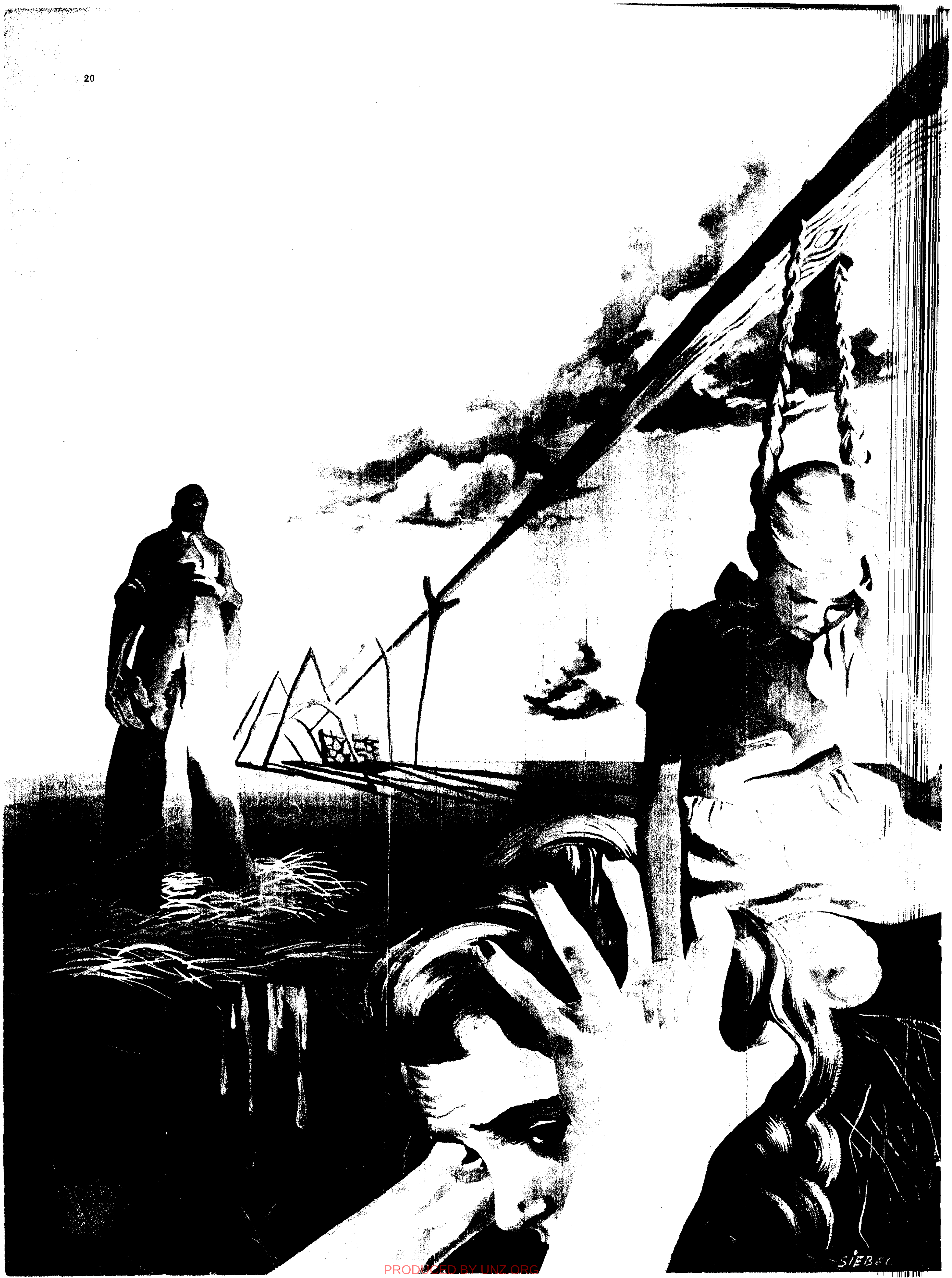
Back in 1896, woodcuts were the thing. The lady's cape (opposite page) is an example of fashion art from that year's catalogue; 132 of these capes were sold. Last fall, Ward's sold 50,000 of a certain dress—a simple, neat, shirtwaist sort of dress, with modest style notes here and there.

In their own way America's mail-order catalogues are masterpieces. Their influence extends into almost every home in every state, and often they reach beyond this country.

Ward's customers include country schoolteachers everywhere—and His Majesty Maharajadhiraja Bahadur Shum Shere Jung Deva, ruler of Nepal. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN




SIEBEL

THE DARK DEVICE

BY HANNAH LEES

CONTINUING THE ABSORBING ROMANCE OF A WOMAN IN PERIL

The Story:

CHRISTINA LINGER, beautiful Norwegian skating star, almost kills BERG, her widowed father, during their sensational ice number, The Flight. At the climax of the act, when Tina leaps over Berg's prostrate figure, her attention seems to be distracted by a soldier in the audience, and she barely avoids landing on Berg's face. The shock causes her to attempt suicide and prevents her from skating again. Although Tina's younger brother and sister, THOR and ALMA, carry on the show with Berg, it is imperative that Tina return to the act if they are to keep their contract at the Fire and Ice Room. Tina consults DR. SIMON SWORD, a psychiatrist, who witnessed the incident. In spite of Tina's almost frantic declarations of filial love, her dreams, anxieties and guilt feeling about her mother's violent death indicate to Dr. Sword that Tina has a strong subconscious desire to kill her father. DILL DOONER, reporter on the Reflector, knew Tina's older brother, LARSEN, in the Army. Larsen has told Dill that Berg is a sadistic tyrant who will use even physical violence to control his family. Fear prevents Larsen from returning home, but he begs Dill to protect Tina. Dill visits the Lingers daily, and his fears are lulled until he catches Berg's face off guard when Tina arrives home late. Convinced Larsen's fright is justified, Dill tries to see Sword, who refuses to talk to him. Dill's apprehension grows, and he realizes that he has to find some way of seeing Sword—and some way of convincing him that Tina is in danger.

II

MR. THOMAS?" Sword looked curiously at the little man. With a new patient, Sword always gave one quick guess before he made his mind a receptive blank. Bad psychiatry, he had often told himself, but a game he couldn't resist.

This one had phoned several days ago, mentioning Dutch Holland and sounding fairly urgent. Normally, Sword would have called Dutch and checked but he hadn't had time Looking at the man's square ruddiness, Sword thought the trouble was probably liquor. His eyes were too bright and direct, true, and he seemed young, but this excessively vital type often drank just to escape the very drive that made them so vital.

"You're a friend of Dutch Holland?" he said, smiling. "Great man, Dutch."

"Seems to be. Don't know him very well."

"Well, why don't you sit down and tell me what's worrying you? I suppose something is or you wouldn't be here." Sword grinned companionably. "You don't show it, though."

The man sat down and put his hands belligerently on his knees. "I guess what's worrying me most," he said, "is that my name isn't Thomas; Dutch Holland doesn't know me from Popeye; and I hate these lousy journalistic tricks. But there didn't seem any other way I could get in to talk to you about Christina Linger. My name's Dooner, Mr. Sword. I phoned a couple of times last week and your secretary gave me the brush-off, quite naturally, of course, if this were a natural situation—but why I'm here is that maybe it isn't."

Sword was on his feet before Dooner had got to the end. Did this fellow know Christina was a patient of his or was he trying to find out? Added to professional caution was annoyance at having wasted his favorite game on a reporter. Drink? Gall, rather.

"I'm sure my secretary said all there was to say. I know nothing about Miss Christina Linger and I shall certainly send you a bill for this wasted hour, Mr. Dooner. Unless you'd rather I sent it to your paper."

"I remember once I forgot to clean the cow's stall. Papa felt we must learn not to forget things so he tied me up by my braids for the rest of the day"

The little man lost all his uncertainty. He pulled out a box of little cigars and smiled. "Funny, I felt nervous as hell when I came in here, but now that you know the truth and are sore I feel perfectly at home. Would you say that was neurotic of me, Doctor?"

Sword didn't answer but Dooner went on calmly. "Let's get this straight. I didn't come here to pump you about Tina Linger. You don't even need to tell me if she's a patient of yours. I know that. I've got some things on my mind about the Linger family I feel need to be shared and I'm perfectly willing to pay any lousy exorbitant fee you charge for the privilege of sharing them—even if it takes a whole pay check."

Still silent, Sword sat down. He was curious.

DOONER went on, "I may as well tell you I haven't much use for your particular brand of witch doctor. From all I hear. you're a lot less interested in facts than in what you call fantasies. Chances are you're working full time on the gal's dreams and fantasies when it could be that what's really gumming her emotional works are some very unpleasant, though admittedly also fantastic facts." He took a deep breath. "Didn't know I had it in me."

Sword gave an inner chuckle. The little fellow didn't sound like a crackpot. "Where did you get this startling information you're so anxious to share and why do you care and why do you think I should care?" he asked, his nasal drawl rather pronounced.

"Well, A: I knew Larsen Linger in the Army. He's a quiet guy, but quiet people sometimes do a lot of talking between bombs and bullets. B: I have a quaint sense of responsibility to him for saving my life, and he's worried about his sister. And C: I sort of assumed that if you're trying to help Tina Linger get back on her skates you're at least mildly interested in seeing her live to use them."

"You have my undivided attention, Mr. Dooner. Have some gum."

"Thanks." Dooner wiggled his cigarillo. "I don't know what you think is wrong with Tina Linger, but Larsen thinks it's her father, and if half of what Larsen says is true, it's her father who ought to be seeing you, not Tina."

"There's always a family conflict in neurosis," said Sword a little wearily. "We can't treat the whole family so we have to do what we can with the patient. If that's all—"

"All? I'm trying to tell you that Larsen thinks his father is crazy. I know I'm taking an awful chance talking this way to a psychiatrist. You may call in the boys with the strait jacket any minute, but Larsen says accidents, serious accidents, always begin happening to any Linger who tries to break away from the family. Larsen believes his father might actually kill any one of those three kids of his rather than let them be free. But Tina's the one Larsen's worried about because she's the one most likely to try."

"If Larsen is so worried about his sister, why doesn't he come home and take care of her?"

Dooner shrugged. "I asked him. He says his father is stronger than he is. If he came back, he'd never get away again. He's afraid and admits it.

"They had a horse back on the farm, a frisky little colt who used to jump fences and run away. After the second time, it broke its leg on the way home and had to be shot. Linger was bringing it home.

"Larsen got mad and ran away when he was about nine—kid stuff, you know. His father tied him to a tree in the woods for three days. The other kids never knew, Larsen didn't dare tell them, and his father told them he was away visiting.

"And their mother was killed in some accident, wasn't she? Larsen doesn't think so. He thinks she was in love with a farmer neighbor and planning to go off with him. He says he remembers how pretty she looked that winter while his father was away and how much the neighbor farmer was around. He can't prove anything but he wonders."

Listening, Sword felt a rising irritation. Granted, there must be warping family complications, but this melodrama just confused the issue. It didn't alter the death-wish factor in Tina Linger. He was already working on uncovering hostility toward her father, uncovering her reasons for it. It wasn't something you could protect her from.

"Larsen says he lived in terror after he got his draft notice," Dooner was going on. "After he refused deferment the air was sticky with hate. On the way to the induction center, he slipped and was almost run over by a bus. His father was right there. Thor didn't start sleepwalking until he got near the draft age." He stopped and shrugged. "That enough?"

"Would you say Larsen Linger was what lawyers would call a reliable witness?" Sword asked after a moment, skeptically. "I'm asking not because all this couldn't be true—I suppose anything can be true—but because my idea of the danger in the Linger family was rather different from yours."

Dooner screwed up his face. "I wondered if he wasn't battle-happy. Then I saw Berg Linger with his daughter a couple of times."

"It's true, she's very much dominated by him, but the thing to do is give her the courage to free herself."

"You don't get me." Dooner's voice rose. "According to Larsen, if she ever tries to free herself, something will happen to her. Maybe she does need to feel free, maybe she even needs you to help her, but I'm talking about physical danger, not psychic. I'm trying to tell you that maybe she also needs a bodyguard and needs one more, if you're doing your stuff, every time she comes home from seeing you."

"It's all very interesting." Sword suddenly realized he had been discussing a patient and stood up abruptly. "But my only function is to help people to help themselves. Frankly, my concept of the problem is different from yours, but even if it weren't, there'd be nothing I could do."

"Okay." Dooner stood up, too. "So I take it alone from here. I just thought I'd tell you. I've tried, and if you get Tina Linger feeling so free she falls out of a window some dark night, you can just wonder what happened."

"I don't think anyone is going to fall out of any window, and I'm quite certain Tina isn't. Thanks for coming in. I may say I don't doubt your good intentions."

"Thanks," Dooner said, adding, "shall I pay your secretary?"

"I guess not." Sword smiled. "We don't charge crusaders. Besides it's been kind of interesting."

"SO YOU brought your skates at last." Sword's voice was mildly amused, but Tina shrank from his next remark. She stood with them in her hand, tense and numb waiting for him to tell her to put them on, to try to force her to put them on.

Instead he said, "Put them there on the table where we both can see them. What made you so brave today?"

"It wasn't bravery," she said resentfully. "You bullied me into it."

(Continued on page 26)

TURN THE LIGHT ON COMMUNISM

The former senator from Wisconsin speaks as one of America's most noted liberals in outlining his program for fighting a serious menace

BY ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR.

TO WHAT extent has Communism developed in America? To what degree does it exercise influence? What can we do about it? Are we as a nation obligated, in the spirit of freedom, to give free license to Communists in their effort to undermine the democratic process? Can we tolerate abuse of our free institutions by those who have no loyalty toward them? I begin with questions which you are asking and I shall try to answer.

In my opinion, Communist and fellow-traveler activities in America have become a serious menace to our democracy. The problem is how to take intelligent action to combat the menace without at the same time impairing civil liberties. The major part of the problem lies in awakening all citizens who honestly believe in democracy to the all-important fact that it is fatal to consort with Communists and their fellow travelers. Association with them in "front" organizations creates a screen of respectability which conceals Communistic activities.

In my long public life I have had frequent clashes with Communists and Communistic ideologies, sometimes on trivial matters, sometimes on matters of principle with far-reaching implications. My own personal experiences with Communists in politics go back to 1924. While organization plans were being laid for my father to run as a candidate for President, it was learned that a Farmer-Labor-Progressive convention was being called to meet in St. Paul on June 17th. Many of our political friends were interested in boosting the event as an adjunct to the La Follette campaign.

However, it developed that the convention was a scheme of the Workers (Communist) Party to use the cloak of the local organizations that had naïvely lent their names and thus to secure a strategic position of control among the liberal elements that had been duped into joining.

The Communist International in Moscow gave specific approval by cablegram which was openly reprinted in The Daily Worker in New York, over the signatures of William Z. Foster and C.E. Ruthenberg, chairman and executive secretary, respectively, of the party. It was also ascertained that several avowed Communists had undertaken the organizational work for the convention and had established themselves in control of arrangements, credentials of delegates and funds of the convention.

Thereupon, I urged my father to repudiate in no uncertain terms any connections with the St. Paul meeting and any support from the Communists. I helped draft a letter which was released from Atlantic City on May 26th. It contained this warning to liberals: "To pretend that Communists can work with Progressives is to deceive the public . . . The Communists are antagonistic to the Progressive cause and their only purpose in joining such a movement is to disrupt it . . . (They) seek to divide, to confuse, and to create chaos favorable to their ultimate aims of revolution."

Events of the past two decades have proved the truth of this warning. For many years, the American people had an indifferent attitude toward the menace of Communism. Perhaps this is partially explained by our tolerant background and free institutions.

This attitude of national indifference was strengthened by extreme reactionaries who made unsupported and false charges of Communism against those who differed with them. Almost every aggressive man in public life has had the charge "Communist" hurled at him.

Like any cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" repeated too often without basis, it had the effect of disarming the people about the dangers inherent in real Communistic activities. It is a perfect screen for sinister activities. The words "Red-baiter" and "witch hunt" and "Fascist" became the terse, tart accusations in the Communist-fellow-traveler dialectic toward anyone who tried to peer behind the screen.

Public Attitude Changing

Within the past few months there has been a sudden and dramatic shift in public attitude on this problem. The indifference is gone. Newspapers, periodicals and influential private citizens from coast to coast have echoed and re-echoed the public concern.

To understand the nature of the problem, it is necessary to keep two factors in mind. First, Communists and fellow travelers have a fanatical loyalty to the Russian Communist party line and to Russia, no matter what flip-flops in reasoning or position are required. They work for anything that will pave the way for the downfall of democracy. The strategy for success in this country is based on the creation of chaos—class conflict, discontent, depression or anything else that will form a frame of reference conducive to revolution.

Second, persons who have embraced this new faith do not fight fair, or in the open. They use the same underground, unscrupulous methods employed by Hitler and Goebbels. All totalitarians, whether of right or left, believe that their own ends justify the use of any means. To obtain their objectives, they resort to the "big lie" and the "big smear." They twist the meaning of words from their common usage in truly democratic countries.

Therefore, those who believe in democracy and human rights must be on the alert as never before. The fight against Communism cannot be made by totalitarian methods, because to embrace the doctrine that the end justifies the means inevitably corrupts and undermines those who use it.

The techniques of democracy must and can be used to defeat this menace. The most important is constant vigilance on the part of the voters and the members of every type of organization that's in our society. The spotlight of an aroused public opinion must be focused on their devious activities at all times. There must be no witch hunting but constant exposure. There must be no curtailment of the Bill of Rights nor any effort to curtail free speech, free press and free assembly. Let the American people know where and how the Communist-fellow-traveler activities are being carried on and they will deal with the problem by democratic means.

Communists are watching and waiting—even hoping—for a severe economic depression in the United States. They believe a serious slump will advance their objective to discredit and overthrow capitalism and democracy. Pravda, the official organ of the Communist Party in Moscow, has predicted a "devastating" capitalistic collapse in America by 1948.

But Communists have not been idle while waiting for economic developments. They have always been noted for aggressive organizational methods. Political campaigns are the starting point for some of the organizers. I know of one small-time party liner who had a part in Congressional campaigns in several states and offered his services as manager for no less than three political candidates. He had no qualms about supporting "reactionary" candidates if that gave him his opportunity to get a foothold.

The C.I.O. Political Action Committee prospered in its early years because it was founded on a sound objective: to inform the voters on public issues and the records of candidates. The C.I.O.-PAC failed in the last election wherever it allowed its policies to be influenced by Communists and fellow travelers, with the result that in many communities it became the purveyor of the Communist line.

The C.I.O.-PAC has done damage to American politics on at least two counts. It has sponsored the theory that a member of Congress who does not give 100 per cent approval to their program should be liquidated and is a fair subject for any sort of a smear campaign. The apparent reasoning behind the theory is that even if this course of action finally results in the election of a candidate who is opposed to everything they purport to stand for, it is better than electing one who exercises independent judgment.

Despite the general failure of the PAC, the effectiveness of aggressive organization methods should not be underestimated. In the Fourth Congressional District in Milwaukee, for example, fellow travelers obtained the Democratic nomination for one of their friends, Edmund V. Bobrowicz, who was barely defeated in the general election, despite a repudiation of his nomination by prominent Democratic leaders.

When They Came Out Openly

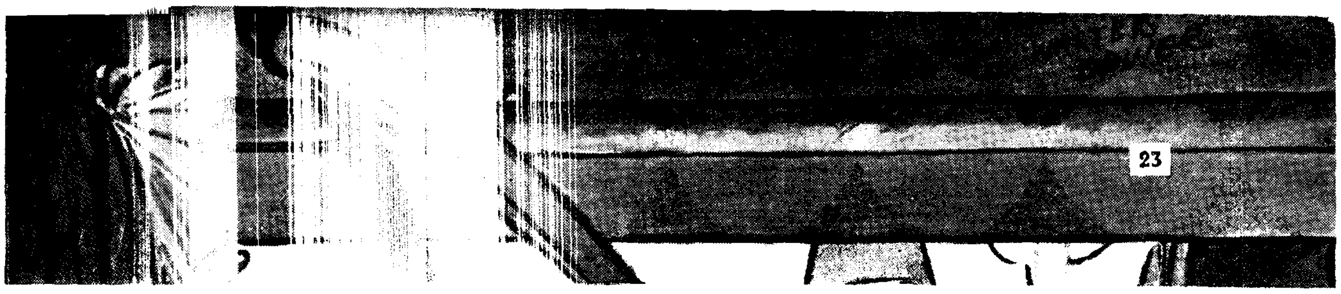
In some states, where the election laws permitted it, the Communists placed their organizations behind candidates who ran frankly under the label of the Communist Party. As might be expected, these candidates without camouflage did not fare well. In fact, in several cases there were unexpected results.

In Bridgeport, Connecticut, Miss Josephine Willard ran for state representative on the Communist ticket in the state elections on November 5th. Miss Willard was editor of the union paper and the publicity director for Local 203 of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. In the subsequent uprising against Communists in Local 203, the paper was discontinued and Miss Willard lost her job.

I know from firsthand experience that Communist sympathizers have infiltrated into committee staffs on Capitol Hill in Washington. Frequently they have been associated with desirable legislation and worthy objectives, but always ready to further their own cause at the expense of the legislation they were advocating. A few years ago, when I was chairman of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, I was forced to take measures in an effort to stamp out influences within my own committee staff.

During the late Congress, the staff of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Education and Labor was infiltrated by fellow travelers. The staff of the Pepper Subcommittee on Wartime Health and Education was diligent in its efforts to take matters into its own hands, and probably did great harm to the cause of improved health in this country by its reckless activities. I was appointed a member of this subcommittee, but I resigned from it later—partially because of the pressure of other duties (the Congressional Reorganization bill was taking much of my time) and partially because I did not want to be associated

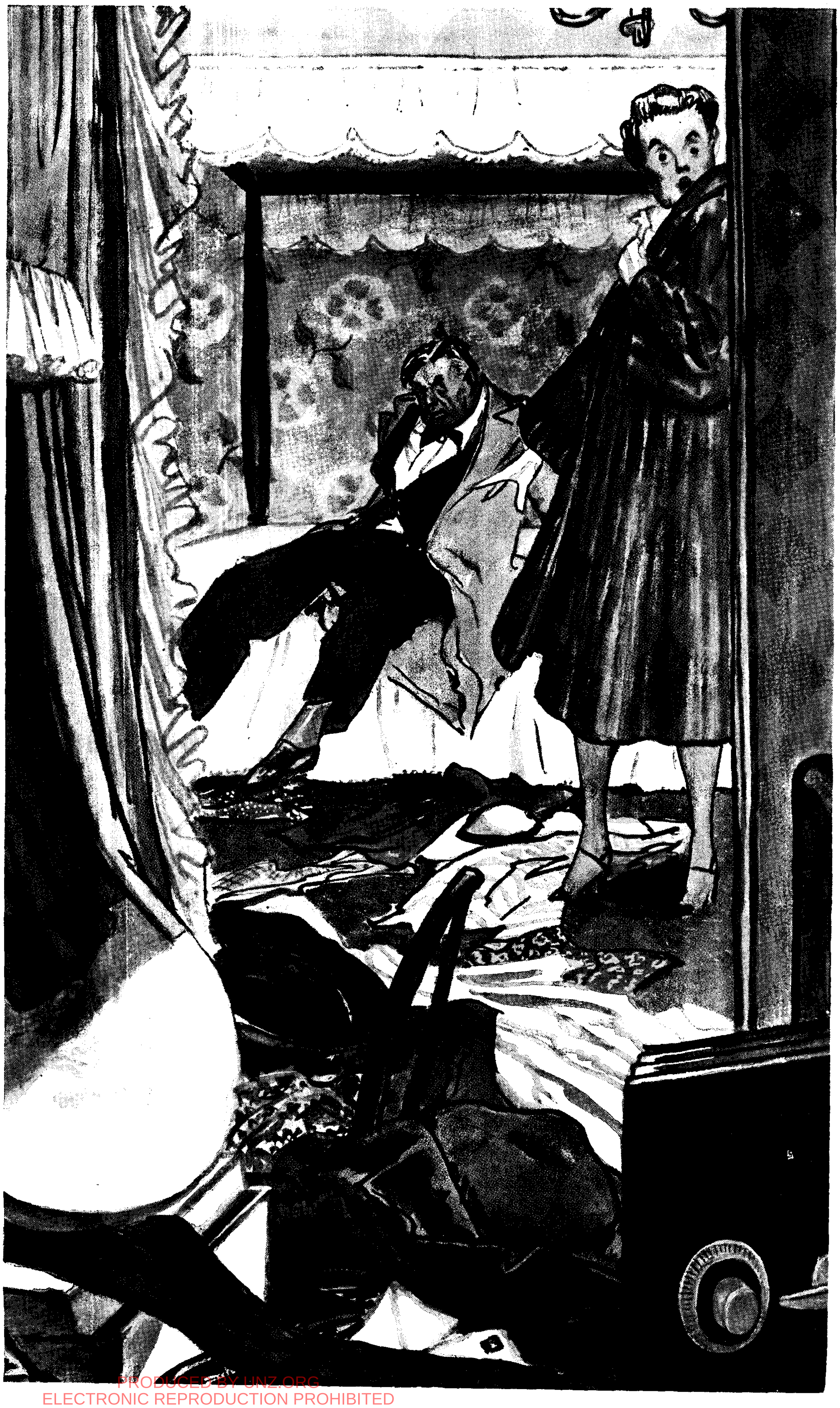
(Continued on page 73)



BY ARTHUR MILLER

An ironic story of human greed

IT TAKES A THIEF



SOME people are laughing in our neighborhood these nights, but most of us are just waiting, like the Sheltons. It is simply unbelievable, it came out so right.

Here is this man, Mr. Shelton, a middle-aged man with what they call a nice family and a nice home. Ordinary kind of businessman, tired every night, sits around on Sundays, pinochle and so on. The point is, he's been doing all right the past few years. Automobiles. His used cars were shipped to California, Florida—wherever the war plants were springing up. Did fine. Then the war ended. The new cars started coming through and then the strikes made them scarce. But people wanted them very badly. Very, very badly. He did fine. Very, very fine.

One night not long ago he and his wife decided to take in a night club, and she put on her two diamond rings, the bracelet, and some of her other frozen cash, and they locked up the house—the children are all married and don't live home any more—and they were off for the city.

Nobody knows what they did in the city, but they stayed out till three in the morning. Late enough for Shelton to get a headful. The drive home was slow and careful because the car was one of his brand-new ones and he couldn't see too well in his condition. Nevertheless, when he put the key in the front-door lock he was able to notice that the door swung open at a touch, whereas it usually took some jiggling of the latch. They went in and turned on the living-room lights, and then they saw it.

The drawer of the desk was lying on the floor, and the rug was littered with check stubs and stationery. The Sheltons rushed into the dining room and saw at once that the sterling-silver service was gone from the massive serving table. Shelton clutched at his heart as though he were going to suffocate, and Mrs. Shelton thrust her fingers into her hair and screamed. At this stage, of course, there was only the sensation that an alien presence had passed through their home. Perhaps they even imagined that the thief was still there. In wild fright they ran to the stairs and up to their bedroom, and Shelton tripped and fell over a bureau drawer that the thief had left on the threshold. Mrs. Shelton helped him up and made him lie down on the colonial bed and she massaged his heart while they both looked anxiously toward the closet door, which stood open.

When he had caught his breath, he pushed her aside and went into the closet and turned on the light. She crowded in beside him as soon as she saw the terrible expression on his face. The safe. The little steel safe that had always stood in the corner of the closet covered with dress boxes and old clothes, the safe was looking up at them from the corner with its door open. Shelton simply stood there panting. It was Mrs. Shelton who got to her knees and felt inside.

Nothing. Nothing was left. The safe was empty. Mrs. Shelton, on her knees in the closet, screamed again. Perhaps they felt once more the presence, the terrifying presence of the thief, for they rushed one behind the other down the stairs, and Shelton picked up the telephone.

The instrument shook in his hand as he bent over close to the dial and spun it around. Mrs. Shelton moved up and down beside him, clasping and unclasping her hands and weeping. "Oh, my God!"

"Police!" Shelton roared into the telephone as soon as he heard the operator's calm voice. "My house has been robbed. We just got home and—"

His voice caught Mrs. Shelton just as she was about to dig her fingers into her hair again. For an instant she stood perfectly still, then she turned suddenly and swung her

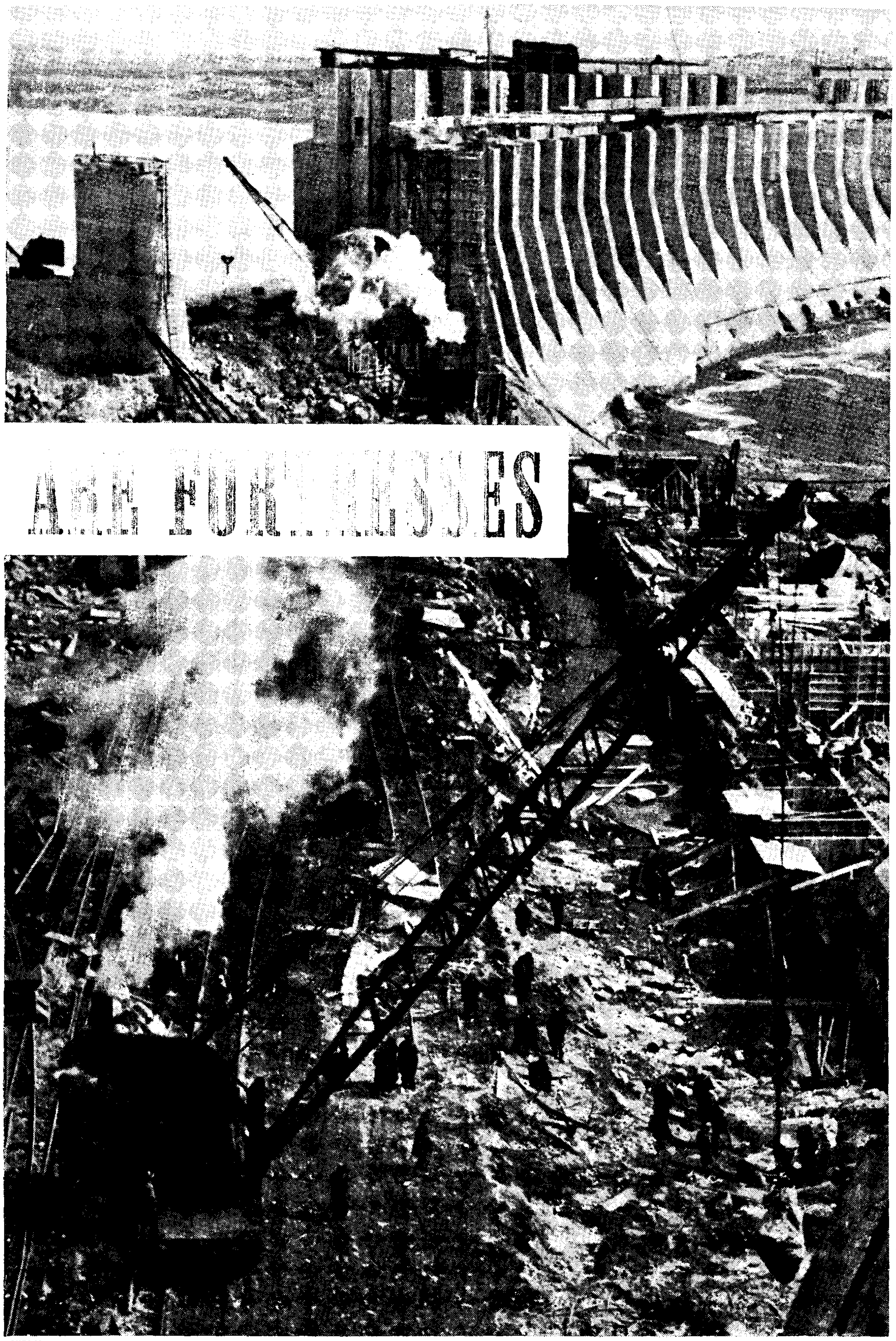
(Continued on page 75)

The Sheltons looked anxiously toward the closet door. The little steel safe that had always stood in the corner covered with old clothes, was open

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

Can the U.S.S.R. outproduce the U.S.? A veteran New York Times correspondent soberly analyzes the aims of Russia's colossal program of industrial expansion and the attitude of the people who toil to boost Soviet economic power above that of the United States

FACTORIES ARE FORTRESSES



SOVFOTO

Russia repairs the huge Dnieper Dam. War damage like this is the biggest present handicap to Soviet industrial expansion

BY DREW MIDDLETON

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

WE HALTED the car on a hill a mile or so from Kadievka, which is a steel manufacturing town in the Don Basin in the southeastern Ukraine. As we stood talking, a peasant woman emerged from one of the wheat fields, which here run down to the edges of the slag heaps, and joined the conversation.

"When I was a young woman," she volunteered, "there was no smoke, no factories there. They were built. The Germans destroyed them. Now we are building again."

"We are building again. . . ." If the present Five-Year Plan needs a motto, that is it. For the Soviet Union has embarked on a program of truly colossal industrial expansion, one which Russians hope will make their country the greatest industrial power in the world, greater than the United States, and which will bring them consumers' goods and comfort.

To achieve these goals they are ready to endure hardships, to go without commodities, for they realize that a bright future cannot be won without years of hard work under difficult conditions.

If you ask them why they are working they will say, "For our children and our children's children."

This solicitude for their children is an important reason. But it is not the only reason. Another compelling factor which cannot be discounted is the faith which Communists carry into their labors.

Last summer at Dnieper Dam, I encountered an example of how hard willing Russians can work at extra tasks. A group of girls and men were trying to get a heavy mobile generator out of a hole in the road into which it had fallen. Down the road, in groups of two and three, came men and women who had just finished a shift on the dam. A young girl wearing khaki trousers and a sleeveless shirt rallied them to the job of lifting the generator out of the hole. They turned from the road and pitched in. It took a half hour of their free time, but there was no grumbling. It had to be done. It was part of the work.

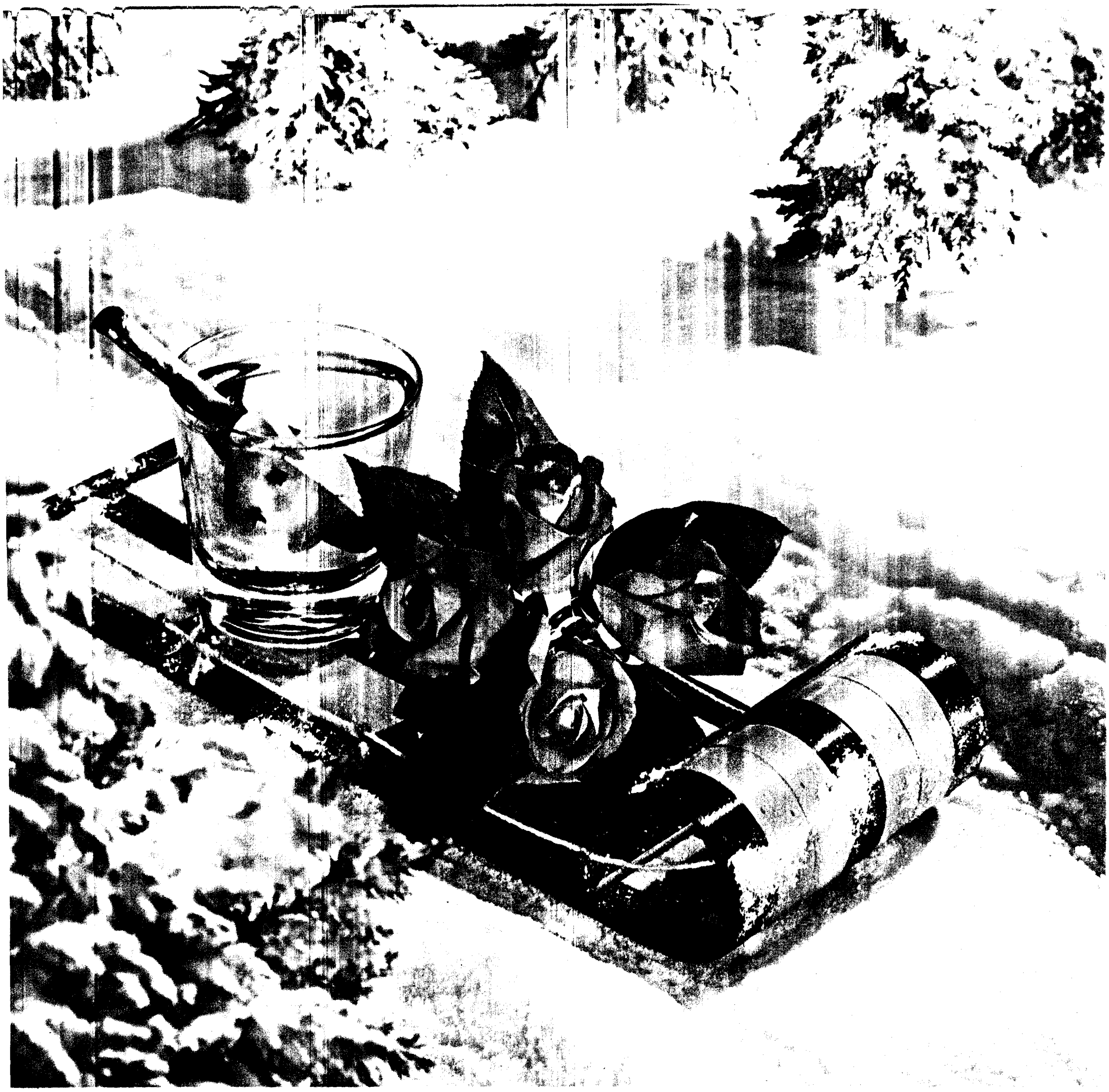
Most workers in Soviet factories are keenly aware of the great need for the products they make. The worker in a tractor factory at Stalingrad, for instance, probably comes from a farm village where the wheat acreage this year was smaller than usual because of the lack of tractors. The workers in Leningrad shoe factories know at firsthand the shortage of shoes in Russia.

All these things are factors in keeping Russian workers at their tasks after a generation of unceasing labor broken only by years of war.

But there are still greater motivations for Russian workers. One of them is security. When Stalin told Russians that the results of this and future Five-Year Plans would safeguard the Soviet Union from every eventuality, he went straight to the heart of every Russian's age-old fear of invasion. Russians are people who for centuries have been submerged by waves of conquerors—Mongols, Tatars, Swedes, Poles, Lithuanians and Germans. Security has never been safeguarded in the past but here, in the work before them, Russians see guaranteed security for themselves and their children.

"Minsk has been captured one hundred and one times," said a worker in a radio factory there last summer. "When we have done our work in the Five-Year Plans my children and their children need never have to fear invasion again." It is these factors which will keep Russians going during this and subsequent Five-Year Plans. It

(Continued on page 51)



We thought you'd ask that!

We *thought* you'd be wondering why we put this Four Roses Hot Toddy on a toboggan in the snow.

We did it to remind you that there's no other drink half so heart-warming, half so magnificent as a Hot Toddy—especially when it's made with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses.

For the Four Roses you get today is the finest Four Roses we have ever bottled. And, to us, that means it's the very finest whiskey on the market!

RECIPE: Put a piece of sugar in glass and dissolve with hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (*bruise it firmly*)... 4 cloves, and a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—95.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

THE DARK DEVICE

Continued from page 21

"It seemed important we look at them together," he answered gently. "I didn't want to bully you."

"That's what people always say when they bully you."

"You sound very familiar with the technique of bullying."

"I know. You're trying again to suggest that my father used to bully me, but it isn't true. I can't ever remember his being anything but kind."

AFTER a long hostile silence, which Sword didn't try to break, she said, "I didn't dream anything last night." He didn't answer.

"I suppose you're waiting for me to talk about my childhood some more," she said, after another long silence.

"That's right." His voice was mild.

"I'm tired of talking about it. I've told you everything I can remember."

"All right, let's talk about your skates. What happens when you try to put them on?"

"I—I can't try," she said after a moment.

"When you think about putting them on—what then?"

"Those, those pressures." She began to feel squeezed and shut her eyes. "You see," she said accusingly, but it was like accusing emptiness. Her mind drifted.

"Poor Alma," she said, with a little laugh. "She likes to eat so much and she is already too plump for really good skating. She walked up here with me this afternoon and when I left her, I said, 'No cheating, now'; but she will cheat. On the way home she'll go into a drugstore and have a marshmallow sundae."

"With a cherry on top?"

"Certainly with a cherry on top, and then next week Berg will scold her because she has gained a pound and she'll cry. She wants to look beautiful on the ice, but she can't resist the marshmallow."

"Did your mother nurse you all when you were babies?" Sword asked idly.

"I—I don't know. I remember Father giving Alma a bottle."

"You don't remember your mother doing it?"

"No, not very clearly."

"Ask your father, will you, Tina? I'd like to know."

"What made you ask?"

"The sundae. Adolescents who weren't loved enough when they were babies often have a passion for them."

"This time," she said coldly, "you are just silly."

"Think so? A marshmallow sundae, especially with a cherry on top, is not unlike a mother's breast."

"That is disgusting."

"I dare say Alma doesn't find it so, Christina."

She kept a hostile silence. He was not only trying to break down her love for her family—he was coarse and vulgar as well. Why did she keep coming? Why did she waste her time in this humiliating way? If she could get back on the ice . . .

"Tell me about Larsen," he said. "I'm curious about him."

"Oh, he looks something like me—pale, blond and thin, but with bigger features and stiff straight hair that won't lie down."

"There was a man in the audience that last night you skated who looked like that. A soldier sitting near the ice."

The words fell lightly on her ears and she let them drop away without touching her mind.

"I wonder where Larsen is now," she said. "I wonder why he stopped writing. I miss him. We were scarcely a year apart. I wish I could have gone over when he did. I wish I could have gone with the BOWS."

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street?" His voice sounded eager for a minute. "You mean the troupe that went to Europe?"

"Yes, they would have given me a bit, they said. I can act some, too. They needed a thin blonde."

"When was this?"

"About a year ago. I wanted to terribly."

"Why didn't you?"

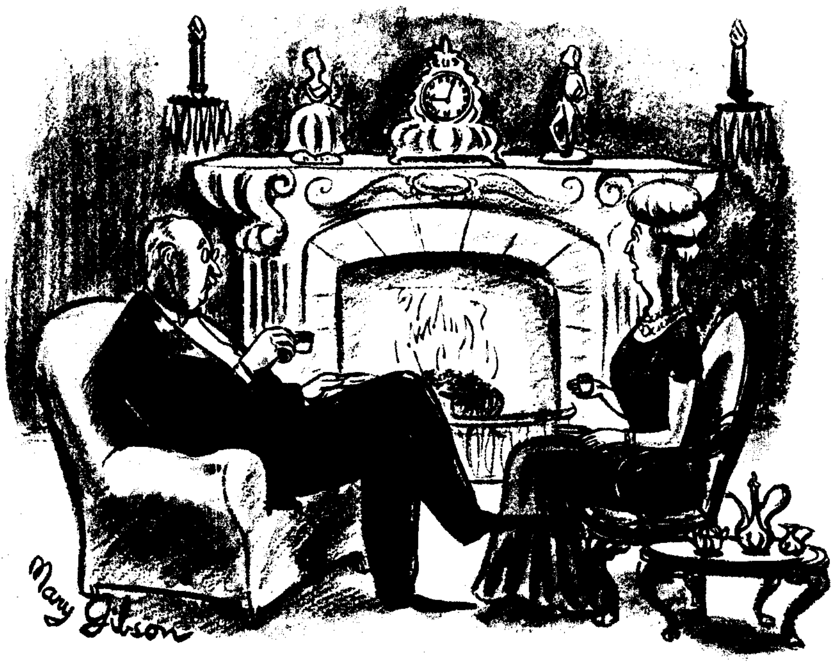
"Oh, I got ill about then. I couldn't sleep and my appetite went away." For a moment she had to shut her eyes because there was that vague whispering that hurt her head so. Then it faded. "Father had trouble making me realize that if I wasn't well I'd just be a liability. He was right of course."

"Was that when you had to have the sleeping pills?"

"Yes."

"You couldn't remember before why you had to have them."

"There wasn't any reason. I just started sleeping badly."



"The Russians ought to like capitalists after Mr. Rockefeller was so nice"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

"But it was connected with your going away, with Larsen's going away," Sword suggested.

"Oh, perhaps, I just didn't think of the connection."

"We all forget a lot of things or remember them wrong. It's our strongest defense. Remember that, Christina. I know you don't like to. I know it hurts but it's important. That man in the audience. He was sitting over to the left of the entrance with a dark girl. You looked as if you were trying to catch his eye."

"Why do you—"

"Think of Larsen, Christina," Sword urged. "Was he sunburned when he went away? This boy was very sunburned. You were looking at him as you jumped."

"I tell you I can't remember. But—there was someone. I thought it was Larsen but he wouldn't look at me. Was it then? Every time I came around I tried to get a better look. And then—"

She sat up suddenly and wheeled around to look at him. "It *was* just before I jumped. I do remember. Dr. Sword, do you think that could have distracted me? Do you think that may have been why?" Her voice was full of almost wild hope.

"Oh, yes, yes, I'm sure it was." Her relief was close to joy. "That must have been it."

"But if you are so fond of him, why wouldn't you have wanted to soar to meet him? Why would you falter?"

"I don't know," she said, slowly.

"Do you think perhaps he brought up the conflict between your skating and your going overseas?"

"I don't think it was that big a conflict."

"It gave you insomnia."

"Oh, I suppose it could have been that," she said, impatiently, "but if that is all, if that is the only reason I missed . . . Oh, Dr. Sword, I feel so much better."

He walked casually over to the table and picked up her skates. "Maybe now that you understand part of the reason why you missed the jump, you won't be so much afraid of these." His voice was faintly teasing.

She took them gingerly, and slowly caressed the suède.

"Could you put them on?"

"I am not sure. You put them on me." She held them out to him. "I'm afraid."

He stood in front of her and smiled. "You put them on, Christina Linger."

She slowly pulled on one of the high white boots. "It's all right," she whispered, her blue eyes glowing.

"Of course," he assured her. "Put them both on."

Her hands moving more and more quickly, she pulled the laces tight and tied them at the top. She sat for a minute looking at them, then swiftly got to her feet and walked over to the desk and back again.

"Am I cured?" she asked.

"You can skate again, I think, but I wouldn't try that jump, Tina. Not for a while, not till we've done a lot more talking. Going back to the rest of the act would do you good, but not the jump. Tell your father I said not the jump."

"Papa will be so happy about this." She sat down and unfastened her skates. "But he *will* be disappointed that I am not brave enough yet to do the jump."

She laughed. "He used to be so funny on the ice at Willette. He taught us to clown when we were quite young. He'd skate up to us fast and pretend to fall right on us and then fall away. We used to laugh and laugh."

"You always say we used to laugh. We used to be happy. When did you stop being happy like that, do you think, Christina?"

"When—when Mother died. None of us ever got over it." She was silent for a long time.

"Mother was very beautiful," she said finally. "She was rosy and round like Alma and with the most beautiful copper hair. Father was terribly in love with her. He could hardly let her out of his sight and he used to be so unhappy when he had to go away on skating tours. He used to tell us over and over to take care of her. Larsen had to go along even when she gave music lessons. She thought it was funny and used to make a game of trying to give us the slip. She didn't often succeed and we never told Father when she did. He would have been too worried, or thought we were careless."

"Couldn't it have been jealousy in your father," Sword said quietly, "instead of solicitude?"

"Oh, no, Mother loved Father terribly, too. We all loved each other. There was nothing in our family life that wasn't beautiful except—" She broke off.

"Except," he prompted.

"I don't know." Her head turned from side to side impatiently. "Something in me sometimes, a curious horrible something that wanted to break and destroy things."

"What made you feel like that?" he asked.

"I was born that way, I guess. Don't you think some people are born with badness in them that is just there no matter how much they love someone?"

"No." His disagreement was categorical but uncombative.

She was silent. "I think I was jealous of my mother." The words seemed forced out of her painfully, and after she said them she put her hands over her face. A vague memory was whispering in the back of her mind, but she couldn't quite hear it, couldn't quite grasp any thought. The effort made her head hurt.

"Jealous because of—" Sword's voice again prompted her.

"Jealous because of my father, because he loved her so much and I wanted him to love me." Again the words seemed forced from her almost mechanically.

"Is that why you can't think of your mother's death? You feel your jealousy made you responsible, because you had sometimes wished she weren't there?"

HIS voice was soft and the words were gentle but they felt like whiplashes on her head and around her ears. She shrank together on the couch.

Finally she cried, "As if I were responsible! I was responsible, I killed her."

"It was an accident, wasn't it?"

"I don't know." Her body twisted. "I was holding the rope of the trap door over the hay chute. I was frightened and called her. She ran across, and the rope gave way."

"But it was an accident," he repeated.

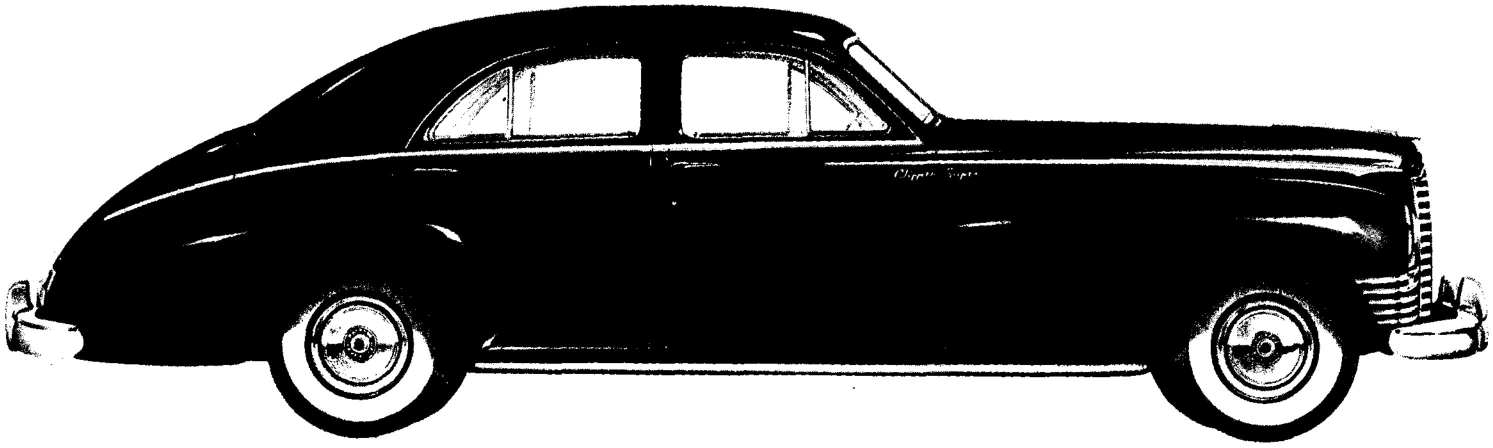
"I don't know."

"You mean you think you could have held the rope."

"I don't know. I don't know, I tell you." The faint whisper was louder, not quite loud enough to be distinct or repeated, but for a moment just loud enough for her to hear faintly.

You must understand this, little Sea Gull. All little girls want to own their fathers and get rid of their mothers. That is love. But you carried it too far. You are not to blame. I do not blame you, but you must realize and reckon with the danger of loving so strongly.

"I didn't want her to die. I didn't,

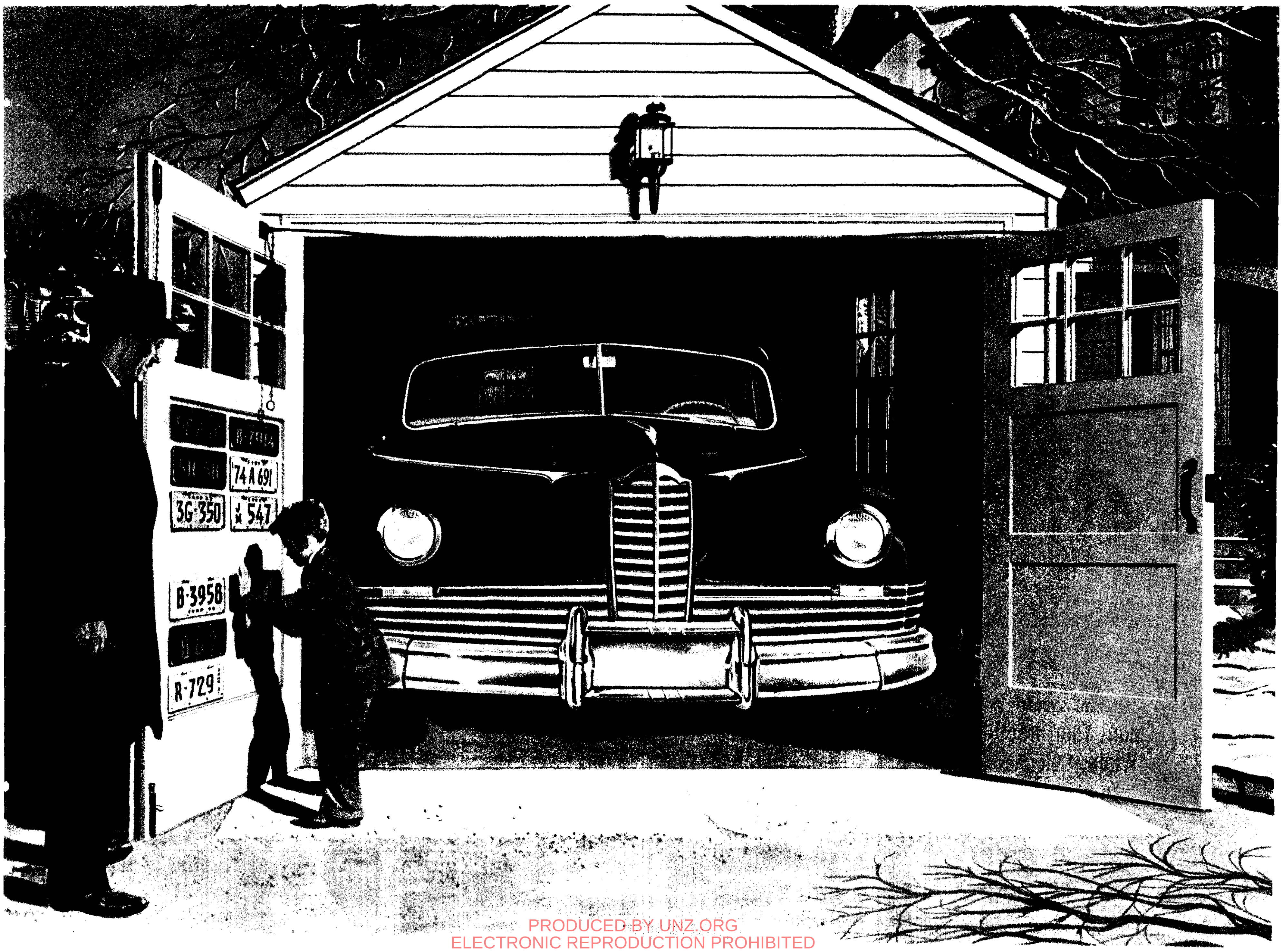


Packard Super Touring Sedan

Ask the man who owns one

He will tell you how Packard quality proved itself during the long war years—by dependable, trouble-free performance.

And if he now owns one of the new Packards, he will assure you that Packard *post-war quality* is better than ever.



My Line Must be Out of Order!

WEEPERS! WENDY AND I USED TO BE PERSON-TO-PERSON. NOW ALL I RATE IS A BUSY SIGNAL OR A CUT-OFF!

NO USE HANDING OUT A LINE WHEN YOU'VE GOT A BAD BREATH BUZZ AGAINST YOU, BIG SHOT! SMARTEN UP, PETE. DIAL OUR DENTIST!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

NOW PETE'S LINE IS WORKING FINE!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

I didn't." She was crying now. "But I was holding the rope and it gave way."

"You're very brave." Sword's voice was maternal in its protectiveness. "That's a big burden you've been carrying around and you've been wonderful today. I know you didn't want your mother to die. You don't know it yet really, but you will. We all have guilt like that wriggling around inside of us."

"Berg has never reproached me," she whispered. "That's what makes me feel he is so good; I'm so grateful to him. That's what makes me so ashamed of failing him now. He's never once reproached me, though inside he must feel very bitter sometimes."

Sword got up. "You're not going to fail him," he said almost lightly. "Run along now and tell him you can skate again. Forget the jump till we've talked some more. He won't ask it of you. You'll see."

THE apartment was empty when Tina got back shortly after four, and the operator told her the others were down on the ice. In a sudden burst of vitality, she changed into a sweater and a pair of slacks and, taking the skates with her, went out and rang the elevator bell.

She found herself thinking of Dill Dooner as she waited for the elevator. He was so often in the building the same time she was. It would have been fun to tell him her witch doctor had put her back on her skates after all. It was annoying that Dr. Sword didn't want her to do the jump. Berg would be a little difficult about that. Berg never spared himself and never believed, for all his tenderness, in other people sparing themselves. He would want her to go back to it. She was sure she could. But she had better do what Dr. Sword said.

He was very wise, Dr. Sword. No wiser than Berg, of course; no one in the world was wiser than Berg. But he had helped her. She tried to remember how he looked, but all she could catch was the sound of his voice, that oddly gentle New England twang, coming from behind her head. She didn't like him really. He was hard and ruthless, frightening for all his gentle voice. But he had given her back her skates and perhaps her sanity. And he had sounded so convincing when he said Mama's death was an accident. She was grateful to him.

The dressing room was empty. She laced her boots with confident fingers and opened the curtains to go out on the ice, but stopped at the place where the floor was rolled back.

She could hear Berg's sharp voice: "No, no, not like that. Do it the way I told you. You are trying to be original and spoiling the dance."

Poor Berg, he found it hard to be as patient with Alma and Thor as he was with her. Of course, they were younger, and their co-ordination never seemed quite good, but they tried very hard.

Instead of taking off her guards and going on the ice, she climbed the few steps to the front circle of tables and sat down. Then she saw Covers, the pale, plump manager, at a table with a couple of other people. The other two, she saw as she started over, were Lauri Antoni the singer, and Dill Dooner. She quickened her step a little as she recognized his square back.

Covers pulled out a chair for her and then clasped his hands together dramatically. "It couldn't be that we're going to have a Christina on Ice again. It couldn't be that I could tell the girl at the desk to stop saying 'No, not this week,' to your public. It's been terrible how these people miss you. It makes me sort of wonder if sex appeal is going out as entertainment. Here's Lauri, and who calls up for her? A few college boys. While you, begging your pardon, have everything but sex appeal, and the phone rings like crazy when you aren't on."

"Hello, Tina." Lauri looked up languidly. "Nobody appreciates me, but as long as I'm paid on time, I should worry. Is the neuritis better?"

"Much better, thanks, Lauri."

Dill looked up at Tina. "Found a spell that worked?"

Tina avoided Dill's eyes and turned to Covers. "I think I could skate in the late show tonight if it goes all right when I practice now."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" Covers wrung his dimpled hands in ecstasy. "I'll pay off those rusty old Blades, and the Fire and Ice Room will be able to hold up its head again."

"Well, little Sea Gull." Berg had seen her and left the ice. He pulled her ear tenderly. "How is it?"

"Bad for the carpet, Linger." Covers frowned at the marks his skates made. "Have to forgive you, though. Tina says she's going back on the ice."

Berg raised his eyebrows in comic amazement and pulled her face around so he could look into it. "When? Tonight? We've been waiting for this good news. Now we have to plan. Do you think you could do the Swan with a little practice? That would fill in about right."

"Fill in?" Covers wailed anxiously. "Fill in what? You aren't going to tell me she still can't do the Flight. That's what the public is howling for."

"We won't do the Flight any more, Covers," Berg said definitely. "We've done it long enough. The public would soon be bored. Besides it isn't safe now for Tina's back." He laughed a little harshly. "You wouldn't want to risk anyone's health, would you? No, the Flight

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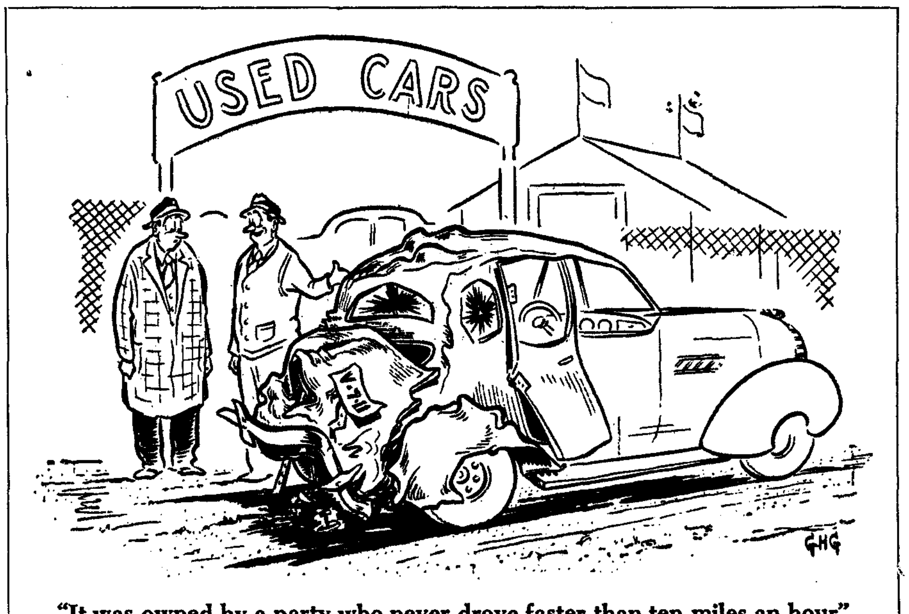
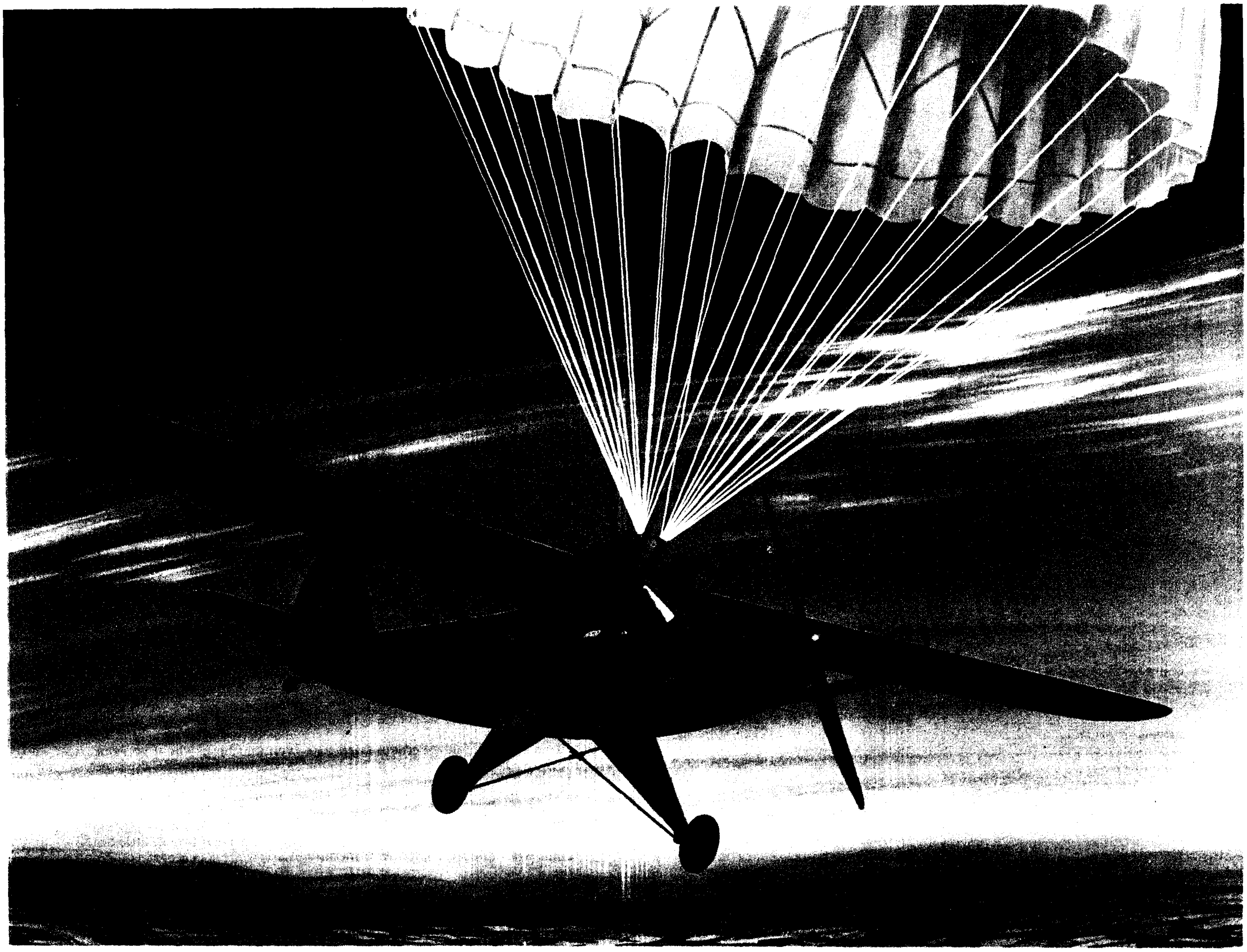


"It was owned by a party who never drove faster than ten miles an hour"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

BY MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW



Now—the Ultimate in Pilot Training . . . the Light Plane Parachute

Seagram's
V.O.
Canadian Whisky

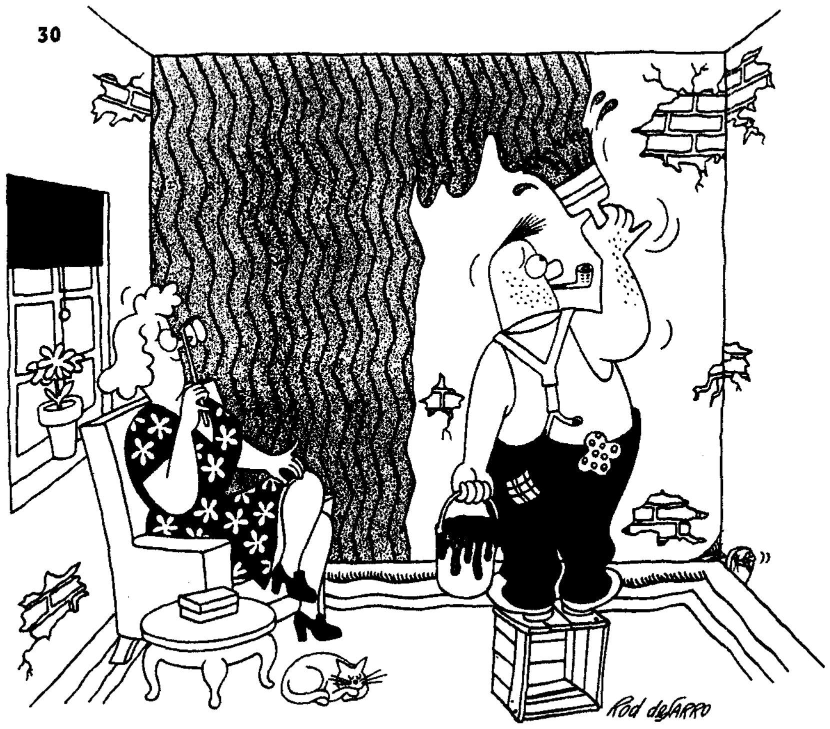
Soon, when the fledgling tries his wings, he'll have no fear that inexperience may lead to unhappy landings. For attached to his craft will be a giant 'chute to lower plane and pilot gently to earth if he's lost over unfamiliar terrain . . . or for any unscheduled descent away from a landing strip. Already successfully applied, this will be soon available to training planes and personal planes as well.

And for "Happy Landings" any time . . . Seagram's V.O. Canadian whisky. Untold thousands of Americans discovered this unique, imported whisky during the war, found that its light, *clean-tasting* character is the final link in those occasions when one's at ease. Yours to try Tonight—yours to tell your friends about Tomorrow!

Seagram's V.O. Canadian

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, N. Y.



YOUR LIFE

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Newer Than Wallpaper

Something for that shabby-looking room that you can't get plastered or papered: a combination paint, pigment and plaster that goes on with a brush, all in one operation. A single coat does it, and you get an ornamental surface like the most expensive terra cotta, plain or with tool marks according to your whim. This new plastic coat is made of tiny glass beads in a matrix that disperses them evenly and dries rock-hard. It goes on smoothly over old wallpaper, wood, metal—any surface that has first been sized; it comes in ten different colors and will wash without damage with soap and hot water. Anybody can put it on.

More Dates for Date Palms

A delicious filler for candy and tarts is a new confection specialty developed by G. L. Rygg of the Department of Agriculture to help save millions of pounds of dates formerly thrown away because they didn't mature. Date trees must be pollinated by hand, which means uneven ripening. Rygg found he could pick the sour, unpollinated dates and ripen them artificially with moist heat, producing a sweet fruit paste that makes fine filling material when mixed with minced orange and cereal flakes.

Brush That Perfume In

Now you can brush your hair and perfume it at the same time, spreading the scent evenly on every strand. A new, take-apart brush, invented by a returned G.I., is made in two parts—bristle holder and back—with an absorbent pad between. You saturate the pad with your favorite perfume, snap the brush together and use it like any other brush. Small droplets of scent squeeze through to the bristles automatically.

Oxygen-While-You-Breathe

The Navy's special fire-fighting mask has come home—a simple device that gives a new degree of protection to firemen, mine rescue squads, anybody who must work fast in a poisonous atmosphere. There is no cumbersome oxygen tank to hamper movement; only a light canister worn on the chest, containing chemicals which generate large amounts of pure oxygen when the moisture in the exhaled breath strikes them. Two flexible tubes connect the canister with a face mask. The chemicals absorb the waste carbon dioxide through one tube while supplying ample oxygen through the other.

Television By Movies Made Better

A new high-sensitivity film has been worked out for picking up important news events to be sent out over the television networks. Ordinary newsreel film has been tried with some success, but the special film gives such great detail both in bright illumination and shadows, that pictures reaching your home receiver have the pep and sparkle of the best movie screen.

When a big story breaks, negative film is exposed in ordinary news cameras and the negative is developed and dried, then put directly on the air without waiting for positive prints. The transmitter reverses the image.

Small-Town Garbage Pickup to Be Neat

The huge, totally enclosed garbage trucks that help protect big cities from dirt and flying papers can now be purchased in miniature size by any town. Mounted on a delivery-truck chassis, this latest thing in refuse collectors is light and cheap enough for the most modest sanitation department. Its steel body is completely enclosed. A loading bin at the rear receives waste and delivers it inside without broadcasting dust or bad smells.

Your Silverware Will Glow

A housewife's dream is silverware that doesn't tarnish in the kitchen atmosphere of gas stoves and dampness. Now you can realize just that with a new invention. This is not a polish but a polish-preventer which guards the shiny silver surfaces by absorbing the hydrogen sulphide and moisture that turn them black. You merely put a small open jar in among the silver in drawer or cabinet, and the metal stays bright from four to six months.

★★★

THE DARK DEVICE

Continued from page 28

is out. You'll see, we won't need it. Tina looks like an angel with those swan wings. And as soon as we can practice it, the four of us are going to do a very gay and funny new song and dance."

Tina looked at her father in surprise. She had thought he would be difficult, but she hadn't even had to tell him. He was so terribly understanding.

"They won't like it as well." Covers heaved his bulk upright. "But I can't be angry at our wonder girl. To get rid of those Blades!" He waved his hand happily.

Dooner got up, too. "I've got to go see a paper about a pair of skates. Tell me that spell, sometime, will you, Sea Gull? It must be a honey."

Lauri rose. "I'll come along. If you'll stop by the piano, lover, I'll give you a preview of my new song."

TINA turned gratefully to Berg when they were alone. "You were wonderful about the jump, Papa. You knew, didn't you, that Dr. Sword would think I mustn't do it just yet? But perhaps in a few weeks I'll be quite all right. Papa, I feel so much better. I know now what made me jump short, what started all these weeks of foolishness. I'm so ashamed, but relieved, too. A soldier who looked amazingly like Larsen was sitting in the audience, and I kept trying to catch his eye. I guess I was just so busy with that I didn't have my mind on the jump. Afterward, I was so terrified at how near I had come to—to hurting you, that I couldn't remember it. I got all mixed up. But Dr. Sword and I straightened it out today."

"What a lot my silent Sea Gull is talking!" Berg laughed.

Tina laughed, too. "Perhaps talking so much to Dr. Sword gets me in the habit of talking."

"You like him very much, this Dr. Sword?"

"I don't know. He's awfully hard, almost cruel sometimes. But he understands a lot about people. He's awfully wise, Papa."

"Well, if he has got you back on your skates, that is enough for me. You can stop seeing him now."

"Oh, he says not. He says I must go on for several weeks still."

"You have had enough of this psychoanalysis. You have found out what made you unable to skate. That's enough. Too much digging into the past isn't good."

"But I feel so much better today. I could even work out a solo, I think. I feel so free of many things."

"What does free mean? Free can be a dangerous word, especially for you, little Tina. All this talk about Larsen, for instance. And a skating act of your own. Do you remember how ill you were at the time Larsen went away, from the very idea of what you call freedom?"

"But it's Dill Dooner who has talked most about Larsen. He says Larsen has written and written. He says Larsen was frightfully unhappy about us, that he missed us terribly."

"If Larsen had missed us he would have written. If he had written, we would have got some of the letters, at least." His voice was hard and hostile. "You are too loyal, my Tina. Larsen lacks the love the rest of us feel for each other. If Mr. Dooner insists on talking about Larsen, we must see less of Mr. Dooner. We decided long ago not to break our hearts over Larsen."

Tina's face clouded as she looked at him. "Papa, for once I am sure you are wrong."

"Have I ever been wrong before?" Berg's smile was patient.

"No, I don't think so. But, Papa, I want to go back to the jump and do an act of my own. I'll feel weak and cowardly until I can. I must go on with Dr. Sword until I can do that."

"The jump is old stuff by now." He dismissed it. "It is really nothing, just an illusion of danger. We can think of better acts, much better acts that we do together. And I think Dr. Sword has done his work. These doctors never think you are through. It is their bread and butter. I say you've had enough."

"I'll have to see him tomorrow and tell him." Her voice was rebellious. "He has been so wonderfully helpful. I must see him and tell him myself."

"Tell him then. Tell him tomorrow."

"All right." She touched his arm. "I know you are right even when I don't always see it. I've been thinking how weak I have always been, how easily frightened. Things have haunted me and I've never dared talk about them, even think about them. I talked to Dr. Sword about Mama today for the first time. He explained that people often felt terrible responsibility for accidents they weren't to blame for. That I mustn't feel so responsible."

"Perhaps," Berg said, dropping each word separately, "Dr. Sword hasn't got it quite clear about Mama's death, my Tina. Perhaps he does not realize how much you were to blame, and perhaps it is just as well he shouldn't realize it. Do you think if you told him about the rope, he would still say it was an accident, or about the wedged catch? Have you told him that?"

Her body stiffened. She shook her head.

"Perhaps it would be wise to keep that between us two, little one, between you and Berg, whom you can trust, who loves you. Everyone else is not so understanding, about love, and hate. I would be sure not to see him after tomorrow."

Her face became a mask. "All right, not after tomorrow."

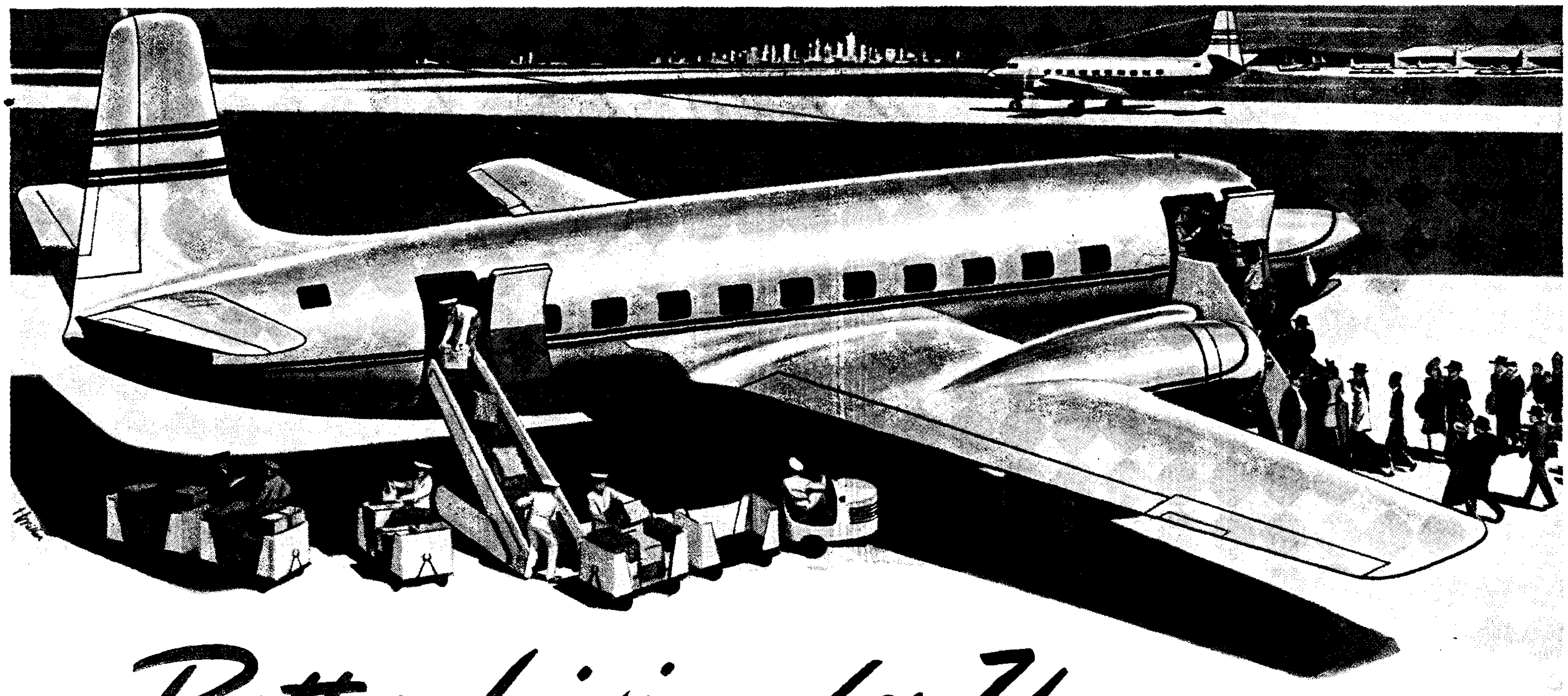
"And never forget, little Sea Gull, that Berg will take care of you. You are not like other girls. You need care, and I will always be here to give it to you. Remember, Tina, you can always trust your father. He will always know more about you than any psychoanalyst."

She lowered her head, and her hands were tightly clenched in her lap. "You are right, Papa," she said at last. "You are always right. I guess for a few moments I forgot, but I know." Her voice trailed off into nothingness.

"Come," he said, gaily, "we haven't much time for you to practice if you're going on at midnight. Three weeks will have made you rusty. Come along, little one, we'll shoo those children off the ice and get on with some real skating."

BERG watched with satisfied eyes as Tina slipped off her guards and made a few tentative school figures. Her edges had not been hurt by the rest. Nothing had been hurt; he could feel at peace again. There had been a great danger for a few weeks, or so it had seemed, a danger almost equal to those other times when the only solution had been his swift, decisive action. Fortunately, this time fate had played things his way. There had been no necessity to take matters into his own hands. He watched his daughter do a double-reverse three. She was very beautiful, his Sea Gull. He must take care to keep her beautiful and to keep her his. . . .

Sword knew almost as soon as Tina came into the office the next afternoon that something had changed in her. Instead of lying down and beginning to talk in a vague dreamlike voice, she sat stiffly on the edge of the couch as if on guard. Her face, which had gradually relaxed



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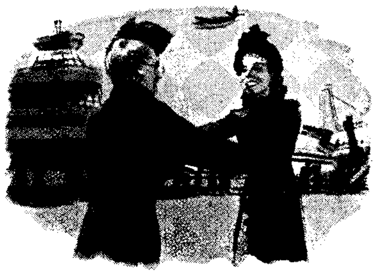

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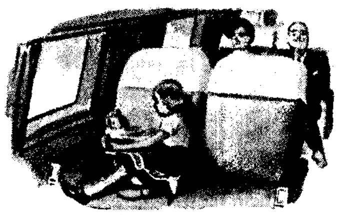

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day by day, was once more the mask of her first visit.

"You go on the ice since I saw you?" he asked idly, after she had sat silent for a long time.

"Yes. I went on at midnight and at two. It went very well, I think."

"That's wonderful." A smile crossed his angular face. "Wish I'd been there to see it. Anybody say anything about the jump?"

"Mr. Covers was disappointed about it, but Berg was wonderful. He doesn't want me to try it again. Berg is so much more understanding than I can make you realize, Dr. Sword."

SIMON didn't answer. His hand crept inevitably to the gum in his pocket. He wished she would lie down, and wondered if people ever realized that the analytic couch was as much to protect the analyst as to give courage to the patient.

"I think I'm cured, Dr. Sword," she said, suddenly and rapidly. "I told Berg about Larsen, about thinking I saw him, and I haven't thought about it since. My edges are as good as they ever were. We might as well stop these talks. I'm awfully grateful to you but—but going on, I think, would be a waste of time."

"Why don't you lie down?" he said, quietly. "If this is going to be your last hour, maybe we ought to talk a little more about your mother's accident and see if we can get rid of some of that anxiety you've been carrying around."

Obediently she turned and lay down so that he could see only the top of her head, but he had a feeling that she was scarcely there at all. He had to find out what had happened and he had to find out fast. If she went away now, she would be taking away exactly what she had brought with her the first day, and sooner or later something would snap inside her and something pretty grim would happen.

"You don't trust me today, do you?" he said, as if speaking about the weather. "What happened to make you feel like this?"

"Nothing. I just can't keep coming here all the rest of my life. You're a doctor and you helped me when I was sick. Now I'm well. I don't have to trust you the way, for example, I trust my father."

"I thought we'd decided you did," he said, quietly, wondering what she would do if he said, "You can't trust your father much while you want to kill him. And you aren't very well while you want to and don't even know it." There was no question of her death wish. Everything she dreamed, everything she said pointed to it. Yet the surface of that hadn't even been scratched. He would have to give her a glimpse of all this somehow, and today, but in a way she wouldn't reject.

"I don't want you to keep coming here all your life. We'd get awfully tired of each other, wouldn't we? But there's something, Tina, something about your mother's accident that I'm sure you're remembering wrong." He said this as a shot in the dark to try to recapture her mood of yesterday. "You're making yourself unnecessarily unhappy about it. Let's go back over it now and try to find out what it could be."

He could see her body tense and stiffen at his words. "I told you all I could remember yesterday."

"Tell me again."

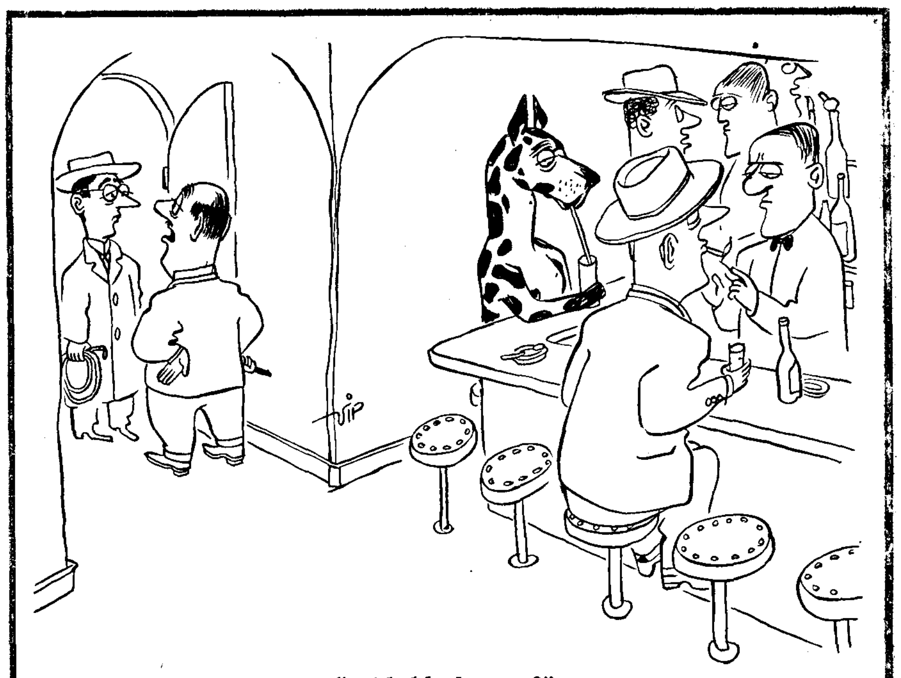
"It's a waste of time." Her resistance was almost a positive force in the room for a moment.

"Never mind." His voice was sharp and peremptory: "Tell me." He was taking a chance. She might go blank, but whatever it was must be very near the surface to make this abrupt change in her. "I know you are not responsible. I know it. You have to know it, too, before you leave here."

"Berg says that," she said dully. "Berg says I must not blame myself, but he is different. We have both always realized that, realized that no one else would understand. Berg is sure you wouldn't. But perhaps you are different, too, perhaps you wouldn't hate me for it, the way almost anyone else in the world would."

"I couldn't hate you, Tina, whatever you told me. Bad people don't come to psychiatrists. Only good people who think they are bad and want to be better. The more terrible anything you say seems to you, the more likely I am to admire you for saying it." Then his voice lost its near-maternal quality and his question was almost a command: "Now?"

"We were in the loft, all of us, doing exercises," she said, as if following old patterns of obedience. "Papa used to say that if we couldn't do leaps and splits on foot we could never do them on skates. There was a trap door held by a rope on a pulley that we used to drop hay through to the horses. It had a latch, too, a strong latch, but we always were careful not to stand on it. I was on one side of the trap door with Papa, practicing a turn in the air. At first I would catch hold of the rope but when I knew it a little I caught Papa's hand. Mama was on the other side practicing spread eagles with Larsen, and the children were just playing. Papa had been away an extra long time that winter and we were all happy to have him back, so happy. I was trying extra hard to do the turn the way he wanted, but it was hard."



"With black spots?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

She pressed her hands to the back of her head. "It is all confused and it makes my head hurt. I missed Papa's hand and slipped and grabbed the rope. I thought I was going to fall and called to Mama. I don't know why, but I was frightened. She ran across to me, right across the trap door.

"It gave way. I can hear my voice echoing through the barn as she fell." Her voice was coming in gasps now: "The plow was underneath—turned up on end. It was terrible, terrible. Mama was so beautiful and it was so terrible."

SWORD put his hand reassuringly on the top of her braids until she stopped shaking. "It was an accident," he said. "You weren't to blame. It was an accident."

"Was it?" She sat up suddenly and looked at him, her blue eyes blazing with pain, her voice full of bitterness: "Papa tries to tell me I was not to blame, but even he can't quite pretend it was an accident. I was holding the rope. I had been the last person to use the trap door to feed the horses and I knew the latch didn't seem to be holding properly. I had been with Papa when he put the plow away. It's all too much, too much to call an accident."

As he sat listening to her, listening to the terrible pain in her voice, Sword could get no picture of the accident. "All these details you are torturing yourself with," he said slowly. "It is as if you were trying to make yourself feel guilty, as if you were straining to convict yourself."

"Trying," she laughed harshly, "I have been trying ever since, Berg has been trying ever since, not to feel I am guilty. But he knows. He admitted once that he knew I loved him so much I couldn't bear to have him love Mama, too. He has tried to tell me I was not to blame for loving him that much. He has tried to shield me from my guilt. But he can't. He knows that in some terrible, twisted way I was willing to kill her so that I would come first with him."

Suddenly the picture was clear in Sword's mind. He had not thought he could be horrified any longer, but he was. Berg Linger might well say he was something of a student of psychology, but what a horrible, twisted use to make of the Oedipus complex, of a little girl's normal possessive love for her glamorous father. If it could be true, if what he was thinking could possibly be behind all this, then it was true that Berg Linger would stop at nothing to put chains on those who belonged to him.

"There is a terrible destructive force in me," she was whispering now. "I know Father thought when I missed the jump that I was trying to kill him, as I did with Mother. I think he was willing to give up the jump, because however much he loves me he is still afraid. It isn't true that I want to hurt him, that part isn't true. I love Berg more than anyone else in the world. But I thought I loved Mama, too, until I killed her.

"I can't do it, Dr. Sword. I can't go on letting you torture me this way. I would rather kill myself than think about these things, than take a chance that I may kill my father." She stood up and started blindly toward the door.

Sword got up, too, and held her gently by the shoulders as he pulled her down on the couch. "Not yet," he said. "You must listen to me first, Christina, and then you can go if you want to. But the world needs people like you, and if you go, something may happen to take you away from the world. It's possible that if you and I work together we can prevent it."

He laid one hand lightly over hers. "It's a very mixed-up story you tell about your mother's death," he said. "Even making allowances for abnormal loves and hates it doesn't ring true. Some pieces are missing, some things about it we either don't know or don't understand. Something has made you feel responsible for your mother's death. I know you believe it and I know how terrible it has been to live with that belief for ten years, but I think it is wrong. I would almost stake my professional reputation, which is as important to me as your skating is to you, that you are not responsible."

"You are trying to comfort me," she said dully. "Berg at least didn't try to make me believe I did not do it. He is a better psychiatrist than you, for he merely tried to make me understand why I had done it and that I could not help it."

Sword saw the terrible picture come a little more sharply into focus. "No," he said, "I am not trying to protect you, for I am going to tell you now that I do believe that you want to kill your father. You don't know it, but the will is there, and very near the surface. That is why you jumped short, and why you keep seeing his face under your skates. In your subconscious you want it to be there. That is why you tried to commit suicide. You were punishing yourself for the will to kill. That is why you can't bear to have him near an open window. You are afraid you will push him out."

"No," she said, "no, it's not true."

HE WENT on: "That is why you dreamed of your skates cutting into the soldiers that night. You couldn't bear to dream it was your father, so you substituted the figure of Larsen. That is why when you tried to pull him up a snowbank in your dream he kept slipping. You wanted him to slip. If you go away now, something terrible is going to happen." He could feel her hand under his, digging into her thigh.

"It could be so," she said at last. "I don't want to kill him. I love him, but something terrible keeps driving me and I might do it. I might do it any day. Only why, Dr. Sword, why?"

"That is what we have to find out. We have to go back and back over every little detail and uncover what is deep underneath all this."

"But what could there be?" Tina asked "Father is so wonderful, he has always been so wonderful. It must mean I am insane."

"If there is a desire to kill in you, there must be a reason. These impulses are created by something that happened before. You aren't insane but you are under terrific pressure. I think there is some connection with your mother's death. It was she, in your dream, who was driving you over your father. Laugh about the hen all you want. That was your mother."

"But no amount of words can take away the fact that I killed my mother," Tina argued.

"I don't think you are guilty. I think that is only in your mind so far. The thing in your mind is bigger than you right now. I'm not pretending it isn't dangerous. But it might not be bigger than you and me if we work together"

"How can any person help me with a thing as terrible as this?" she said bitterly.

"I only know part of a few of the answers to this, Tina, but somewhere inside you, you know them all. I can help you find them. If we put the best that's in you with the best that's in me, we can't get into very serious trouble,"

"And the worst that's in me, this impulse to kill that is destroying me—what if the things we dig for are too terrible to look at, too terrible to bear, what then?"

"They won't be, they'll seem so at moments, but they won't be."

"What if I can't stand them?" Her

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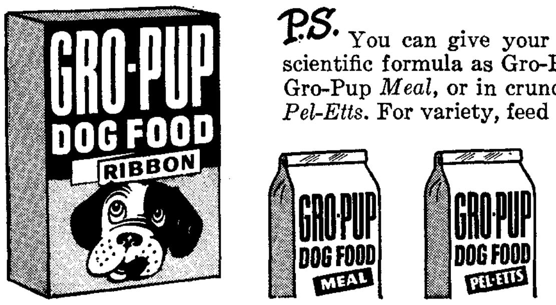

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voice was plaintive like that of a frightened child.

"Then the worst that's in you will probably want to kill me, too, sometime before we're through." He gave a dry little laugh. "You may even quite seriously consider it, but I'll have to take a chance on that. If I'm willing to, you ought to be."

THERE was a sudden, fierce contraction inside Tina at the sound of Berg's gay voice. "Hello, little one."

"It seemed to me you might need support after your ordeal, but you look very fresh and happy, almost my old Tina."

And it was true, she did feel almost happy, that was most horrible of all. Leaving Dr. Sword's office, she should have wanted to crawl away and hide somewhere, hopelessly soiled and defeated. Like a sudden release from pain she had felt relaxed and strong. Dr. Sword had pushed her and pushed her toward an unbearable fact and all at once she felt not pushed but supported. A strange man, talking and looking like a farmer, had offered her help and the help for a moment seemed real and possible.

"Was Dr. Sword nicely understanding? Did he agree you were cured and no longer needed him?"

She forced herself to meet her father's smiling face. He had been looking in a shop window obviously waiting for her. What if she should say to him, "I've just faced the fact I want to kill you, Berg darling. That's why I look so happy. Because I've lived with it so long unknowingly, because it has frightened me so long unconsciously, and for the first time I have hope of getting rid of this insanity."

A shudder ran through her as he pulled her arm through his, but he didn't feel it as his gay words kept pouring out: "Let's go somewhere for tea and celebrate, shall we? That reporter was hanging around when I came. I begin to think you have an admirer, my Tina, but such a short one doesn't alarm me. I told him I was taking you to tea and sent him off. First, though, I must buy you a flower, I think." He drew her into a shop. "I thought of violets to match those eyes of yours so like your pretty mother's, my Tina." His voice caressed the words. "But now I saw just the thing in the window."

"A pink camellia," he told the salesman, "for the young lady."

"We are like reunited lovers." His eyes sparkled into his daughter's as they went out. "You know, Tina, I have been almost jealous of that Dr. Sword. He knew so much about you and every day he would be finding out more. I felt at moments almost that he was taking my place. It made me wretched. But now you have come back to me and I am happy again." He was charming in his frank ingenuousness. "I love all my children desperately. But especially you, Tina. You are so like me."

She looked down at the pink shadings of the petals on her lapel with an inner revulsion. He was so sweet, so magnificently kind and tender. She didn't deserve a father like this. He didn't deserve a horrible child like her. He was so happy and she was going to have to make him so unhappy. Not with the truth, of course. That, if she was lucky and careful, he need never know. But just the fact she had to tell him that she was not yet well would be bad enough.

But not now while he was so happy. First the tea, then later when they got home she would tell him.

It was a gay tea. Berg who was usually so Spartan about their diet insisted she have both a strawberry and a pineapple tart and had some put up for Alma and Thor. "They must celebrate, too, and as for you, my Sea Gull, since you are such a good girl and look so lively, I am going to reward you still further. I am going to let you work out your own skating act as you wanted to. I am not such a tyrant, really."

She had nothing to do but smile and smile as he talked. She prolonged each moment until they were through and back at the Lavish.

They heard laughter as they opened the door of the apartment. "The children sound as if they were celebrating, too." Berg took her hand and tiptoed toward the living room. "Let's surprise them."

But he stopped abruptly in the doorway. Tina felt his body stiffen and an irrational shiver of fear went through her.

Alma was mending the zipper of one of the costumes, and Thor, his freckled clown's face screwed up in nervous concentration, was rubbing a skate vigorously with a rag. They were both giggling like school children. Sitting cross-legged on the floor with them and also polishing a skate was Dill Dooner.

"So I'll say to Sinatra, Alma," he was saying, " 'Frankie, you ought to meet this cute dumpling who can sing circles around you.' And Frankie will say, 'Let's go get her and all have a Coke.' And we will, but remember, Alma, he's married."

"Oh, Mr. Dooner, he wouldn't really, would he?"

"Sure he would. But the name's Dill, Alma."

"Look at her, D-d-d-dill. She's s-s-swooning." Thor laughed.

"Swooning is right. You learn fast, brother." Dill looked up and met Tina's eyes with his laughter, then his glance swept past her to Berg. "Hello, Mr. Linger." He held up a skate. "Like to give me a job as houseboy?"

"We never let anyone touch our skates. Thor must have forgotten." Berg's voice was icy.

"Sorry. I don't think I've hurt it. When you said you and Tina were having tea, I thought maybe the kids would have a Coke with me. They're conscientious as hell. Said they had these chores to do, so I had some sent up."

"We have been silly, Papa." The laughter died out of Alma's face. "It is the spring in the air. But we've been good workers."

Tina squeezed her father's hand placatingly and felt relief when she saw him smile. "We've been frivolous ourselves," he said, with a return of his gaiety. "We've been buying flowers and eating rich food, and we brought you each a strawberry tart to celebrate. I'm sorry we haven't one for you, Mr. Dooner." The words were a dismissal.

"I'll have one of these instead." Dill was lighting one of his little cigars, very much at home.

"C-c-celebrate?" Thor looked at Tina.

"You are really cured?" said Alma.

"Cured, indeed? Look at her." Berg held Tina away from him and turned her around as if she were something he had just created. "Look at those bright eyes and rosy cheeks."

TINA could feel the color draining from her face, could feel that familiar inner freezing. She had to tell him. She had to tell him now. Dooner was dreamily smoking, but she could feel him watching through the two narrow lines his eyes had become. In front of him? Berg wouldn't like that and yet he gave her courage. Now, she could do it now, and if she waited, her courage might ooze away.

She backed away from Berg and looked up at him pleadingly. "I couldn't bear to tell you earlier, Papa. You were so happy and we were having so much fun. It was cowardly of me but I couldn't. Dr. Sword says I'm not cured. He says it would be dangerous for me to think I am. I know he is right. I can keep on skating but I must also keep on seeing him for at least a few more weeks."

"Ah, I said it would be like that." Berg was contemptuous. "These psychiatrists never want to let go of you. But I say you are cured and I know as much about minds as any of them. We'll have to take a firm line. You just won't go back."

"I wouldn't dare," Tina whispered. "I am not cured. There are things . . ."

"Fiddle, little Sea Gull." Still feeling gay, Berg mocked her. "He's been scaring you, that doctor. Tell me, what are these things that are so dangerous to you?"

"I still wouldn't dare do the Flight," she murmured.

"That is old stuff now. I am tired of it. If that is all . . ."

"No, there are other things, subconscious fears, terrible ones, Papa. You know about those things."

"Of course, and so this is what we'll do, if you are still anxious. We'll spend some time together every day talking over those fears and we'll rid you of them faster and much more pleasantly. Cheaper too." He laughed. "That's settled then."

"No," she said desperately. "You couldn't, Papa." Her voice rose and she felt sudden pain at the back of her head.

"So-o? What can this Dr. Sword do for you that your father cannot help you with better? Tell me that, Tina. What are these ghosts?"

"I—I can't— I don't know." Her voice faded away and she moved toward the French doors and looked unseeingly through them.

"Kind of hot?" Dill moved past her and opened the doors, letting in the twilight. He stepped unobtrusively out onto the narrow balcony.

TINA wondered if her father might be right after all, and Sword crazy. Perhaps she had better stop seeing Sword. Berg had always been right. He must be right now.

"You're tired. He has upset you, this Dr. Sword. He's gone too far." Berg came and stood beside her at the open door, his arm lightly around her. "I'll call him up and tell him so. We'll soon forget these fears."

But as they stood there together by the open door, terror rushed over her. The pressures began to beat on her, first from within, then from without, squeezing her, pushing her, pushing Berg. She thrust him behind her and slammed the door.

"You might fall," she said wildly.

"There, there," he said. "You are tired. You forget there is the balcony."

She clung to him but the pressures were still beating on her and she could remember Sword's words: *That is why you are afraid to see him near an open window. That is why you keep seeing his face under your skates.*

"You can't help me with this, Papa," she said, breathing hard. "Only Dr. Sword can help me with this."

"Ah, I begin to see." The words were sullen. "You are already in love with him. That is notorious with psychoanalysts. Well, we'll stop that quick enough. I won't allow you to go see him any more. I won't pay the bills."

But I earn the money, she found herself thinking for the first time in her life. I am the star. I earn the most money.

"Of course you can prevent my seeing Dr. Sword." She denied the disloyal thought with almost frantic insistence. "But it isn't the way you think. You can tell me not to see him, and I won't see him, but then in a few days I won't be able to skate again. I don't dare let you call me cured when I am not. In this one thing I must trust Dr. Sword. I must."

"Listen, Tina." His voice was hard and bitter. "I think this Dr. Sword wants you to break away like Larsen. But you are neither as strong nor as selfish as Larsen. You're a weak woman, Tina, dangerously weak. The family needs you, but even more you need your family. You cannot trust yourself. I think you know that. If you try to, something terrible will happen to you."

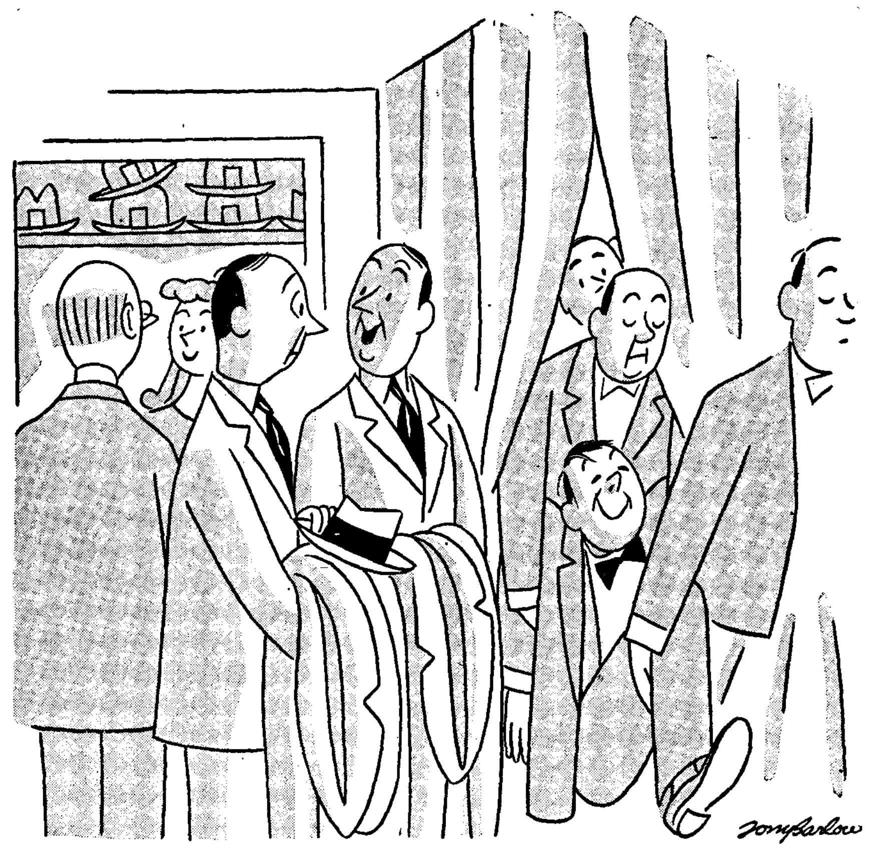
"But if I don't try," she whispered, "something more terrible may happen to me. Remember the capsules. I didn't want to do that, Papa, but I did. I may try again."

"Nothing more will happen to you if you trust me. Nothing."

"Papa, it's *I* that I can't trust, that you can't trust. Remember how near, how horribly near I came to—hurting you? If I don't get rid of this thing that is inside me, something like that might happen again. I don't want it to, I don't, but I might—really hurt you."

"Nothing will happen to me. I can take care of myself." But his face had gone white. She felt a surge of exultation at what she knew was victory and then shame at the exultation.

"Believe that I love you, Papa," she



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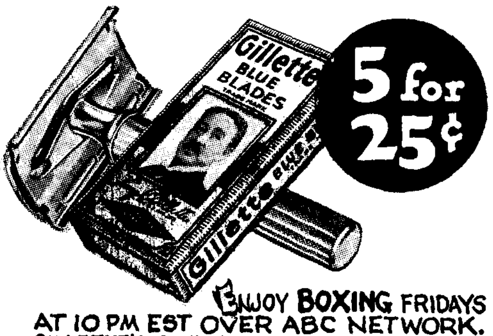
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said almost hysterically. "You are so wonderful and wise and good. You must know that I am doing this because I love you." She tried to put her arms around him, but he pushed her away.

"We've discussed this enough. Pick up that dress, Alma. The place looks like a pig pen. And no more cold drinks between meals, you hear me. No more of this disgusting talk about crooners. You make me ashamed you are my daughter. Thor, finish up those skates."

He picked up the pastry box and thrust it viciously in the wastebasket. "We are all going to be sorry for this wasted afternoon. I only hope some of us are not going to be very, very sorry." He plucked the flower from Tina's coat and crumpled it in his hand. He slammed the door as he went to his room.

Tina looked from the crushed petals to Alma picking up the costumes with tears running down her cheeks, and then to Thor's miserable face. The pressures had lightened and she felt a curious detached compassion for them all. Poor children, she had spoiled their fun. Poor Berg, she had known he would be wretched like this. He was only so angry because he was worried and upset. She must be very tender with him. He was such a wonderful father. Perhaps when she was well and it was all past she could tell him somehow and he would understand and forgive her. Until then she must learn to live with his disapproval and anger—for his sake.

Standing on the balcony watching the scene through the thin curtains, Dooner felt the danger Larsen had talked of getting nearer and nearer. If Sword could see this, if you could tell him, perhaps then he would believe. Maybe he should have another whirl at convincing him. But what was the use? The dumb analytic cluck. He'd just smile that nice homely smile of his, and wave you kindly out of the office.

Dill had a sense of desperate impotence, and felt a little silly for having it. Maybe it was all in his mind, maybe he was going crazy. But he couldn't let it go at that. He opened the door and slipped in.

He gave Thor's head an affectionate little push as he passed by and grinned at Alma. "That Sinatra deal is still on whenever you like, dumpling," he said, but his last glance was for Tina. "When you need that friend, Sea Gull—"

SWORD sat slumped in his chair looking broodingly at the pale crown of hair at his elbow. It was a slow business waiting for the subconscious to become conscious and you couldn't rush it. He had been waiting a week now and in that time, as if she had taken all she could for the moment, Tina had run away from hostility of any sort. Obviously anxious to please, she kept trying to remember painful childhood episodes, and would bring him a slight at school or a quarrel with Larsen, like a puppy bringing a bone to his master.

Her desire to please was a natural refuge from having displeased her father. She had told him about that in detail, stressing Berg's hurt and her own unhappiness at the conflict. But she seemed no nearer than ever to facing the fact that Berg's hurt was actually possessive jealousy and her unhappiness a disguise for a deep, cringing fear. When she spoke of her death wishes toward Berg it was passively, as of a birthmark or deformity. The idea that it might be a response to twenty years of systematic sadism was still totally beyond her.

Sooner or later Tina would have to admit how much she hated her father and with what good cause. A man who could dream up that perverted use of the Oedipus complex, who could make a child feel responsible for an accidental death to keep her subservient was quite a subject for hate. It was clear to Sword that this was just what Berg Linger had done. And if that, almost anything. But he still didn't take much stock in Dooner's quotations from Larsen Linger. Sword saw Berg as a mental rather than a physical sadist. It was hard to see what damage he could do that he hadn't already done.

She had defied her father and found that no bolt of lightning struck her. The show had gone on without a hitch. Berg had even stuck to his promise to let her work out a solo. Maybe he was going to accept partial emancipation as the lesser of evils. Other parents had been forced to this and accepted it, when it was a question of bread and butter. Tina might be freed and cured with nothing more dramatic than verbal acceptance of how strongly she wanted to escape from her father's perverted will to dominate. She might even accept his twisting her mother's death around her neck and keep right on living and working with him, once her hostility was out in the open.

She'd have to feel a lot of hate and talk a lot of bitterness first, beginning here. An odd career encouraging people to love you and hate you in the name of someone else, and then tracing it back to Berg where it belonged. But she wouldn't have to *do* anything. Analysis after all was simply taking the material of melodrama and spreading it out so thin you could blow it away with words.

Almost as if their thoughts were running along parallel lines she said, "Every day I come here I am more aware of how I am hurting Berg by disobeying him. He has been very quiet, rather sad and withdrawn, but he could have punished me in so many ways. He could have withdrawn his promise to let me work out a solo number, and he hasn't. He knew how much it meant to me. But now that I am going to do it, now that tonight my solo is really going to be the finale of the show, I feel no joy in it."

"Maybe he means it to be that way. Playing martyr can be very effective."

"Oh, not Berg." Her repudiation came quickly, but not angrily as it would have a week or so ago. "No, I think he is trying to show me that he wants whatever is best for me and is willing for me to find out what that is."

"Maybe he's just found that you're stronger than he thought and he has to let you do what you want."

She didn't answer.

"But you ought to feel happy about this solo, Tina. It is your first venture on your own. It's important to you."

"It's important," her voice was dreamy, "but it's not my first venture on my own. My first venture was keeping on coming here against Berg's wishes. That was really important. Sometimes I think I am a cruel and unnatural daughter to be willing to do it. Of course, I know I must work to get rid of that terrible thing inside me, but when I am honest I know there is something besides fear that brings me here. I want to come."

"You must get something here that you don't get at home," he said expressionlessly. "You ought to think what that could be, what I give you that your father never has."

"Papa thinks—" she laughed uncomfortably. "It is silly and rather embarrassing and yet it is too silly to be embarrassing really. He thinks I want to keep seeing you because I am in love with you. I've never been in love, but I don't think it's that, do you?"

HIS voice was still expressionless. "No; I don't think it's that, but you ought to try to think what it is. What do you feel here that is different from the way you feel at home?"

It was a curious balance, he thought in the silence that followed. You had to build emotion, because emotion was necessary to unfold those subconscious layers of painful memory. You had to encourage your patients to feel and love, and because you were there the feeling and love inevitably centered on you. You had, in a manner of speaking, to be seductive, and yet always to stay clear of even verbal seduction.

"Today," she said finally, "I feel warm and happy here—and safe. I don't always feel warm and happy with you. Often I feel very unhappy about the things I feel, the things I remember. But I always feel safe."

"And you don't feel safe at home?"

"Of course, I feel safe at home," she said quickly. "Only not from myself, not from the terrible things inside me. With you, I feel safe even from them."

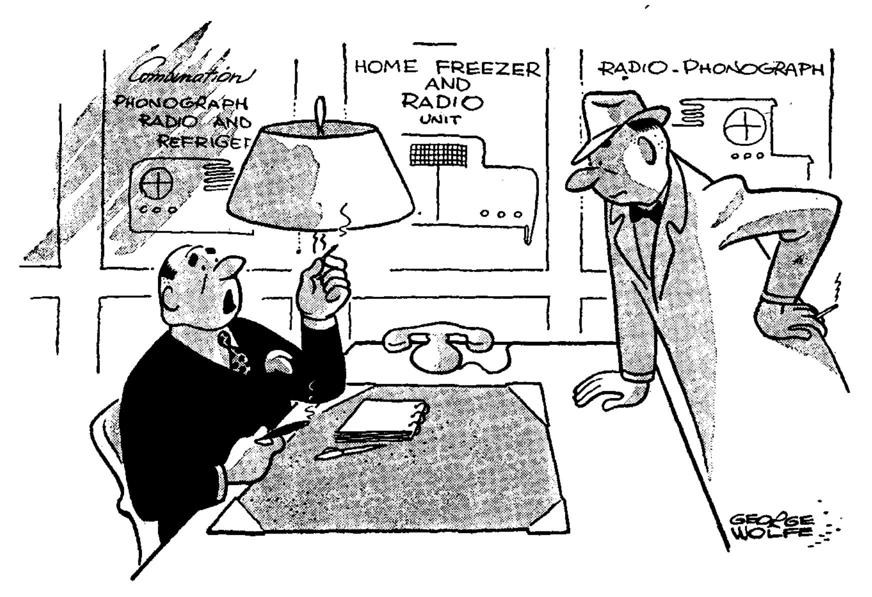
"It's curious you should use that word safe so insistently, if you were never afraid of your father. Why are you so sure he never made you feel afraid, even when you were little? Was he always kind and tender?"

"Oh, always. Berg is always kind and tender. Except—

"You see," she went on rather laboriously, "I loved him so, I think I was always afraid he might not love me if I wasn't good. Papa has always expected so much of me. I think that is what I am afraid of, if anything. I think that is why I feel safe with you. You don't expect so much of me."

"But I do, Tina. I expect you to be honest. And braver than most people are ever able to be. You know I expect it, so that isn't it. It must be something else. What were you afraid Berg would do if you weren't good?"

"Oh, nothing," the words came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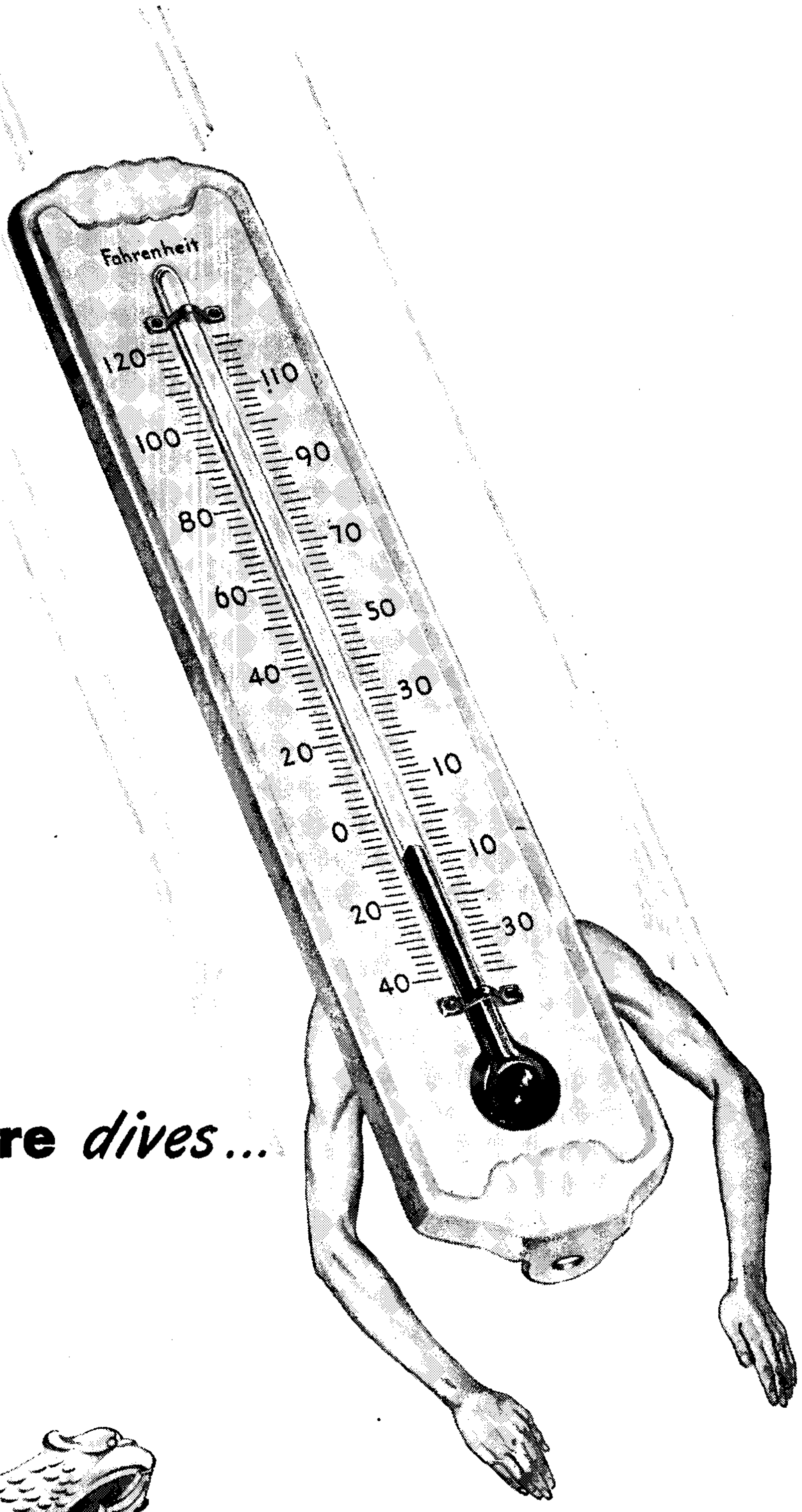

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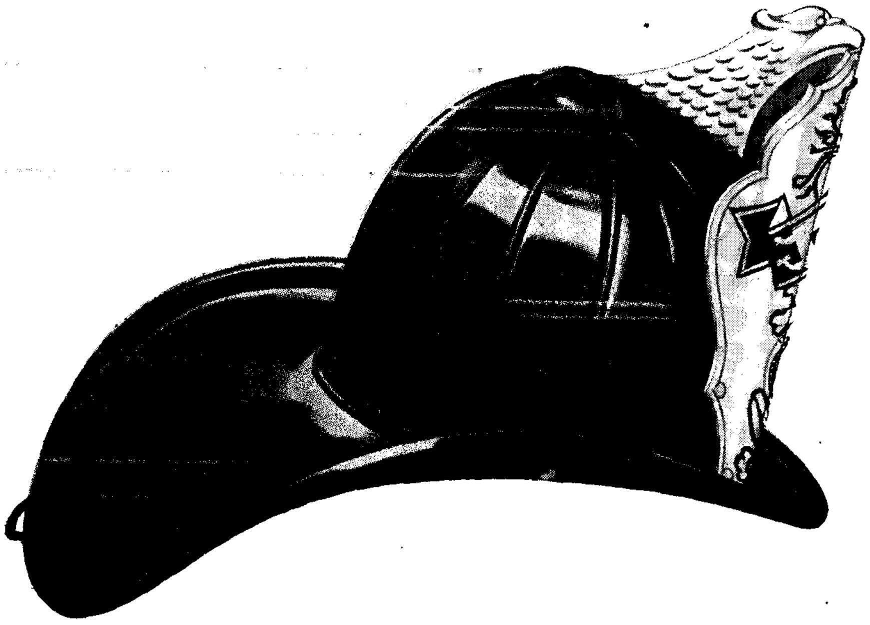

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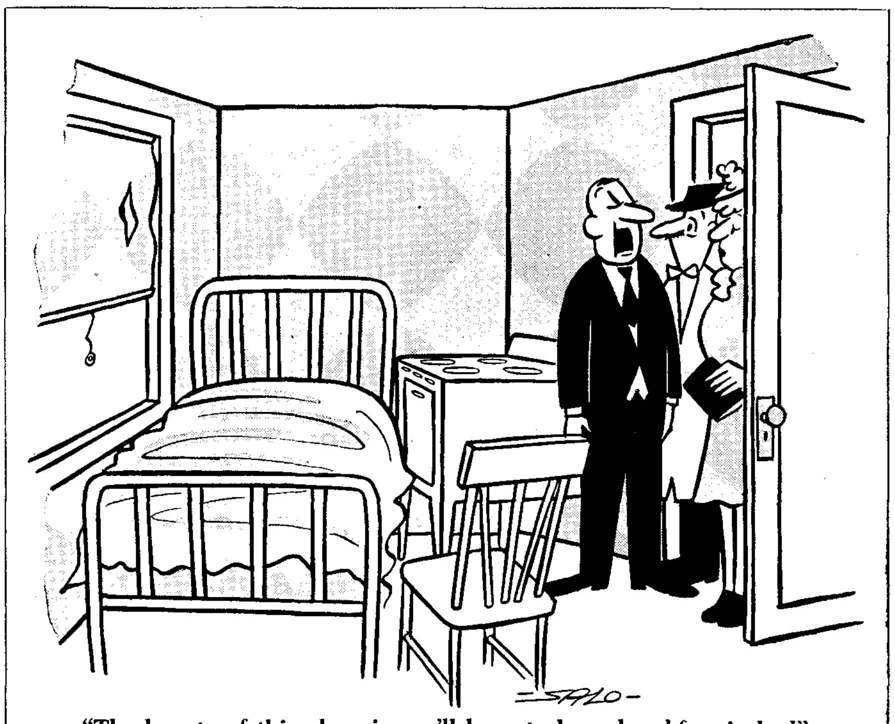


"The beauty of this place is you'll have to have breakfast in bed"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

quickly, "except not love me." She put her hands up to the back of her head. "It hurts," she said faintly.

"What did you remember then?"

She was silent for a long time. "My father is a European," she said at last, almost protectively. "When we were good children, when we did what he wanted us to, he was always so kind and loving, but he had rather strict ideas of discipline. He felt he had to. I was just remembering," she said with forced lightness. "It's funny I haven't remembered it before, but I was just remembering one time when I had forgotten to clean out the cow's stall. Papa felt we must learn not to forget things. He said people subconsciously forgot things because they wanted to. He said I had forgotten because the stall smelled bad."

He waited. Then he said, "Yes?" but he had to say it twice before she went on in a sudden burst: "He tied me up by the manure heap for the rest of the day. I know you will say that was cruel, but he didn't mean to be cruel. It was no more cruel than spanking, and everybody spanks children."

"What did he tie you with?"

"By my braids," she said faintly. "Afterwards he said it was because he knew I was afraid I would get my hair smelly and he had to show me not to shirk unpleasant things. Don't say he was cruel. He just wanted us to grow up to take responsibility."

"You must have thought he was cruel when you were tied there."

"I suppose so," she said.

"Do you think there may have been other times like that?"

"I don't remember." Her hands clutched the back of her head. "I can remember the pull, the terrible pain when I fainted and fell and was jerked back to consciousness. He didn't know I would faint, of course." Her voice was quickly defensive. "He almost cried when I told him."

"But you must have hated him while you were tied there."

"I suppose so."

"And were ashamed of it afterward. And now your head hurts when any question of criticizing your father comes up."

"It could be," she said wearily, "it could be that. Papa always expected so much of us. He was right but it was hard and I was always so afraid he might stop loving me."

"And you think," he said, wanting to push the point, "that I will love you whatever you do or say. Is that why you feel safe here?"

"I suppose so," she said. "Yes, I think that's it."

In the silence that followed he could feel a new tension gathering in her and wondered what fresh discovery she was about to make.

"That's it," she repeated, wonderingly. "I feel safer here than anywhere else in the world, because I feel you will not disapprove of me whatever I say or do. Berg thinks I am in love with you, but it isn't that. It is as if you were a father who was all understanding and comfort, like God almost."

She dropped from the couch to the floor at his feet and put her head against his knee. "I am so frightened inside all the time." Her arms groped for comfort like a child's and he leaned forward and held her protectively.

"You're safe," he said, "you're safe here, Tina, and when we're through you'll be safe anywhere in the world."

She clung to him trembling. *And this is it,* he thought as he held her, *this is what every child wants from its parents and practically none of them get. This is what people have to come to psychiatrists to learn exists—absolute comfort, absolute refuge, however brief.*

AS HE thought it, she suddenly raised her head and put her mouth on his. It was a totally unexpected gesture, and to the disciplined analyst that he was, his response was even more unexpected. It was as if all his muscles were involuntary muscles over which he had no control and their natural and instinctive function was to hold this beautiful thing as close as possible. For a long moment there was no professional detachment in him.

When he could relax his arms, she limply dropped her head against the arm of the chair. "Berg was right," she whispered. "I am in love with you. I have never kissed anybody before, not like that. I have never kissed any man before. I ought to be ashamed." She raised her head and looked at him, her eyes shining. "But I'm not, because you kissed me back and so you must love me too."

"Go back to the couch," he said. "We'll talk about this."

Unprotestingly she got up and moved away to the couch without looking at him. He thought of how beautiful she was to watch and to touch.

You, he told his id bitterly, *are a hell of a psychoanalyst.*

She took me by surprise, the id excused itself.

Yeah, but you're not supposed to be taken by surprise, and when you are you *have to react with dignity and ethics. You're her doctor.*

She felt safe with him, did she? With a bitter grin of self-mockery and shame he pulled two pieces of gum out of his pocket and stuck them in his mouth.

After a minute he said with elaborate detachment, "Of course, I love you. You are sweet and sincere and in spite of the thing we are both trying to help you get rid of, you are one of the most tender people I have ever known. And, of course, you love me, because you trust me and know I am trying to help you." His voice grew more scientifically withdrawn with every word, "But as for your being in love with me, as for what you think you have just discovered, that is what is known in psychoanalysis as transference—a temporary attaching of all the emotion that is in you to the analyst. If you are full of love, you attach the love to him. If you are full of hate you attach the hate to him. Today you were feeling full of love, Tina, that's all. It isn't ever supposed to work the way it did just now, but analysis is always full of surprises. We mustn't build too much on that. We must just go on and trust each other's good will and let things work themselves out."

"I do trust you," she said. "I never trusted anybody in the world as I trust you, but if we are to be honest in analysis, it is silly to say I am not in love with you. It is also silly to say you are not in love with me a little, when you kissed me like that." He could only see the shining top of her head, but her voice was dreamy and still triumphant.

He moved over toward his desk and began to look at some papers. He heard her sit up, but he didn't turn around.

"When did you get that naked woman hanging over your desk?" she asked. "I haven't seen her before. I don't like her. I think she is fat and ugly."

"She's been there right along, Tina. You only notice her today because today you are feeling like a woman, and all the other times you were feeling like a little girl."

"I am a woman, Simon Sword," she said. "Don't you think I am?"

"Yes. Yes, I think you are today, but I think you are going to have to go back to being very much of a baby before you can be a woman all the time."

She shrugged and smiled. "I rather like being jealous of that woman," she said, almost smugly. She got up and moved toward him, but he turned his back.

"Goodby," he said. "See you on Monday. Good luck with the new solo." He could feel her standing close behind him. Her hand touched his shoulder.

"Don't be afraid of me, Dr. Sword," she said lightly. "I'm going to be a good patient still."

WHEN she had gone he sat at his desk a long time looking unseeingly at the papers in his hand. She had noticed his nude, she had shown fear of her father, and he ought to be feeling triumphant. But he didn't. There was a great aching dreariness inside him. There was so much bitter work ahead of them before she would be whole or even partly whole. Actually she would probably never be whole, as ordinary normal women who raised families were whole; and right now he wanted her to be.

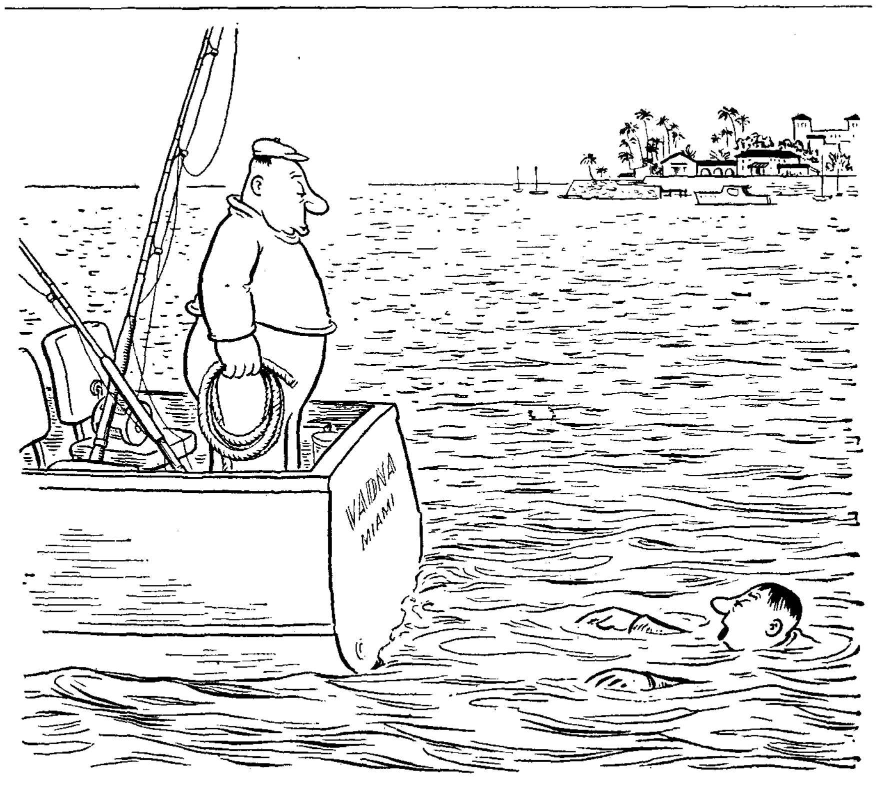
For a moment he cursed Berg for what he'd done to his daughter's mind. He kept remembering what Dooner had told him about Larsen, and wondered why he couldn't entirely discount the picture of Berg getting physically violent. It was silly, of course; Berg was so expert at making her feel guilty, at making her feel uncertain unless she leaned on him, he didn't need to resort to anything more. Tonight she'd solo, and the discovery that she could get along without Berg on the ice would probably accelerate her breaking free of him in other ways.

The thought of her solo brought him up short. If Berg was desperate he might be able to find some way to make her fail tonight. He must know how much she counted on it; he would realize that failure would be the opening he needed to convince her that she couldn't do without him, that pyschoanalysis was no help. Or maybe if—just if—there was some slight truth in what Larsen said, this was when he would act.

Sword grinned to himself: Now I'm getting melodramatic. But he knew he'd go to the Fire and Ice Room tonight. It probably wasn't wise, and he probably wouldn't be any help if something did go wrong, but he knew he had to be there when Tina came on the ice.

(To be continued next week)

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



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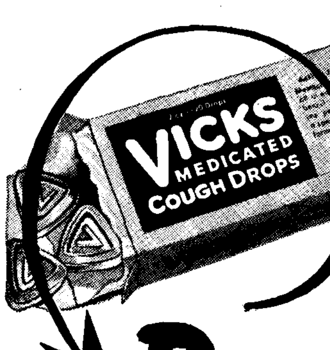

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Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUCTS

PERFECT BRIDE

Continued from page 11

lovely matrons, here comes a homely girl"—a lie—"transfigured, who just made the Wayne driveway in high." She beamed up at her mother and said with a tenderness that was nearly wistful, "Mrs. Wayne, do you want to say a prayer with me that everyone will always understand everything?"

"Of course, but it sounds revolutionary," said Mrs. Wayne. "Molly must have given you champagne."

"I don't need it," Ellie said, and ran into the house.

She threw a look at the kitchen clock. Twenty minutes to ten.

"Haven't you had breakfast?" Hannah said.

"I think so, but I don't remember clearly because I feel like scrambled eggs, toast, milk, jam and maybe a little steak, please."

"I declare, love agrees with you, child."

"I think so too, thank you, darling," Ellie said.

"You got a big lunch at quarter past one in the hotel with all those elegant ladies," said Hannah. "Think you can last?"

"I forgot about the luncheon."...

In her room the silk print curtains Ellie had designed stirred gently. She paused by the shelves that held her print blocks, paper pads, drawing pencils, brushes, paints, then walked past her bookshelves. You met so many book people, from Elsie Dinsmore to Miss Amber, and finally yourself—in the Book of the Bride. She picked it up, fluttered its pages, clapped it shut and laid it down. She wandered about touching things, gathering up the room to take with her in her mind.

"It was a nice room," she whispered. "A picture-book room. I had a good stay."

Quickly she finished packing her suitcase, closed it, and then gazed at Dean's photograph: "To Ellie, with all my love forever. Dean."

EVEN the war had had to make a bend around Dean Pennell. The Army made him a major but then made him stay in Washington to goad people into fulfilling government contracts. She stared hard at the photograph, trying to pick a comforting flaw in that handsome young presence. Impossible. He was a natural with industry, national crises and women. He had brains, humor, wealth, position. In a world that didn't know where it was heading, Dean Pennell's future and hers with him was secure. The book said, "No doubt your fiancé has a flaw . . ." The book was nuts.

She asked herself, honestly puzzled, "How in the world did I land him? Of course, I am radiant, but Sally Munson's practically a front-cover attraction. Excepting my legs, they're a little better, I think. Maybe I was a little unanxious? I think he never met a girl in all his thirty-some years who didn't want to marry him."

And covering her face with her hands, she dropped on the bed, trying to close her ears to the din of preparation that filled the house; and the sound of her mother's voice as it shepherded her flock of details. But the bustle of preparation rose to a roar in Ellie's brain, and she sprang up and started the tub in her bathroom, went through closet and drawers selecting and discarding. And every few seconds she rang a number on the telephone, but there was no answer.

She resisted the temptation to lie in the tub and soak; and was in a new slip and bra when Hannah came in with a tray.

"I relented," Hannah said. She wasn't surprised however that Ellie wasn't hungry now, and could hardly get down a sip of milk and bite of biscuit. She picked up a towel and dried Ellie's hair, vigorously.

"You're the lucky one," she said. "You got a sure-enough mop of poor-man's hair, naturally curly and in for keeps. Don't you forget you promised I could comb it out on your wedding day."

"I remember." Ellie stood looking at Hannah, suddenly thrust the comb at her, and said, "Comb it now, darling."

Hannah sat down, and Ellie kneeled beside her. As the steady hand passed the comb firmly through her hair, Ellie felt an ineffable peace and an old sense of safety. She snuggled against the great strong body.

"If you got something on your mind, you tell me," the wise old woman said.

The door opened and Mrs. Wayne came in with a spray of gossamer over her arm: "Here is your Grandmother Marshall's veil for 'something old.' Robinson's did a wonderful job on it. See."

"It's beautiful, Mother." Ellie stood up and watched her mother deposit the veil gently over a chair as Hannah went out. "Now sit down, Mother."

"I'd love to, I'm worn out," said Mrs. Wayne happily, edging toward the door. "I'm glad you're going to be a traditional bride. It's far more becoming."

Ellie nodded slowly. "Without a doubt," she said, "I am the traditional type." She reached her mother as her mother reached the door. "You are going to sit down. Mother, I must talk to you."

But the doorbell rang. "After a while," said Mrs. Wayne, and was gone. Ellie heard her exchange greetings with Kathy from the stairway. And suddenly, Ellie was piously glad that her sister Kathy was in the house.

She went to the closet and took her going-away suit out on its hanger. She held it admiringly at arm's length, put it back and took out her hitherto best. She was in it when Kathy said from the doorway, "Why did you put that on? You've got a fluffy luncheon at one-fifteen, remember?"

Kathy sat down, lighted a cigarette, and studied Ellie.

"What's the matter?" she said after a while.

"What should be the matter?" Ellie said.

"Nothing, that's the point. You look so many different things, I thought I'd ask. *Shouldn't* I have?"

"What do I look?"

"Worried. Happy. Expectant. Edgy. And even good-looking."

"Bridal jitters. Customary, I believe. 'Suddenly the time is now,' " she quoted from the book, " 'and you are standing in your bridal gown, waiting for a minute as the music begins.' " She clenched her hands unconsciously. "That's what you have to face," she said, "the music."

Kathy drawled, "That shouldn't worry you—if you've mastered that little hesitation step—"

"I'm a master of the hesitation step," said Ellie, and glanced at her watch. 10:37. More than an hour still to go. The minutes hung timeless, while butterflies brushed about in her stomach.

KATHY rose and moved restlessly around the room, but this was familiar. She had made a famous catch herself and a love match to boot. She had everything, and two children who were tops. Yet a timeless dissatisfaction gnawed her, always had. She stopped before the shelves of Ellie's art and craft things.

Kathy pulled out a folder of sketches and looked at them. "I thought once you were going places," she said.

"I am going places."

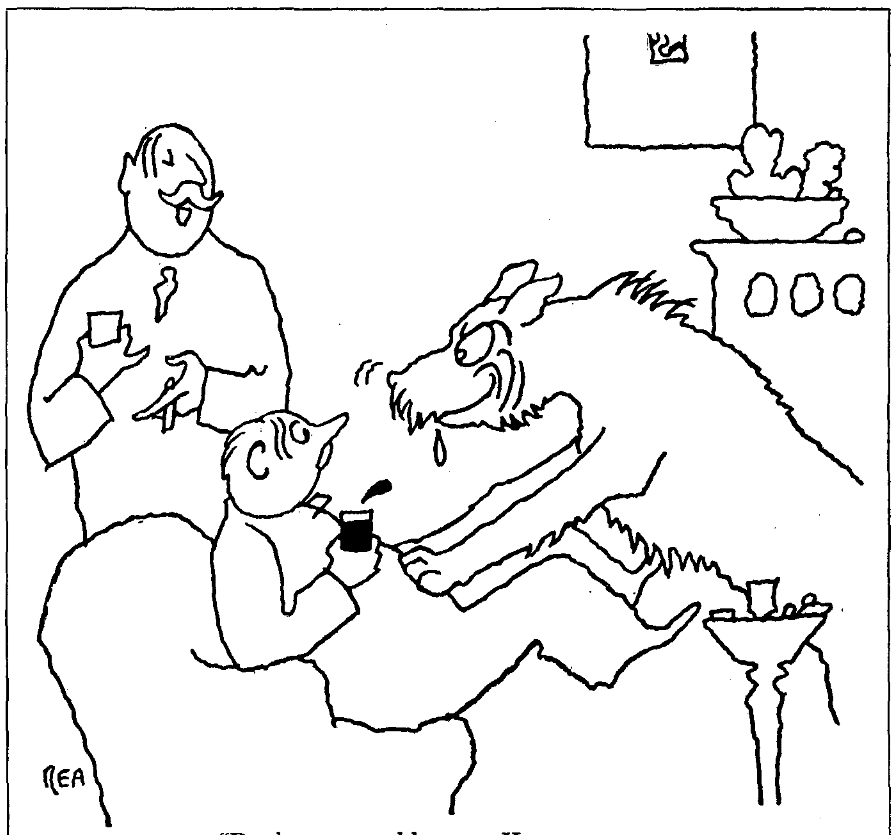
"Yes, up to a house on the Hill." Kathy put the folder back. "Your major is fascinating, but he doesn't believe woman suffrage is here to stay. And his home is a full-time job. What a solid little woman in the house *you're* going to be."

"I'll earn my keep, I promise you."

Kathy halted by the section jammed with carefully tied bundles of letters and photographs and boxes of the more manageable souvenirs from far places, some from boys who wouldn't return. "Three and a half years of USO," Kathy said. "You must have written at least a letter a day."

"Over four a day, it averaged."

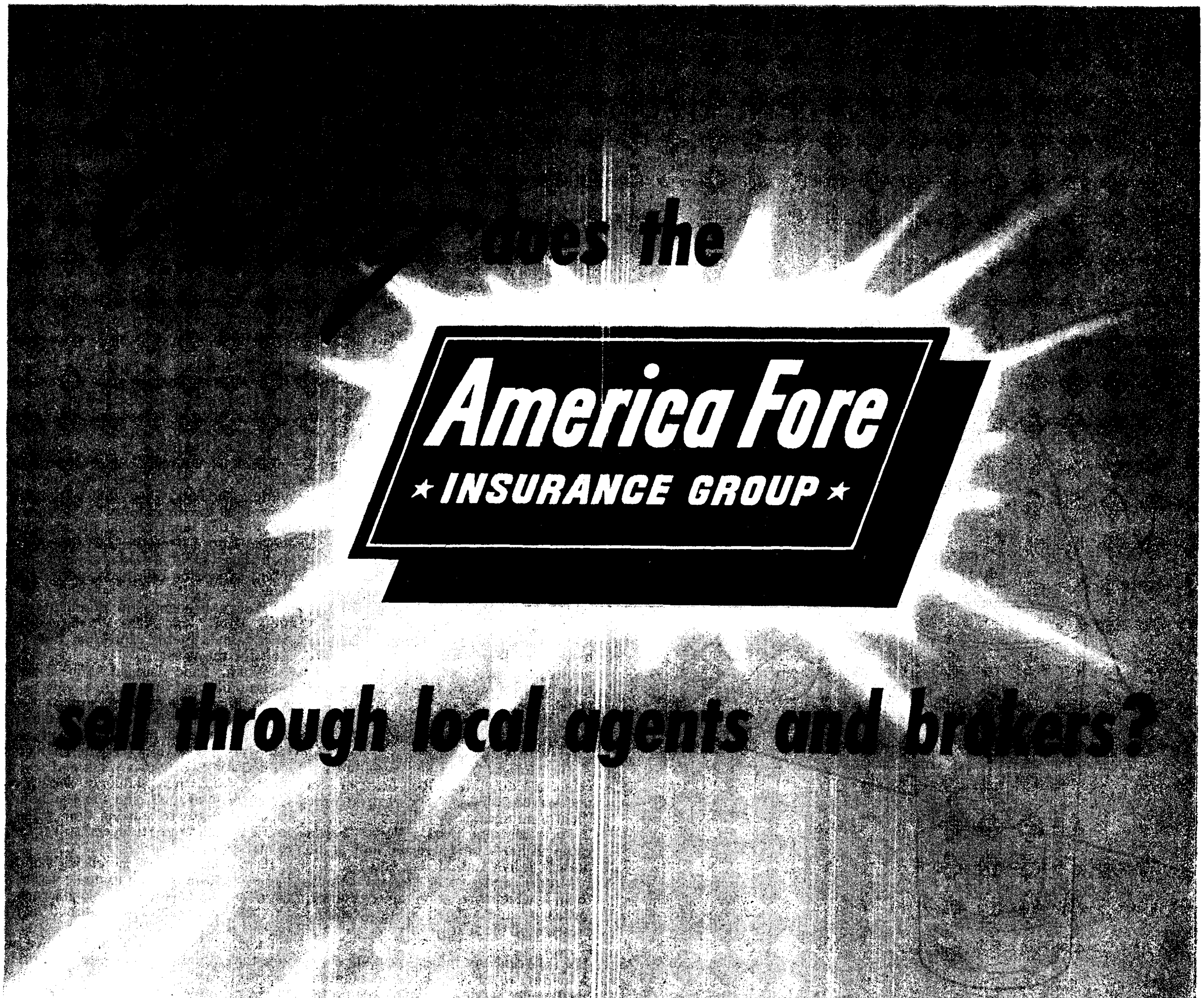
"Of all those you danced with, wrote



COLLIER'S

"Don't worry, old man. He never goes for the throat until I give the word"

GARDNER REA



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to, who wrote you—wasn't there one who set your heart going a little faster?"

Ellie paled, but she met Kathy's look straight. "No."

A hubbub broke out in the back garden. Their mother's voice carried the aria against a background of men's voices. Kathy put the bundle of letters back and looked out of the window.

"The marquee detail," she reported. "It's a great day for Mrs. W."

"Oh, I wish she'd stop!" Ellie said. "I can't even talk to her."

"You don't seem to realize a bride is a community project."

Ellie put her hands to her temples. They were throbbing.

"Does he know?" Kathy said. "He should perhaps. He's in on this too."

Ellie dropped her hands. "What are you talking about, Kathy?"

"Your major."

"Kathy, what are you trying to say?"

"I?" Kathy looked blandly surprised. "I have nothing to say." She went to Ellie. "But maybe I could help. Is there anything you'd like to unload on me?"

"What's come over you? The helping hand isn't your line."

Kathy shrugged. "After all, little sister is leaving the nest, and it reminds me I'm getting on."

"I don't know what kind of expression I seem to be wearing," Ellie said. "Hannah asked the same thing. Mother doesn't notice anything unusual about me, I must say."

"My dear, you simply must remember that in these times you are not a daughter to your mother but a project." Kathy paused, and her voice grew soft. "She takes you for granted, Ellie, just out of simple love, while she is busy rearing a monument to your happiness. The poor dear thinks the bigger the monument the surer your happiness."

This insight from the usually self-centered Kathy hurt Ellie's heart like an undeserved caress. The sisters were silent a minute.

Then abruptly Mrs. Wayne began calling Ellie: "Come here and look at the present Sally Munson sent you."

Mother and sisters stepped into a room in which three stout tables gleamed, glistened and glared with wedding presents of the first quality.

IN THE center of the middle table, dominating all else, stood a magnificent Sheffield tea service. Ellie picked up the card that went with it.

"With all my love to Ellie and Dean, and my truest wishes for their happiness forever. Sally."

"You're a good sport, Sally," Ellie said softly. She gazed at the sumptuous present. It was a gift you picked out with love and care—and with a human if unconscious touch of malice. In life thereafter, in life of "happiness forever," should any little misunderstanding or quarrel come, Sally's present would stand there between Ellie and the man Sally had loved so deeply, and take on the reflection of Sally's beauty, of her forgiving and reproachful eyes and the sheen of what might otherwise have been, but it wasn't in Sally's nature to have thought out anything like this. It was in Sally's nature to give this with all her love and truest wishes.

Mrs. Wayne put her arm through Ellie's. "Now do you feel you really own your wedding presents?"

Ellie shook her head.

Her mother laughed and squeezed her arm. "Neither did I until I began to use them." She paused, drew Ellie close. "It's not going to be all roses and rubies, dear," she said.

"I know."

"No man is perfect."

"Give and take, I always say," said Ellie.

"Will you see who that is at the door, Kathy?" said Mrs. Wayne, actually delegating a function.

Ellie grasped her hand. "I know, Mother," she said hurriedly. "I've always been a bit of a hell raiser—"

"Why, Ellie, the idea! You were no such thing."

"Sweet of you to say so, dear. But on the other hand I've never been a liar, and by and large I am honest."

"Darling, you're a little upset because everything is so near and the strain—"

"I always told you the truth straight out, and when the others howled at me you gave me credit for having convictions."

"I should say you have, and I definitely think they're worth having. Now, dear, you lie down a while, because this event has shifted the whole family off base, so why not you?"

THEN Ellie's father's voice rang through the house, and her mother ran down the stairs, worrying, as she always worried when her husband did something unexpected, such as coming home at 11:15 in the morning.

Filled with dismay, Ellie forced herself to follow her mother, but the first glimpse she had of her father from the stairs took the dread away for a minute. Holding one hand behind his back, he looked from her mother to Ellie with a shamefaced glee that had no resemblance to any expression Ellie had expected him to wear.

"What's brought you home at this hour, Paul?" said Mrs. Wayne, somewhat calmed by his expression but still alert for the worst.

"Whim. Sheer damned whim. I went to the office and there were twenty people waiting, so I knew I couldn't beat the game. And then—I was suddenly lonely. I wanted to be home with my family. You have a daughter hanging around for twenty-two years and seven months, and then suddenly she's not going to be around, and the last hours of her stay you're wasting time with a lot of comparative strangers, still trying to make money."

It was the longest speech his family had ever permitted him to make without interruption. As Ellie's bewilderment left her, an engulfing hurt rushed in to replace it.

Said Mr. Wayne, "I left the office at nine-thirty, and ran right into the bridegroom. He was going around in circles, too." Mr. Wayne winked at his wife. "He's just as rattled as I was thirty-four years ago. We went out to the club and had one drink."

"Then Dean didn't stay in his office either?" Ellie asked.

"He never went."

Ellie burst into laughter that was close to hysteria. "I'm just picturing," she said when she could, " a person going to see you two in your offices this morning on a matter of utmost importance. Wouldn't he have a nice wait?"

Mr. Wayne smiled blisstully. Then he blinked, smirked sheepishly. "I got thinking of old Guido, who sells those little bunches of wild and common garden flowers in Simpson's market, where Ellie used to go. She knew they were flowers before she knew an orchid from a gardenia. I thought maybe they could say something I hadn't been able to say. So I went down there and brought home—a posy for Ellie." And he held out a bunch of fresh flowers to her.

Ellie's heart broke. She threw her arms around her father and sobbed. He was embarrassed and inexpressibly moved, stroking her hair and repeating, "There . . . there . . ." and Kathy said nothing but studied Ellie's face.

The dormant bells, telephone and door, as though infuriated by this presumption of mere family emotion, ripped the stillness apart. The cleaning woman, finished with one thing, wanted to know what next. The champagne came, and was one case short—crisis upon crisis, during which Sally Munson, hiding her pain behind her exquisite beauty and acting eager as a dancing flower, dropped in with bridesmaid's questions and got due thanks for her present. Ellie gave up trying to ease the burden on her own heart, gave up trying to get her father off alone for a few minutes; and Mr. Wayne himself decided maybe it was a mistake leaving a peaceful business for this wild house. Fatalistically, Ellie floated along, until Dean Pennell came, at 11:45.

Ellie's lips met her fiancé's in a gentle kiss. Then she laid her cheek against his, laid her hand softly on his other cheek, and felt a deeper friendliness for him than she had ever felt for anyone.

And then it happened.

The telephone rang. Mrs. Wayne answered it, and the first word she said transfixed Ellie. The word was "Molly."

"Molly," said Mrs. Wayne, "it was an inspiration having Ellie spend the night with you. She had a wonderful rest and has been simply dazzling all morning."

Here it is, Ellie thought. Hang the woman, why couldn't she have stayed home where she belonged this morning, so I could have reached her? And she winced as the doorbell rang.

"Molly, have you gone out of your mind?" Mrs. Wayne's voice jumped an octave. "Ellie *was* in your house last night."

The telephone shot back into its cradle, and Mrs. Wayne turned. She said in full voice, *"Ellen, where were you last night?"*

THERE was a small commotion at the front door. Hannah's voice rose in exclamation, and then a new voice exploded in the house:

"Tenshun!"

And everybody froze to it.

"Praise the Lord," said Ellie, "it's the sergeant."

Strong footsteps crossed the living room, and a young man stood in the wide library doorway with the alert hesitation of a patrol leader in dangerous territory. He was not overly tall, but slim and sinewy, battle-brown, battle-poised, and dressed in a scrambled civilian outfit that may have been loaned, or possibly may have been something waiting in a trunk until he returned, a complete stranger to its size and shape. But nobody noticed this because he filled that big door space with a vibrant intentness and the habit of command. Only, from under his intense earnestness, a gremlin humor peeked through at the corners of his eyes, and at the corners of generous lips that simply couldn't make a mere line of themselves.

Behind him Hannah rolled her eyes. "He told me," she said, "'You're Hannah,' and he kissed me. This perfectly strange man I never saw before, kissed me. I gave him no encouragement, Mis' Wayne. He just pushed by me and he was here." She sat down.

Ellie went to him and grasped his hands.

"I'm early," he said.

"You'll never be more on time."

"That's what I figured. Everything was all fouled up. Everybody was out."

"Ellen!" said her mother in a terrible voice. "Who is this man?"

"My husband," said Ellie. "Sergeant—my family."

The sergeant didn't offer to shake hands, but he didn't retreat either, as the dust settled and an array of statues opposed him. Ellie's mother looked like the incarnation of revulsion and incredulity. Her father looked like 1929. Kathy had a look of avid aliveness. Dean had already relaxed, scornfully, like a man who couldn't be fooled. Sally looked like a blonde in the middle of wreck and carnage who hasn't even got a run in her stockings. And Hannah moved her lips soundlessly.

"He insisted on telling Father and Dean first himself," said Ellie. "I think he thought that was the correct military procedure, and he believed they would make it easier for you, Mother, to know. In any event he promised to be here at twelve noon."

"Ellen—"

"No, Mother, let me talk. I've tried to all morning—"

"Ellen, I'll have no more of this nonsense. I never saw this man before, and I don't believe you have either. I don't know what to think of you!"

"Think of me as a war casualty, Mother, if you can't think of me as a daughter."

"At ease, sweetheart, at ease!" said the sergeant gently.

She flashed him a grateful smile, then went on quietly, "You're wrong, Mother. I have seen this man before. He came to the canteen one day. That was nearly three years ago."

"How is it you didn't bring him home to dinner then?" said her father. "We fed enough of them."

"Because I couldn't share him, even then," said Ellie. "We had two days, but that was everything. This we had. I knew, or anyway I thought he wouldn't forget. But we made no promises. There was no time for tomorrow. After a while you think you know without believing—or believe without knowing. But you don't know. And Dean asked me, and I said, 'Wait.' And at Christmas he asked me again, and I said, 'Wait.' And finally I thought: Well, we had that, and that was that, and Dean was fine and I was proud he loved me, and I thought I had forgotten, too. And at Easter I said, 'Yes.'" Her voice dropped. No one spoke.

"The sergeant sent me a cable when he left Europe. That was the first I had heard of him since he left me. I tried to reason things out. My head kept telling me it wouldn't be the same. Too much had happened to us both, too much to change now. We'd be different. You can't go back so far. That's what my head said, so I sent him a wire saying I was getting married.

"I started out late yesterday afternoon for Aunt Molly's. I left the car in Ott's garage as usual for a checkup, and I hadn't walked half a block when right behind me, a voice said, so softly I thought I was dreaming, it said, 'Hello.' And I turned and said, 'You'll have to speak louder or nobody will know you're back, dear,' and he kissed me, and it was as though nothing had happened, nothing in all the world had happened for three years. I only had one thought, and it was: Thank God, I'm not already married."

THEY stared at her, speechless. "When were you married?" said her father, finally.

"Last night," said Ellie. "Didn't I say?"

"Impossible," Dean said with vast relief. "There are laws. The bureaus were closed and you couldn't get a license."

"The sergeant had the license," Ellie said.

"That's him," said Hannah. "I believe it."

"And he was just there waiting, way out there by Aunt Molly's, for you to pass," said Mrs. Wayne, rousing. "After three years? Imagine!"

"I was in a cab coming here, when she sailed out of the driveway," said the sergeant, "and I followed her." He said to Ellie, "You drive a fast automobile, lady."

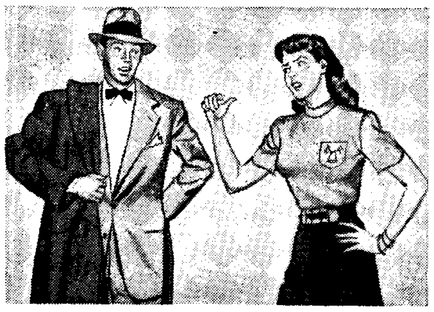
"I made the driveway this morning without shifting."

Kathy said to the sergeant, as though she were catching Ellie up, "And you never wrote to her in all that time?"

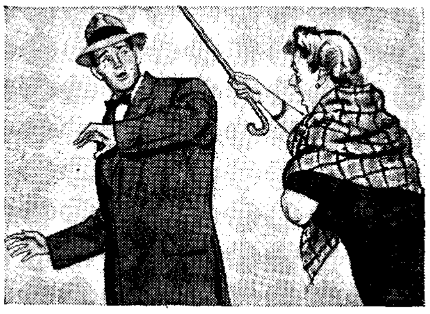
He stood silent a moment, then shook his head slowly. "I didn't have the right,

I never should have said...

"What kind of Kleenex do you want?"



NOW I've heard everything! jeered the little woman. Maybe you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, but my *skin* says different! If *you* had a faceful of makeup to wrestle with, you'd insist on a plenty *soft* tissue—and you'd *know* there's no other kind of Kleenex!



Clowning again snorted Sue's mother. And with me sneezing cold germs all over. Young man, to hear you talk a body'd think Kleenex was just like *any* tissue. Well, my *nose* knows there's *only one* Kleenex. You'll learn—when these sniffles catch up with you!

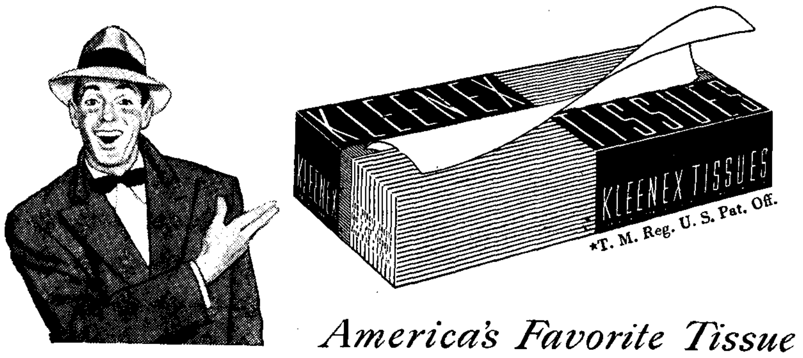
KLEENEX
TISSUES

It's a greenhorn you are about tissues, sir—meaning no offense! our Nora whispered. Now what other tissues comes poppin' up so handy-like—one at a time? *None but Kleenex!* 'Tis by that fine Kleenex box you'd be knowin' there's only *one* Kleenex. But whish-h-t! —there's still another way . . .

Your eyes tell you! Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Divil a bit! You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—pure-as-an-angel—so you're sure that Kleenex *must* be *heavenly soft.* And *husky,* too. Faith, your own eyes tell you there's no other tissue just like Kleenex!

Now I know better...

There is only one KLEENEX



America's Favorite Tissue

where I was, to hold her on a line, not even a line of words. And I'd have been afraid, afraid all the time if we had built on it, and then if it couldn't be, she'd have been hurt, badly hurt." He took a deep breath, and he said what Ellie had said, "But if I had come back and found I'd lost her—I'd have wished I hadn't come back."

Ellie found his hand. "We drove out to Porterville," she said, "and we were married by the Reverend Mr. Amberson in his parlor which smelled divinely of cabbage, and we had music from a juke box in a soft-drink place next door, and that's my song from now on. And, Mother," she smiled at her, "I didn't forget the book—we made the minister turn so that we stood sideways and a whole church could have seen our faces and the putting on of the ring. But the sergeant hadn't memorized the service and his voice was very unsteady for a sergeant's."

"I sweated," said the sergeant. "I knew what fear was."

"Stop this horrible joking!" Mrs. Wayne gripped the arms of her chair. "It's not true!"

Kathy put her hand over her mother's. "Ellie's not joking, Mother."

Ellie drew the ring from her pocket, gave it to the sergeant and held her hand out to him. He put the ring on her finger without fumbling, and they looked into each other's eyes.

"Last time off," she said, then held out her hand for her mother to see. Mrs. Wayne's breath caught in a small strangling sound, and she sank back in her chair.

"How could you do this to me, child? Oh, even then why didn't you come back here? We might still have been able to do something . . ."

Ellie stiffened. "Do what?"

"To go off like that, after all your mother's plans," her father said. "Where did you go?"

She looked at her mother, a notable organizer from way back, her organizing collapsed around her. She looked at her father, and she saw on his face, too, the ruins of plans he had unconsciously made, and advantages he had unconsciously counted on, and Ellie was sorry —but rebellious.

IN THAT moment, when the horror of the vast material damage she had done overwhelmed Ellie, she nevertheless realized that if she hadn't done it this way she would never have been able to do it —or it wouldn't have been worth doing. In this, the most distraught moment of her life, she suddenly had a feeling of solidity. She had now the ability to think and feel about her life and future as if they belonged to her. In that moment Ellie grew older: a daughter still, but a wife and person more, and she took a step forward, the dominant figure in the room, ready to fight for her dignity and her person.

"Where did you go?" her father repeated.

"We bought groceries and went to the Willow Hotel," said Ellie.

"That flea trap!"

"It was a beautiful room, Father," Ellie said. "The ceiling was pure ivory with stars of sapphire, and the walls were solid gold."

Dean's face, when Ellie looked at him, bore no humiliation. Just loss. She went to him, not with any pity or trumped-up sympathy, but out of the deep friendliness she had felt for him earlier.

"Deep down you understand, Dean," Ellie said. "You know I wouldn't have done this, if it weren't the only thing I could do."

Bending his head, Dean said nothing. When he looked up, it was at the sergeant, and with bleak eyes.

"I have no doubt," he said to the sergeant, "you deserve well of your country. But why pick on me?"

"You didn't exist," said the sergeant, "as long as my girl wasn't married."

"I am glad," Dean said, "you didn't find me in my office." He looked at Ellie, shook his head like a man waking. "Every dream I had was how to make your life a dream."

"I'll try to do the same," said the sergeant.

"By no means, Sergeant," said the major. "Do me a favor, and make her life hell." But he turned quickly to Ellie. "I didn't mean that, of course. I'm just talking to cover my exit." Briefly, he shook hands with Ellie, backed a few steps, paused, and said, "Can I give anybody a lift?" speaking to Sally, whether he knew it or not.

"I'm going your way, Dean," Sally said. As Dean went out, Sally clasped both Ellie's hands. "You keep my present. You keep it always. Don't you dare to send it back!"—and try as she would to look appropriate, her eyes were happy, shining.

Kathy opened the door for Dean and Sally—and now the Waynes were just family. Kathy came at Ellie with a kind of fierce directness.

COLLIER'S "Who opened the cattle-car door?" BY SCHECTER

"I think I've waited all my life for something like this to happen to us," she said. "Something strong and regardless, something that makes a little sense."

"You've all taken leave of your senses!" Mrs. Wayne said, and covered her eyes.

"It took spunk to come back and face this outfit," Kathy said to her sister. "It would have been easier just to take off. Ever think of that?"

"Did I!" said Ellie fervently.

Kathy kissed her, and said, "I finally like you.

"Sergeant," Kathy said, "you're shot with luck. Sergeant, I'd like to shake hands."

He kissed her instead. Hannah said, "Look at that man!"

"Mother," Ellie said, "I won't say, 'Forgive me,' but I want you to wish me happiness."

"I never wished you anything but happiness, Ellen."

Ellie bent to her. "Say, 'Ellie.' Say, 'Ellie, I still love you.' "

"I wish you happiness," her mother repeated mechanically, and it made Ellie flinch. "You have my love."

"That's better, Mother," Kathy said, softening it, "you just pout and wash your hands of us." She paused, looked straight at her mother. "If my daughter does this to me," she said, "I suppose I'll resent it—but I'll be proud, too."

MRS. WAYNE dried her eyes and looked at the clock. "It's a quarter past one, and our most prominent young matrons are waiting in the Barclay Hotel for you two to show up."

"No, they're not," said Kathy. "Someone has reported by this time, and they're sitting down to the most delirious luncheon this town has ever known."

Ellie touched her father's arm: "Father—won't you say something?"

"We're old, Ellen," he said wearily. "We're not up to these quick changes. Let me get my breath." He got it abruptly. "I don't mean to be familiar, young man," he said, addressing his son-in-law, "but is it permissible to ask your name?"

"It's David Smith, sir," the sergeant said.

"Can you support a wife?" his father-in-law asked.

"Support her? She's going to work." He grinned. "I used your phone a lot, sir, while I was waiting. But I paid for all the calls." He turned to Ellie. "You got a job. Cluett & Morrison. Textile designing. You start Monday."

"You can see," said Ellie, "he's used to putting people to work."

"Morrison was a private in my outfit I had trouble with, sir, and he wants to get back at me," David Smith explained.

"Then how long do you think she can support you?" his father-in-law said.

"Of course I don't know how long they'll keep her," said the sergeant, "but I hope long enough to get experience I won't have to pay for, and then I'll hire her cheap. You see, sir, I'm Lehigh University, and I made switch boxes and the like. I have a shop in Trenton that paid off first-rate while I was away, but we're moving to New York and converting to a motor I've worked out, in plastic, stronger than steel." He suddenly had a wad of documents in hand and was crowding his father-in-law: "The patent's pending, I've got it financed twice over, and I think it's as big a thing—"

Ellie touched his arm. "Sergeant, we have to eat lunch."

"Okay, Captain." He stowed his documents reluctantly.

Mr. Wayne gave the sergeant a smile full of fetching wisdom. "It's not going to be all hay for you either. Margaret, maybe they deserve each other." He rose, looked vaguely around for his hat. "I think I'll go to work."

Suddenly Ellie produced her posy, the fresh, simple flowers unblemished, and held it out to him.

"Do you want it back?"

The next moment she was in his arms. Finally she said, "You'll drive us to the station and see us off?"

He hesitated, looked at Ellie, at the sergeant, and the corners of his mouth gave a little more. He looked at his wife. "I'll do that, if your mother goes along."

"Mother!" Ellie said. "Mother! Keep your house and heart open for me, and for Dave. Let me share my happiness with you, Mother. Please, dear, smile just once."

And suddenly Mrs. Wayne turned on a smile sardonic and unlimited. "The whole damned town," she said, "will be doing nothing but returning wedding presents for a month! Kathy, since you've grown so mellow, you see they get started back to the senders with the necessary words, and cancel all other activities impending."

BUT Kathy had taken over already, answering the telephone and doorbell. Mrs. Wayne's instinctive twitching toward the telephone had stopped. Her smile grew deeper and she almost chuckled.

"I can see old Mrs. Pennell's face now. She never liked me, and it'll come hard to her pride, but thank goodness, she has a tough sense of humor. As for me, I've seen it all, and I'm through bothering." She took a deep breath and relaxed utterly. "I've come to the end of my daughters, and the end of my planning."

"Break out a bottle of champagne," said Mr. Wayne. "We'll have a round even if it's warm. Hannah—" He looked around. "Where's Hannah?"

"I got it on ice," Hannah said from the hall, "because I seen this coming ever since that man got around me. And luncheon is served."

The plain David Smiths laughed. The sergeant gripped his father-in-law's hand cruelly, and his wife threw her arms tightly around her mother in a mixture of love, new respect, amusement and relief. And then David Smith gave his mother-in-law a wary kiss, and Ellie laughed and turned to him, with everything clear between them at last.

He took her in his arms and held her close, stopped, and the lurking gremlins took over his grin as he swung her sideways to their audience.

"Didn't you tell me the book said this looked better from the angle where everybody can see?" He kissed her properly.

"Luncheon can wait," said Hannah.

"And another thing I did on the telephone this morning!" David said.

"What?"

"I got us an apartment in New York!"

"Sergeant," said Ellie, "you are deliberately not telling the truth in order to build yourself up with my family."

"I am so telling the truth," said the sergeant, "because I worked on a lieutenant who had some trouble with me."

"How big is the apartment?" said Mrs. Wayne.

"Well," said the sergeant, "if Ellie sits on the bed and I sit on the chair, we can put on our shoes without touching each other."

"It's too big," Ellie said.

"The Perfect Bride!" said Hannah.

THE END

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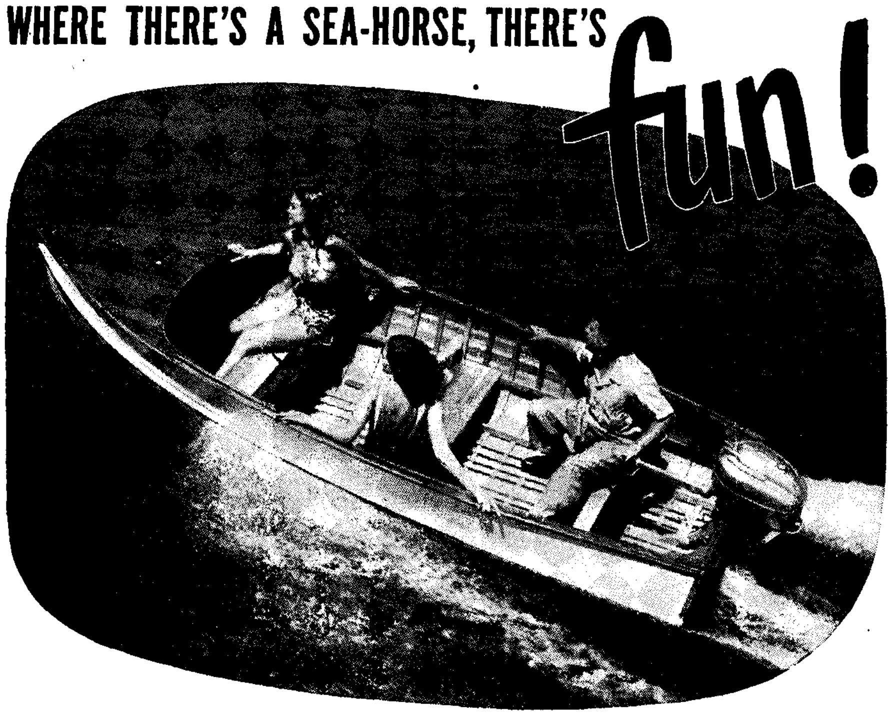

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A MOTHER FOR MAXIM

Continued from page 15

had not known what to do with Maxim, unbaptized as he was, yet accepting the Christian household unquestionably. She took both her visitor's hands in her own and held them tight.

"There were twelve of them," she said, "there—against the wall opposite. Hostages, they called them. Eight Jews and four others. André's cousin was one of the four, and your Maurice one of the eight."

"He did not suffer?"

"No, none of them suffered physically. It was one of the humane deeds of the occupation."

"But he had suffered before?"

"Because you were gone. He hoped to be sent to Poland, too, and they had promised. So he lived in hope until the last day. He would come in to talk to us . . ."

"With Maxim?"

THEIR hands were still linked in greeting. Now Madame Mallard pulled her hands away and walked behind the counter to sit down on her stool.

"With Maxim, Madame Lévy."

"You have Maxim, Madame Mallard?"

She said the words with immeasurable tenderness—not because there was a plea in them or abnegation or resignation, but tenderness without beginning and without end, so great that it was almost impersonal, like a violin tone that seems to be music detached from human hand. And to that realm beyond the personal, Madame Mallard responded; having been mother to Maxim for these years she too had learned how to draw from that eternal tenderness.

"We have Maxim," she said.

There was silence, as if Madame Lévy had until this moment not quite believed it, and could only now close down the memory of the added horror that had held her for so long.

"Who told you?" asked Madame Mallard finally.

"The doctor. He was not happy doing it."

"But he had to. It was only fair. You should know. You are his mother."

Madame Lévy smiled, really smiled. "You have given him life so long. I can't so easily stand before you and call him all my own."

"You must decide, Madame Lévy."

"He doesn't know?"

"No. We had to hide it from them and we have never gotten over the fear. You will laugh, Madame Lévy, at what we had to do. He had such dark hair, and André and I were still so blond then that we were afraid it would be noticed. So I drenched his hair with peroxide and held him in the sun every day. He was magnificent then, with golden curls and deep brown eyes."

Madame Lévy almost laughed. "He still has golden curls?"

"No, but it doesn't matter so much any more. André and I are both gray now, and anything would be possible."

There was the scrape of boyish feet on cobblestones, and Maxim stood in the doorway. He had come around to the front and stood there pouting, dragging a damaged kite behind him.

"Mama, could you let me have some more paper? My kite caught in the tree and tore."

It was surprisingly easy for Madame Mallard to answer as she would always have done. There was no change, she thought, in this main stream of her life —not yet. Actually it might already all have been swept away from her, leaving her empty and lonely, but just now she could not grasp the possibility.

"And if I give you paper, my son, who will mend the kite for you?"

"Papa."

"Have you asked him?"

"No, but he never refuses."

Waiting while Madame Mallard peeled the sheet of wrapping paper from the pile on the counter, Maxim for the first time saw the woman sitting on the one chair in the store, facing him and looking at him. She wanted to look at him and look at him, he felt, and he was not afraid of her. On the contrary, it was as if he should stand there and let her look her fill. Was he then so beautiful that she looked so intently? Maybe he was; often he heard people say he was a *beautiful child*. But no, *it* was *something else* —something that sometimes happened with his father and mother, too. It was just his being there that seemed to bring them contentment. He understood it, for sometimes their being there brought him contentment, too—not only their being, but the being of other things: of the sunlight, this very morning, on the full-blown foliage of the garden. That was why the kite had torn, because suddenly he had become aware that he had never seen such light before. All the delineations and the demands of his immediate world had disappeared; he had stood alone amidst something in which light and sound and feeling seemed to have merged within him, making him part of more than a world. The kite had tugged at his hand, but he had not guided it, and then had come the accident.

Now again he stood in the midst of a greatness and he was not afraid. He felt, too, that he must speak to this woman, he must let her hear his voice.

"I like to fly a kite," he said.

"You enjoy it very much, I see."

"Very much. It pulls at me. It seems to want to take me so high."

"To the sky?"

"Everywhere."

"How old are you?"

MADAME MALLARD, hearing Madame Lévy ask the question, turned away to hide the sudden tears. How old was he, she had asked—she, who had carried him within her own body and borne him in the house that had stood next door to the bakery before it was leveled by a bomb—borne him in the room behind her husband's tailor shop. And now she asked Maxim how old he was, to keep him from any jarring of spirit until they made their decision. Could anything that they, Madame Mallard and her husband, ever did compare with that simple question of Madame Lévy's in love and in self-sacrifice? Madame Lévy was Maxim's mother, forever, no matter what happened. And it was like the legend about King Solomon and the two women claiming a child— *the mother alone was ready to give her child to someone else rather than see him hurt.*

Maxim was answering Madame Lévy's question.

"I am eight."

"Do you remember the war?" Madame Lévy asked the question, but both women waited for the reply.

"Sometimes. And sometimes I dream."

"What do you dream?" asked Madame Mallard.

Maxim shook his head. "I don't know, but I always want to cry when I wake up." He turned again to Madame Lévy and addressed her. He wanted to make her talk, because he liked the way she spoke French, with a piquant broadness of vowel. "I remember," he said, "how Papa and Mama used to sit at the table and watch me eat and tell me they had already eaten. I always knew they hadn't had a bite of food in their mouths, and that Mama had begged or stolen the food for me, but I was too hungry to say anything. The oven was empty then because there was no flour, and I remember how Papa wept one day when he opened the door of the oven and a rat jumped out. Then the Americans came and we were happy. Mama still had to beg food for me and starve herself and Papa. But it was not so bad any more. And now the ovens are working again and there is the smell of bread all over the house and in the garden. It is like the smell of a strange kind of flower. I love it."

Madame Mallard stood looking at the child in wonderment. On Madame Lévy's face there was a kind of recognition, a memory. She seemed to be listening to him, but seeing someone else. Maxim looked from one to the other, then at the kite in his hand. Moving slowly, he went to the counter, took from it the sheet of paper Madame Mallard had peeled off for him, and walked through the door to the oven room behind the shop.

"He has never talked like that," said Madame Mallard. "It is very strange."

Madame Lévy shook her head. Then she said, "No, it is not strange. It is natural. He is everything I have always known. And I see now that I shall always know it and meet it again and again, no matter where I am."

MAXIM had evidently told Monsieur Mallard of the strange woman in the store. Now the man came through the doorway from the oven room. His hair was gray, and blotches of flour were sprinkled over his clothes. He recognized Madame Lévy at once and remained standing still. A whiteness that came from within drenched his face swiftly. And while the whiteness of the flour all over him was rich with life, the inner whiteness on his face was like death. "You have come to get Maxim," he said, very softly.

Madame Lévy rose for the first time since she had dropped into the chair.

"I do not know," she answered. "But I shall decide before I leave today. And I must leave before evening."

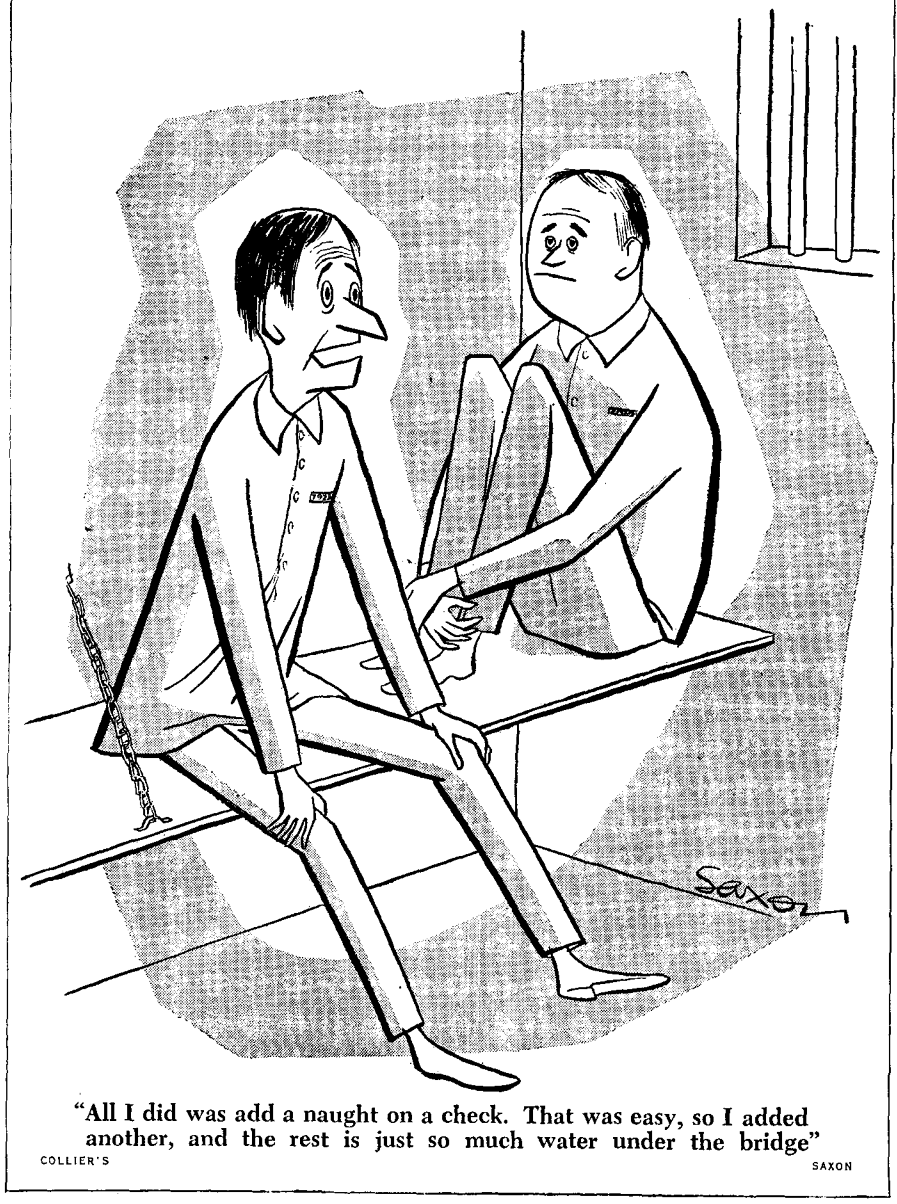
Together, Madame Mallard and Madame Lévy set a festive table. Monsieur Mallard brought in a yeast cake of the kind Madame Lévy had taught him to bake years before. She laughed when she saw it.

In the preparations, she told Madame Mallard what had happened to her since the morning she and other Jews had been herded onto the train in the Belgian town. They had traveled in baggage cars, and some had died. But at last they had been thrown off the train at a camp in Poland. They had been worked, starved, beaten, driven. Some had been chosen to go to asphyxiation deaths—men and women and children alike. She had not cared any more.

"One was always closer to the dead than to the living," she said. "One became almost impatient to take that last insignificant step. And because my husband was so close to me all the time, I knew he was dead. I knew it long before I came here today. I didn't want to admit it, but I knew. It somehow doesn't matter."

News of the liberating armies approaching from the east and moving eastward from the west had reached them through mysterious channels she could not describe. Their German captors had grown more vicious, as if they wanted as few people alive as possible to tell the story of their cruelties. More and more prisoners were moved off to disappearance.

"It was unbelievable," she said, nibbling at a celery stalk, "how often the choosing finger just passed over me as if I was not there at all. It would come close, it would linger over me, decided to point at me. Then it would seem to



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be pushed away, to the next one or the next. So often I would rather have gone in place of those who were chosen, but I couldn't.

"And it was the same way now. I was directed, guided back here. I can't tell you how I got all the way across Germany. Just my slip of paper showing I had been brought from Belgium, and the Allied occupation authorities let me through. People fed me on the train and in the stations. And I came. . . ."

They did not talk about Maxim. The boy kept running in and out, sniffing at the food, smacking his lips mockingly They laughed at him. But both women were aware that he ran in more often than he needed to. He was exhilarated beyond his usual vivacity. Silently they told each other that they must be careful, because he felt something amiss, and just as silently they leagued together to prevent his finding out until a decision had been made. Madame Mallard repeatedly called him "my son," in chiding him for his antics, without daring to look at her guest, not because she was afraid Madame Lévy would be hurt, but because she could not hazard an exchange of glances while the boy was in the room. If she had to give him up, thought Madame Mallard, he would have so much to get used to that this last day's indulgence of hers in calling him "my son" so often would not be of much weight. And Madame Lévy, also avoiding Madame Mallard's eyes, was not pained by the other's obvious attempt to maintain the balance to which Maxim was accustomed. Accidental phrases like Madame Mallard's "my son" had lost value, like so much else.

The day's baking done, Monsieur Mallard tended the store while his wife and Madame Lévy prepared dinner. He could not compete with the women in the delicate diplomatic maneuvering that was under way. He knew only that he had to go on with his work until the moment he was told whether Maxim would remain his or not. He could not imagine the house without Maxim, but always, since the beginning, he had been aware that Maxim was theirs in trust—not so much in trust for Madame Lévy, for they had not known whether she was alive, but in trust for something bigger and less personal. That was why they had acted so carefully, not forcing the boy to go to church, reading the Old and New Testaments with him, telling him the world was changing and that they wanted him to decide when he grew up whether he would belong to a church or not.

Today, parrying with his customers and counting out change, Monsieur Mallard took stock of himself and of his deeds. There was nothing he had to reproach himself for. He wanted Maxim, he wanted a reason to go on being, but it was not for him to decide.

"God will decide," he said to himself, aloud. "God will decide."

IT WAS late afternoon when they sat down to dinner in the small room off the oven room, where they could hear the store bell tinkle, although they had engaged a neighbor's daughter to take charge of the shop for two hours.

"We welcome old friends well, eh?" said Monsieur Mallard, when the soup was on the table.

"You have done nobly, Monsieur," said Madame Lévy.

"You have helped," said Madame Mallard. "Without you we couldn't have done it."

"When did you leave Belgium, Madame Lévy?" asked Maxim.

"Late in 1940," said Madame Lévy.

"That was in the beginning of the occupation, wasn't it? I was only a baby then. Where did you go?"

Madame Lévy hesitated. Then she said, "To Poland."

"Poland? You mean they . . . they sent you out? But at least they didn't kill you?"

"No, they didn't kill me."

"Did you see anybody get killed?"

"Yes."

"Won't you tell me about it?"

"It's very simple—dying. Nothing to be afraid of."

"Do you have children?"

Quickly: "Yes."

"Where are they?"

Also quickly: "With friends."

"And why did you come back here?"

"To straighten out some affairs."

"Your family, Madame?"

Madame Lévy looked down, seeming suddenly to lose some of the detachment and poise she had maintained so carefully throughout the afternoon.

Maxim noticed the subtle change in her. "I am lucky," he said slowly. "I have a mother and a father and a home. But so many were killed. Here, right in this town. Right next door."

"How would you avenge them, my son?" asked Mallard. Maxim's "I have a father and a mother and a home" still sounded in his ears. Those words would remain his forever, no matter what happened.

"I don't know . . . yet," Maxim answered him. "But it is not good, is it? Not right, is it? I know that. You mustn't laugh at me."

"I will not laugh at you," said Madame Lévy.

"Can they be avenged?"

"Why do you ask me?"

"Because you come from other places. You have seen more things."

"Keep on trying. And God bless you."

There was a finality in her words, and the Mallards knew that the answer had been given—Maxim was theirs. How it had happened they could not discern, except that Maxim himself seemed to have led the way. Madame Lévy was quieter; she seemed even younger than she had when she came in. The soup plates were removed and the rest of the dinner brought on. They made believe they ate, to keep Maxim company. Enough food was on the table: a roast chicken and dumplings and string beans and salad. Then came the yeast cake. But the appetite for food was not there. They had contended with a different kind of hunger today.

WHEN the meal was over, Maxim went out of doors with his kite again. "You know that Maxim stays with you," said Madame Lévy.

"Yes, bless you!" said Monsieur Mallard. "I don't know what I would have done without him. He has become so much a part of my life. And yet, I wonder whether you're not leaving him because you feel that even so he is more yours than ours. He never talked as he did today. These are not our thoughts, Madame Lévy. We are simple people."

"I am leaving him because he is not mine either, Monsieur Mallard. It fits in with the pattern. It is perhaps the finishing touch to the pattern. Nobody belongs to anybody else, or to anything else. Not to anybody or to anything visible. It will be easy for me to go now."

Madame Mallard became frightened. "What do you mean?"

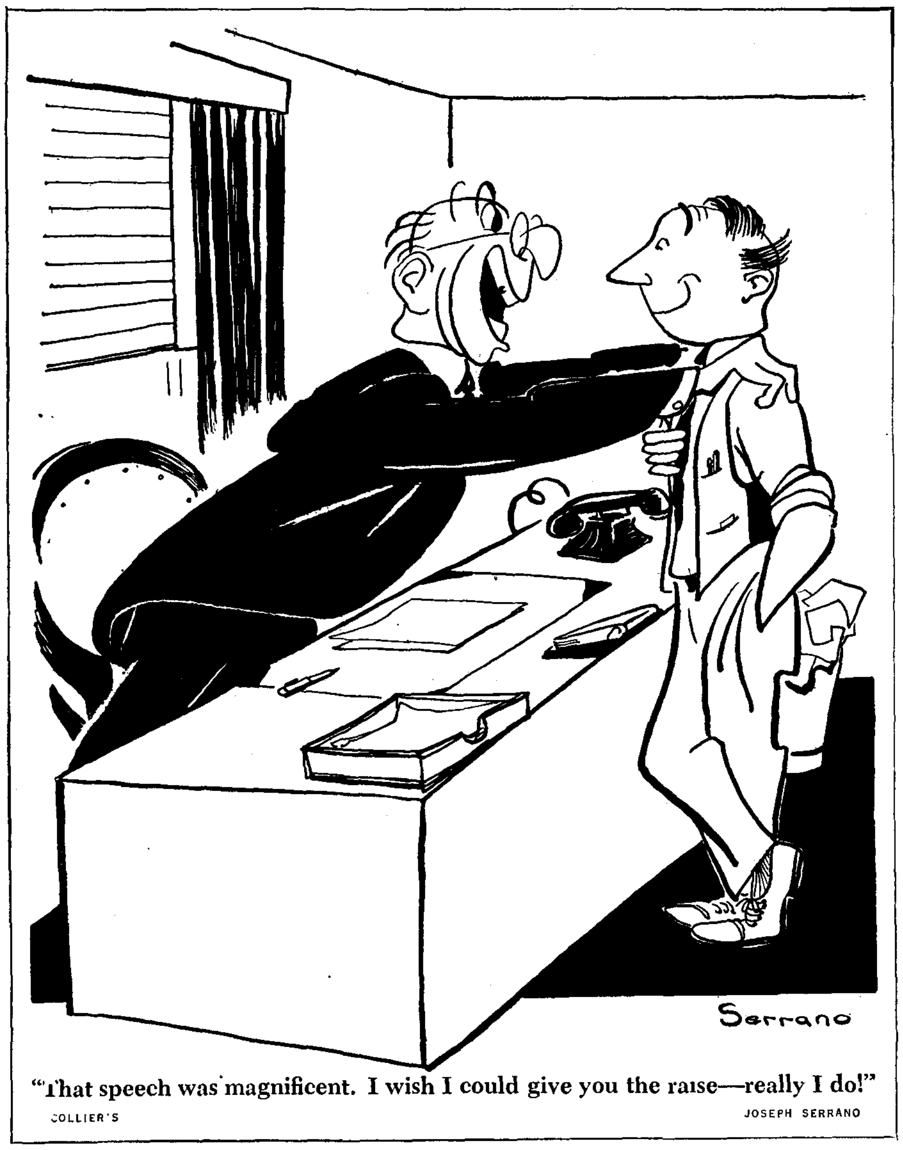
Madame Lévy understood and laughed. "Don't worry. I shall stay on this earth as long as I must. That's the pattern, too."

"You will write us?"

"Yes, of course. You will always know where I am. You will forgive me if I leave at once? I daren't stay here with my decision any longer."

Passing the space where her house had been, she saw Maxim in his own garden, his feet planted sturdily though the bounding kite was tugging at him. Madame Lévy turned for a half glance at the wall, where, Madame Mallard had said, her husband had been one of the twelve. Then she walked swiftly away.

THE END



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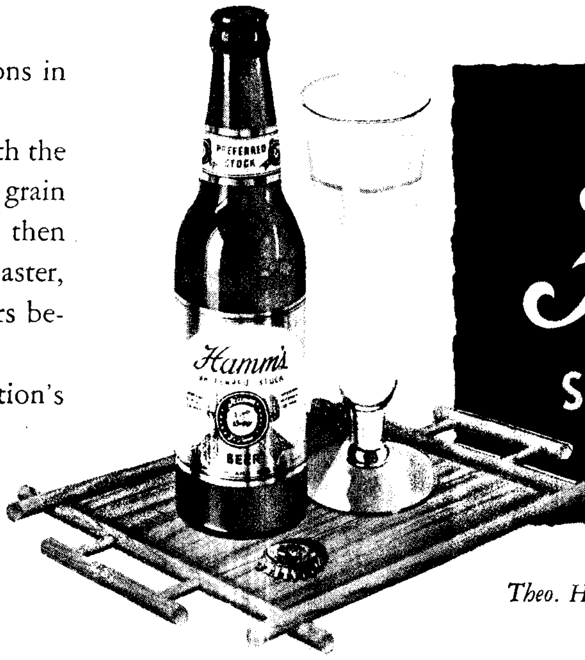
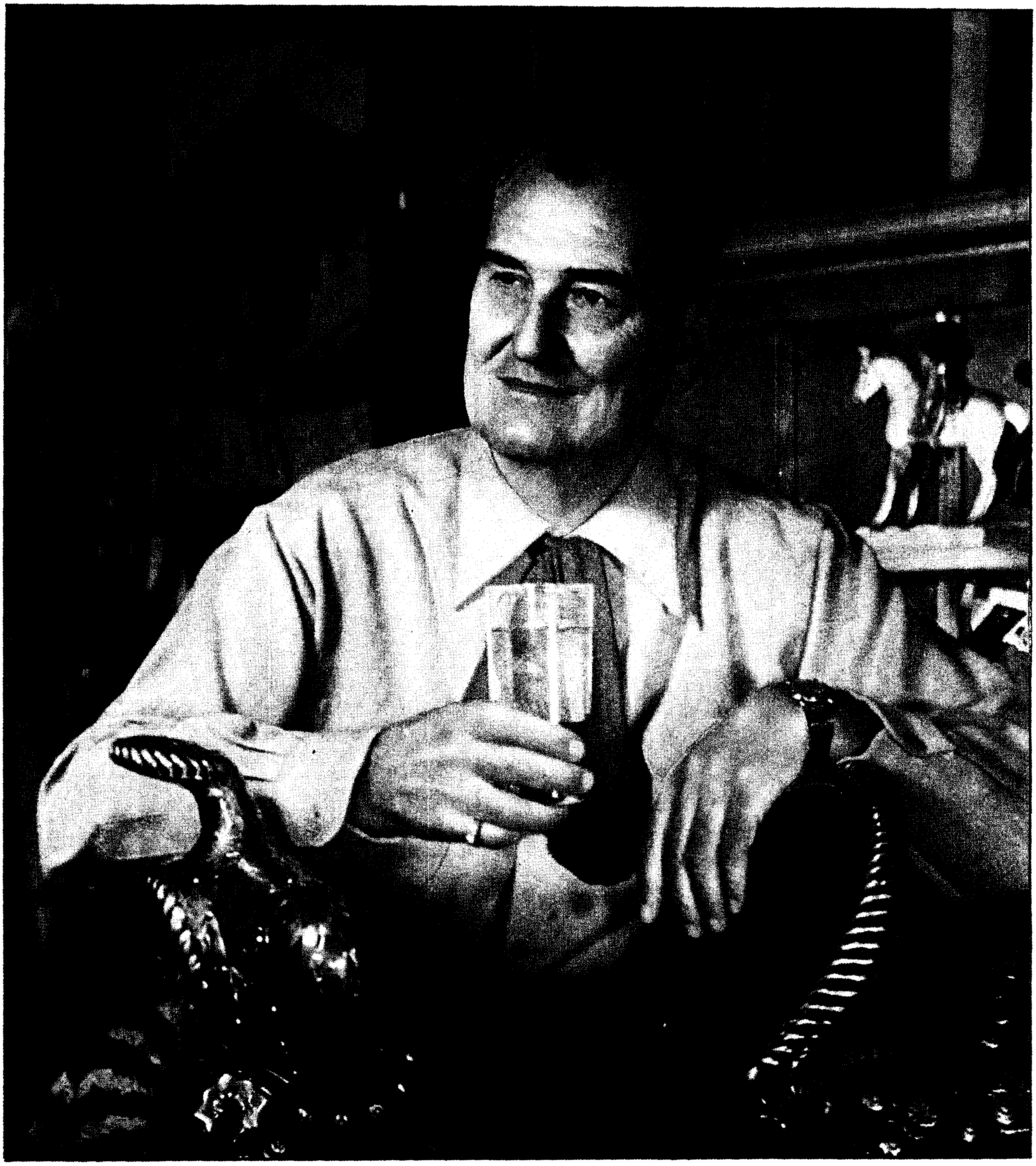
And, while our brewery has been one of the nation's largest for years, we're still expanding. Now *still* more people—people *everywhere* in America—can enjoy this smooth and mellow beer.


PREFERRED STOCK
Hamm's
BEER

Hamm's

Smooth and Mellow Beer

Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., St. Paul 1, Minn.



MR. HIRAM U. HELM, DISTINGUISHED RANCHER

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Produced only in limited quantities, Lord Calvert is a matchless blend of the world's finest spirits and most distinguished whiskies. So *rare* ... so *smooth* ... so *mellow* ... it is intended for those who can afford the finest.

A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

FACTORIES ARE FORTRESSES

Continued from page 24

is for these goals that Mother Hero Burdenchenko, in the village of Matchulishi in Byelorussia, can leave her ten children at home and go out in the fields all day. Moreover, Russians with whom one talks are convinced that the work they are now doing will produce not only security—and glory to themselves as makers of that security—but also those consumers' goods which they are now denied.

Stalin, in his speech of February 9, 1946, put the task before the Russian people. The Communist Party, he declared, intends to organize a new rise in the national economy which will enable us to develop our industry, for example, to a level three times higher than that before the war. The Soviet Union must be in a position to produce 60,000,000 tons of steel a year, 50,000,000 tons of cast iron, 500,000,000 tons of coal and 60,000,000 tons of oil, Stalin declared. Only then, he warned, will the Soviet Union be secure, and "able to consider that our motherland is safeguarded against every eventuality."

The Russian people were told this would require three or more further Five-Year Plans. "But it is possible to achieve these results," Stalin added, "and we will achieve them."

Tolstoy's Russia Is No More

The effect of this tremendous expansion on the lives of the Russian people will be greater than that of the prewar Five-Year Plans. These began the transformation of Russia from an agricultural and rural country into an industrialized and urban one. As a result, the Russia still envisaged by many Westerners has vanished: the Russia of villages, of farmers and herdsmen, of horsemen and boatmen; the Russia of Tolstoy, the Russia where Lenin and Stalin grew up.

If that Russia survives, it is only in literature and the theater. One will not see today a life of the countryside as it is pictured by Pushkin in Eugene Onegin, and villages of "holy Russia" exist only in the exquisite stage sets of the puppet theater in Moscow.

But now the Russia which the world saw and heard about during the second World War is a nation caught between agriculture and industry, midway between farm and factory, a country where farm boys learned to drive tanks almost on the battlefield and where women turned out of cities to dig antitank ditches because there were no steam shovels.

The Russia of the future is to be a land of tremendous farms whereon a comparatively small agricultural population, by means of mechanization, feeds a preponderantly city people living in newly-built or rebuilt cities shining with alabaster and proud in skyscrapers, a people leading the world in industry, agriculture and science. This is the picture, with all the adornments of comfortable modern living, which Soviet planners hold out to the Russian people as they enter their most exacting epoch.

No one who has spent any time in the Soviet Union can doubt that, in view of the leadership of government, and the willingness of the people to follow, the nation will struggle through one plan after another.

Granted continued internal peace, there is no reason why the Soviet Union cannot in ten years—that is, by the conclusion of the second Five-Year Plan—achieve production of basic raw materials such as coal, iron, steel and oil in quantities greater than those produced in the United States in 1940. Coal, iron and steel are less attractive commodities than electric irons and dishpans, but they are the "guts of industry" and upon their production the Five-Year Plans rely.

Let us see what the Soviet Union seeks to accomplish in their production. Stalin in his speech declared that the Soviet Union was aiming at a capacity of 60,000,000 metric tons of steel a year in 1950. In 1940, the United States produced 66,982,000 tons of steel. At the end of the current Five-Year Plan, the Soviet Union hopes to have a capacity for producing 50,000,000 tons of cast iron yearly. The United States produced over 47,000,000 tons of pig iron and ferro-alloys in 1940, and four years later the tonnage had risen to nearly 63,000,000 tons. Compare American coal production in 1940—approximately 512,000,000 tons—with the estimated Soviet capacity in 1950 of 500,000,000 tons. These are dull, prosaic figures, but they are the basis for the greatest industrial competition.

The second handicap which the Soviet Union must—and will—overcome is the shortage of labor and an important shortage within a shortage: that of trained industrial workers.

The Kirov steel plant is typical of thousands of other plants in those areas of the Soviet Union overrun by Germans. It is located at Makeevka, an industrial town near Stalino in the Don Basin, and its problems, in addition to the underlying one of reconstruction, are those of other plants throughout Russia: labor shortage and new machines. It is three years since the Germans left Makeevka, but reconstruction is not yet completed. About half of the plant is now working, but it will be another eighteen months before it is reconstructed.

Serge Illarionovich Tischenko, engineer-director of the Kirov plant, is a young, well-dressed man who spent a year in the United States during the war with the Soviet Purchasing Commission. He is energetic, talkative, and must be competent. He spoke frankly of his problems and their solution. "Before the war we had 18,000 workers here, now we have 13,000," he said.

"Not only have we lost 5,000 workers, but many of those who have gone were our best young mechanics; technicians we need now. We have our own industrial school in Makeevka, where we are training the brightest of the youngsters in the labor reserves to take their places, but that takes time. In the meantime, those with the necessary training are doing the work of seven."

Standing outside the plant in the bright sunshine, he gestured to the right. "Over there on that hillside we had a number of apartment houses for our workers. The Germans blew them up, so now we are building new ones. It, too, takes time, and it complicates the labor problem within the plant. The Germans destroyed 130,000 square meters of living space."

Leadership for Young Workers

Tischenko, as a leader in the fight to restore the Kirov plant, has a following of young workers whose feeling for him is similar to that of a junior officer in a battalion toward a divisional commander. One of them, a youngster with a long, serious face, came over to discuss his work for the day. "Never mind about that now," said Tischenko, "tell us how you are living."

The youngster, whose name was Leontiyev, lives with two other young engineers in a single room in one of the newly built communal apartment houses. He works twelve or fourteen hours, for he is one of those with enough training to do the work of seven, in Tischenko's words. At night, he said, he and his two friends spent at least an hour reviewing the problems of the day and planning the "battle for tomorrow."

It was quite evident that he saw his

COLLIER'S "I thought you packed that suitcase too full!" FRANK OWEN

What do you know about-

An Emperor N...?

Napoleon. Know the real reason why he always kept his hand there? Something itched him. His underwear. They didn't have easy-fitting Allen-A's those days. Which upset Nappy so much he often didn't know his horse from his Elba.

An Allen-A...?

What Napoleon would have given a King's ransom for. Top-quality underwear that's knit to fit. Won't bind or cut or droop. In fact, Allen-A's are so downright comfortable, they'd give any man a Napoleon Complex. So when you look for Quality, look for . . .

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

Parade of Power

INTERNATIONAL TRACTORS CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE RAILS

Hurry! A roadbed quick for the New York Central to serve a new, important manufacturing plant!

A fleet of six International Diesels, that lay their own ground-gripping tracks, answers the call with bulldozer blades and capacious scrapers. In ten roaring days they move 94,000 tons of earth . . . and the job is done!

That's the kind of performance that's needed these days on heavy construction jobs all over the land.

It's trouble-free, time-defeating performance when Internationals take over. It's economical performance, too, for these mighty Diesels operate on low cost fuel, converting every ounce of it into work well done.

Industrial Power Division
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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Other International Harvester Products: Farm Power and Equipment • Motor Trucks • Refrigeration

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday, NBC Network. See Newspapers for Time and Station.

INTERNATIONAL
Industrial Power

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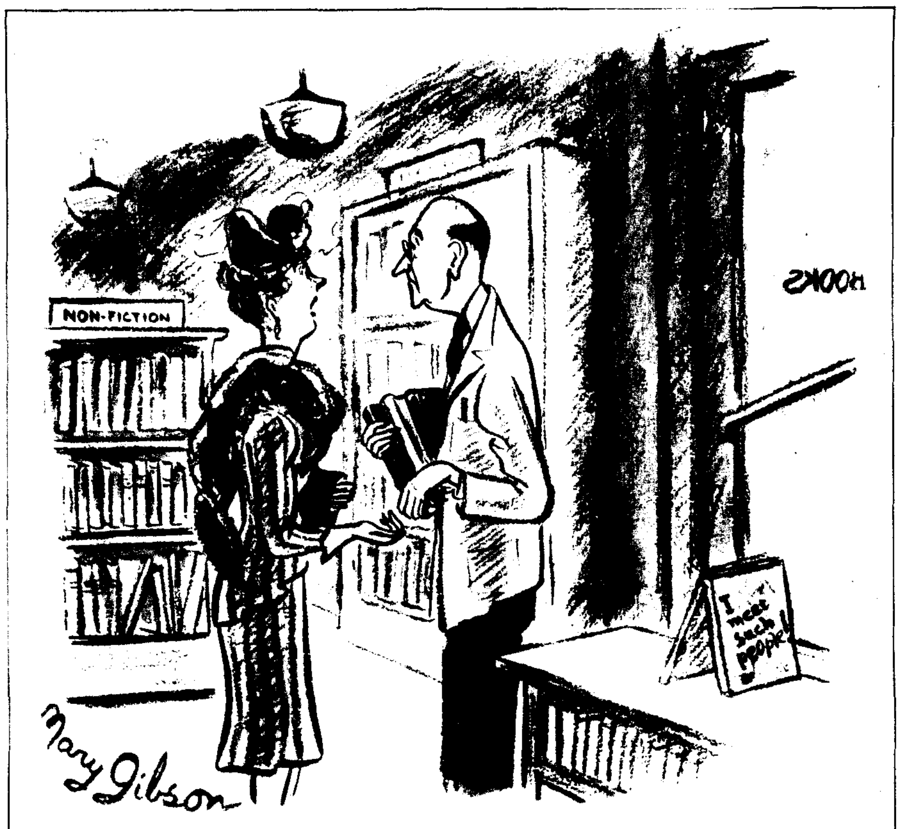
work as a battle for production and that he was proud to be a soldier in that battle.

"As long as we have young men like that we can continue to make progress until we get more workers from the labor reserves, the farms and perhaps from city offices," Tischenko said. "But it will be a good day when I have enough workers."

The third handicap is one that even today has not been sufficiently understood by Americans. This is the tremendous devastation of Soviet industry by war. The Don Basin, the most important industrial area of European Russia, is recovering, but recovery is still slow three years after the departure of the last Germans. One of the principal reasons for this is that men and machines which might be used for production are engaged in clearing away the rubble of homes and factories, pumping out mines, rebuilding bridges and railroads.

At Makeevka, 150 dump cars full of refuse left the Kirov steel plant before the engineers could even think of production. At this plant the engineers, technicians and workers spent a year cutting up twisted heaps of wreckage, resurfacing plant floors, building a new power station, laying a railroad track. At Makeevka and everywhere else, the Germans had blown down the workers' apartments and ruined the water supply. Recovery in the most important industrial area of the Soviet Union started from scratch.



"Something for my husband that disagrees with everything Mr. Wallace says"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

To balance these handicaps, the Soviet Union can rely on certain advantages. Engineers point out that in Russia all science is devoted to the service of the state. They firmly believe that with the help of science, industry will evolve new methods of production which will assist it to overtake the American lead. The incredible richness of the country is another Soviet advantage.

In one two-week period, four items in Moscow newspapers reported discovery of deposits of mineral wealth in various sections of the country. One mentioned the discovery of rich iron ore beds and coal seams in the basin of the Lower Tunguska River in Siberia. Another reported tin had been found in the mountainous taiga district and in the vicinity of the East Sayans, also in Siberia. Large deposits of iron ore have been discovered in the Kola Peninsula, and nickel has been found in four districts along the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

In addition to discoveries such as these, there are a number of districts of Siberia and eastern Russia whose development was given a tremendous boost by war. This is the future industrial heart of the Soviet Union, although the Don Basin and the Moscow and Leningrad areas will continue to play an important role in industrial economy.

But out in back of beyond, new plants are at work and new industrial resources have been tapped. The Altai tractor plant, built during the war in the heart of Urals at Rubtsovsk, has a foundry with an area of 23,000 square meters. The production floor space is being doubled and by 1950 it is hoped that fifty Diesel tractors will be turned out every day. The daily output of the wells of the Tuimazy oil fields in Bashkiria is expected to reach 4,000 tons a day this year. This field, first drilled in 1936, is roughly 900 miles southeast of Moscow. Some of the newer industrial districts, although money and equipment have been lavished upon them, have not yet outstripped the older ones in production.

Another Russian resource is man power. Continued demobilization, mechanization or remechanization of collective farms, plus the normal yearly addition of young men and women to the labor force, should by 1950 account for the shortage of workers and keep pace with the manpower demands of expanding industry. When one sees the hordes of children in the villages, one is convinced that a labor force will be available when the other Five-Year Plans start.

Nevertheless, Russian technical schools have a staggering job on their hands. They must train not only engineers, but lathe operators, mechanics, machinists, miners and steelworkers. Their raw material is still mainly the youth of the farming districts, some of whom are making their first contact with modern industry. One white-haired old professor at the Stalino school of mines spoke of his job in almost lyrical terms: "Young men come to us from the farms, out of the army, from the cities; we teach them their trade. It is a wonderful work."

What are the immediate aims in terms of basic industries? In 1940, the Soviet Union produced roughly 15,000,000 metric tons of cast iron; in 1950 its capacity is to be 50,000,000 tons. In 1940, steel production was 18,300,000 tons; in 1950 capacity will be 60,000,000 tons. There were 166,000,000 tons of coal produced in 1940; capacity ten years later is to be 500,000,000 tons. Oil production for 1940 was 31,000,000 metric tons. The 1950 target is 60,000,000 tons.

Before we consider the progress made to date, it should be emphasized that no engineer here expects miracles this year. The plan is a long-term one in the strictest sense of the phrase, and it is sound instinct which leads the Russian people to say that they are working for their children and grandchildren.

On October 19th, the day the budget was approved, Pravda said editorially that criticism for mismanagement applied principally to officials connected with coal basins, with production of building materials for local industries, and to the ministry of agricultural engineering and to construction enterprises connected with heavy industry. The same editorial called for a mighty effort in the last quarter of 1946 to realize production plans for the year.

One other point should concern the Soviet planners and engineers. Plans for industrial expansion of the Soviet Union are capable of adjustment. In the Soviet Union in its present stage, industrial development if it works, and is a sturdy machine, is okayed. Last summer I spent a day in a tractor plant at Stalingrad, where tractors are made for the great expanse of farming country that lies to the east. The tractors coming off the assembly line were not as neat, as shiny or as gadget-jammed as those produced in the United States, but they looked sturdy. If the finish on the steel left something to be desired, still the tractors looked equal to their job.

Good Tractors a Primary Need

This is not a condition which will last. At present, the aim is to get tractors to the fields to increase food production and release workers for industry. As time goes on, products will ease, and the various shortages of equipment now plaguing the country will improve. For instance, the new tractor being turned out at the Altai plant is powered with a fifty-eight horsepower engine, has five speeds forward, and incorporates many other improvements over the original model. Although the emphasis remains on quantity rather than on quality production, there are many indications that quality is improving.

Consumers' goods are important, but in the Soviet Union they are not as important as expansion of basic industries. There is a tremendous market for them here. But until basic production has been expanded, there are not going to be enough alarm clocks or shoes or coffeepots to meet the demand. After that, particular attention will be paid to the expansion of consumers'-goods production in raising the standards of the workers. But production of consumers' goods, despite this, has risen steadily. Last May, I visited a pioneer radio factory at Minsk. Production then was 300 sets a week. Today it is just under a thousand, or back to prewar normal. The sets are well finished, adequate for Russian needs.

Thus far, the bulk of consumers' goods has been directed to cities. This is due mostly to distribution difficulties. It is not difficult to get radios made in the pioneer factory to the workers in Minsk. It is far harder to get them to the farming villages of Byelorussia, miles from the railroad. To the farmer or even to the city worker, however, consumers' goods are a thermometer of success in the Five-Year Plan.

Some of these he is prepared to wait for.

THE END

YELLO-BOLE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

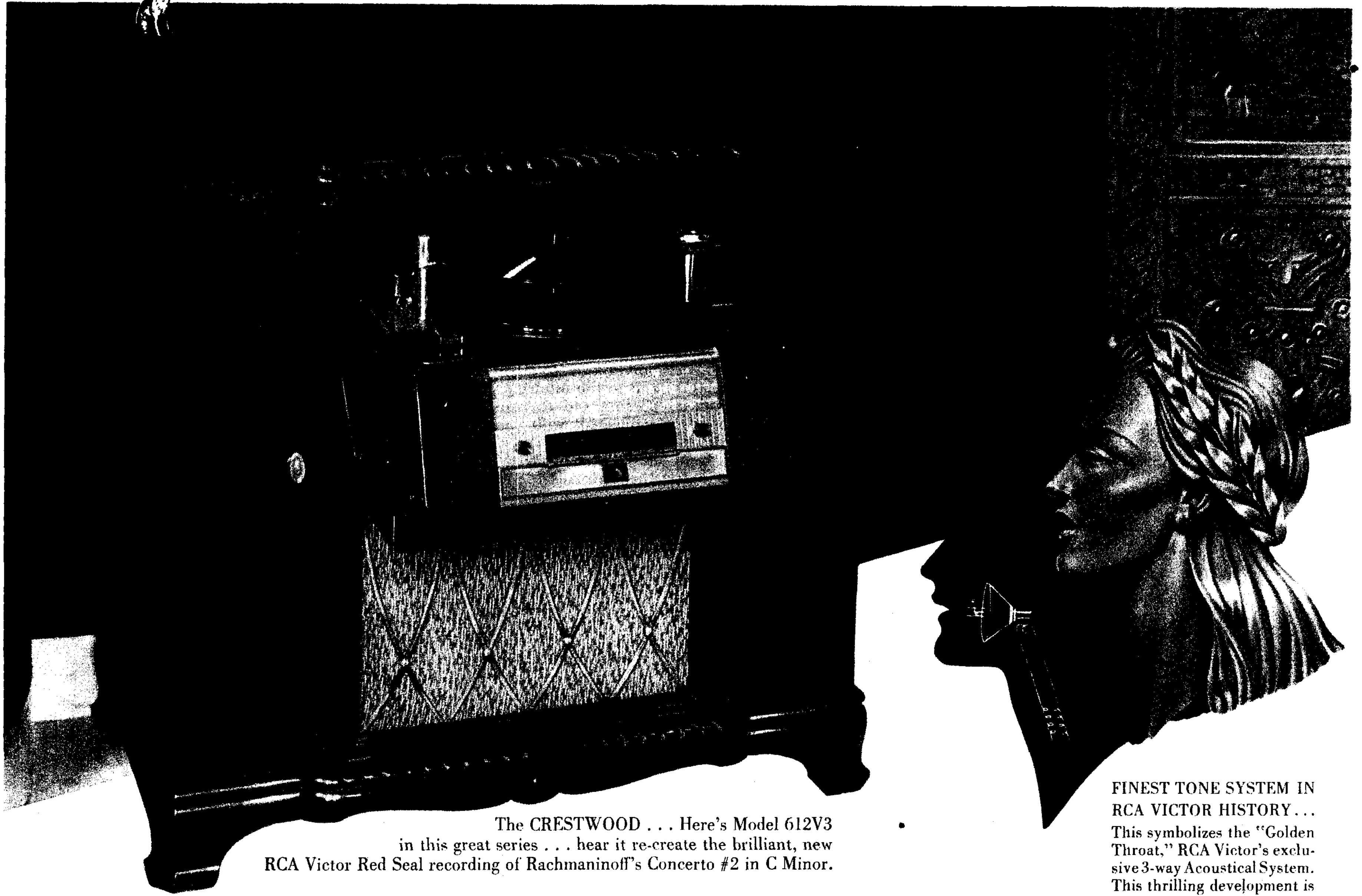
HONEY
IMPERIAL $1.50
Full Bent Shape

A Honey of a smoke

The pure honey in the bowl, blends with your tobacco so that it gently influences the smoke. A "cake" forms quickly in the bowl, and it retains its sweet-smoking quality. Yello-Bole Pipes are mild right from the start. The honey treatment eliminates "breaking-in." Yello-Boles are made by the KB&B organization with the know-how of 96 years. Mature, seasoned briar. Convenient "spoon" attachment in the stem of each pipe . . . $1.50 and $2.50 at dealers'. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. Est. 1851, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Look for the HONEY-Girl when you buy a pipe

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA



The CRESTWOOD . . . Here's Model 612V3 in this great series . . . hear it re-create the brilliant, new RCA Victor Red Seal recording of Rachmaninoff's Concerto #2 in C Minor.

FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY . . . This symbolizes the "Golden Throat," RCA Victor's exclusive 3-way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in an illustrated booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

In this superb Victrola* the "Golden Throat" reaches new perfection

—with new RCA Victor FM radio reception
—with exclusive new "Silent Sapphire" pickup

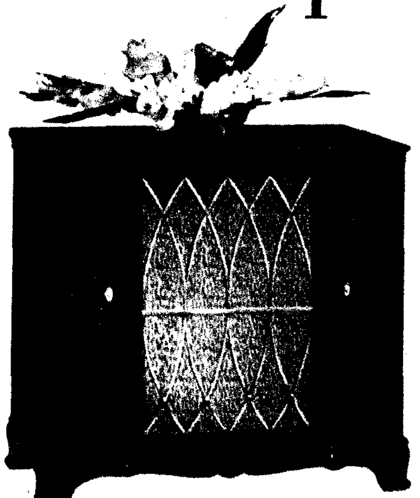
Here's a radio-phonograph you'll be proud indeed to own! Born in the great RCA Laboratories at Princeton, it's a superb postwar instrument of real distinction.

It introduces the all-in-one control unit—shown rolled out, above. Here—compact, precision-built—is your complete radio chassis *and* your automatic record-changer! It glides in and out at a touch, a masterpiece of beauty and convenience. No lid to lift!

FOR RADIO RECEPTION (in addition to short-wave and standard bands) you have RCA Victor FM—Frequency Modulation at its finest. Two separate tone controls. Push-button tuning. And above all you get the full beauty of the famous RCA Victor "Golden Throat."

FOR RECORD PLAYING there's the exclusive "Silent Sapphire"—a permanent pickup which adds years to the life of your records. Even scraping the tone arm accidentally across the record does no damage. 4 roomy record compartments. Record-changer plays up to twelve records automatically.

*"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



When playing—either records or radio—your set can be closed like this. ←

THE "SILENT SAPPHIRE" PICKUP

Exclusive with RCA Victor, the "Silent Sapphire" is a precious jewel-point pickup. It "floats" in the grooves of your records, sends music electrically to the "Golden Throat." No needles to change, no "hiss," no annoying needle chatter . . . . You will find your records last longer.

RCA VICTOR

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

AMERICAN UNDERGROUND

Continued from page 17

thinking of the distress behind his sister's eyes. There was nothing of the crusader about Pamela, certainly. What a strange contrast to her mother, who was, at this moment, commanding the boy Johnny not to start back without having a bite to eat, and resting his horse. As the lad shuffled toward the barn, Allan turned to his mother with an impatient movement.

"That wasn't necessary, was it? Couldn't Waldons have—Well, you see what I mean. With that girl here—it's risky, isn't it?"

From her brown face, his mother's hard blue eyes searched him calmly. "Risky?" she repeated, pronouncing the word with precision as if she were weighing its value carefully in her mind. "I don't know why it should be. You'll be going to the Waldons' tonight. I'll handle things."

ALLAN shrugged and followed her into the house. He envied her the clear-cut divisions of her moral code. Right was right and wrong was wrong, and the New England conscience had never the slightest doubt as to which was which. As for himself, his sense of confusion had deepened into chaos, since the arrival of Nancy Pelton.

Sitting at the table with the three women, he was aware of an increasing complexity in matters which, to his mother's mind, were utterly simple. He sat silent and withdrawn, watching the whiteness of Nancy's hands as they moved delicately among the silver and china, letting himself be drugged by the softness of her voice, without listening to the words. It was rude, as he knew—without caring for the rudeness. A man with two years of Harvard behind him ought not, he believed, to appear as lacking in finesse as he must at that moment, with his eyes fixed glumly on the tablecloth. With some surprise, he realized that Harvard mattered less now than it had at any time within his remembrance. The years at Cambridge, as he looked back at them, seemed to have been spent chiefly in the discussion of things that had no relation to the substance of life, though they had had the seeming of reality, even of gravity, at the time.

His mother's incisive voice roused him. She was speaking of Concord, and, inevitably, of Mr. Emerson, whom she knew. She spoke, too, of his own father whom he remembered only vaguely: a slender, clerical figure seen briefly and rather incongruously against the rude background of Illinois cornfields, and then seen no more. "Since his death," she was saying with no emotion, "we have managed the farm alone."

We, Allan thought. It was a part of her stern modesty, to include two feckless youngsters and Amalia the Portygee, in mentioning the management of the farm. As far back as he could remember, her sturdy boots had stumped back and forth on their endless missions about the land, and her capable hands had been turned to everything, from assisting at the accouchements of the stock, to pounding the "classics" into two resistant young skulls. Looking at her face, worn and hard but not tired or dulled by life, he wished fiercely that he could somehow make the girl from Kentucky see what she was, see her from all sides, not merely as a plain, middle-aged woman with a genius for management. But then—he stopped in the midst of the thought, and his eyes moved from one to the other of them in consternation—then she would have to understand that other thing, too—the guiding star, the basic principle of his mother's life. And how was one to make *that* clear, particularly to the daughter of a tobacco planter?

"It's nearly twenty years," she was saying, "since we left Massachusetts. There have been many changes."

Allan glanced at the girl. She must be wondering why they had come in the first place. Perhaps that, too, could only be understood through knowing his mother and her uncompromising habit of meeting life and its difficulties halfway, rather than waiting for them to come to her.

"Twenty years," Nancy Pelton repeated. "It must have been very rough in those days, Mrs. Savage."

"Rough," said the old woman, "but not impossible." She added, "My husband used to say that I brought New England with me." Her rare smile lighted her face for an instant. Nancy smiled, too, and her eyes shifted over the room, as if she were taking in not only its details, but also the restraint, the proud contempt for ostentation and display.

Everything about the interior of the house seemed, like the mistress, solid, honest and austere.

"Not only *things,* you understand," said Mrs. Savage, watching her, "but ideas—principles. There's a carelessness about this part of the country. Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. In New England it is quite different. Liberty's more than a word in the dictionary, to those that were bred in Massachusetts."

Pamela was eying her mother anxiously. If she had dared, Allan was thinking, she would have kicked her under the table. But people did not take such liberties with Jane Savage.

"Nancy! Have you been reading the Autocrat in the Atlantic?" Pamela exclaimed, too brightly.

The girl from Kentucky shook her head, and turned again to Mrs. Savage. "I'd have guessed there was a good deal of freedom in Illinois. Almost too much, in some ways—"

Mrs. Savage's glance met hers squarely. "We aren't talking about the same thing." Her mouth set firmly. "Freedom of a kind, yes—and not the best kind, either. But little enough of the hatred of human bondage. Little enough of the determination to put an end to it, at all costs. There've been a few men like Mr. Lovejoy, with courage enough to speak out for liberty, in Illinois, but the general sentiment isn't what I'd like to see it."

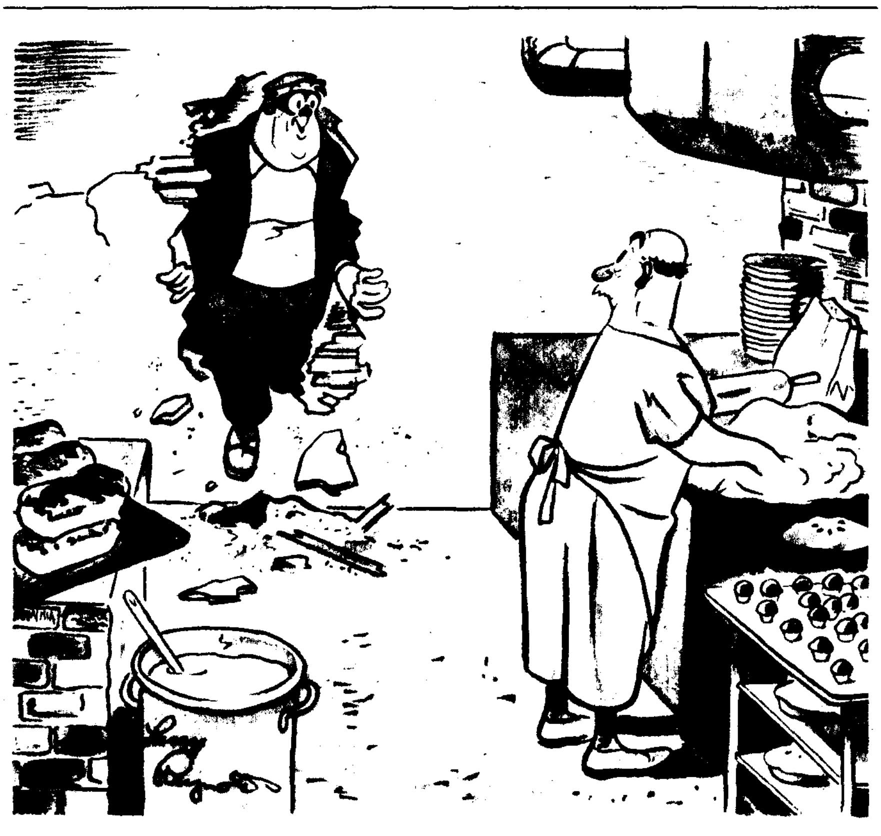
Pamela coughed into her napkin to hide her agitation, but Allan was conscious almost of a sense of relief. This was the worst that could possibly happen—the inevitable. His mother, with characteristic directness, had brought the issue into the open. At the same time, he felt a surge of despair, not because his mother must behave as her resolute and defiant nature required her to do, but because she had forced him to recognize the existence of the barrier between himself and Nancy Pelton.

THE girl kept her poise remarkably well, considering that her hostess had just touched off a bomb in the midst of the quiet table. "I don't believe," she said carefully, "that Northerners realize how many people in the South are opposed to slavery. My father is one of them. He's already freed about half our slaves. Only one of them left the plantation—and," she added with a faintly mischievous smile, "he came back home within the year."

Mrs. Savage looked at her intently. "I dare say there aren't many like your father," she said then. "If there were, there'd be none of this talk of secession."

Nancy Pelton gazed down at her plate. "My father says the Union must be preserved, no matter what happens. He says trouble always follows when people let their emotions override their common sense." She looked up with a puzzled expression, as if she were trying to make them understand something that she herself was only half able to comprehend. "We have a neighbor," she said slowly, "that Father uses as an example of what he means. He comes over to our house and talks, and the longer he talks, the

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"I just happened t'be workin' in the jeweler's next door when I smelled someone baking"

COLLIER'S

Stomach acting up a bit, Seeks relief in vain.
EMPTY!
Not a tablet in the house, to ease an ache or pain.
Hates discomforts of a COLD.. Has no *Quick Relief.*
An *EXTRA* package on the shelf, could save a lot of grief.

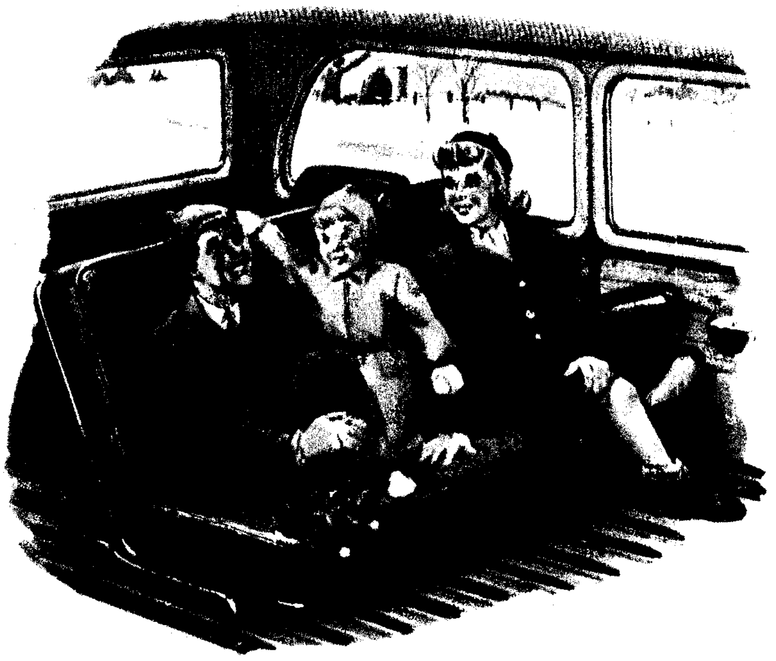
Be *Wise*—BUY AN EXTRA PACKAGE!

That EXTRA package means you're looking ahead—being prepared for relief if your stomach upsets or an occasional headache comes along. Yes, it's wise to keep 2 packages of Alka-Seltzer on hand: One at home, the other in your car, grip or where you work. And don't forget Alka-Seltzer for those other everyday ailments: muscular aches and pains, and the discomforts of a cold. "When your tablets get down to 4, That's the time to buy some more."

Alka-Seltzer

At All Drug Stores

Was ever a Family Car so All-around Useful!



KIDS LOVE IT—lots of room in a "Jeep" Station Wagon for everybody, and big windows all around. Muddy feet and sticky hands won't hurt the washable upholstery and inside paneling. *Steel body and top provide the safety you want for your family.*

JUST ABOUT PERFECT for every family need—that's the "Jeep" Station Wagon.

SEATS FOR SEVEN . . . big and roomy . . . everybody rides in comfort.

BIG LOAD SPACE, with seats removed, for countless kinds of hauling jobs.

ALL-STEEL BODY AND TOP for more safety, for a longer-lasting finish.

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See it right now at Willys-Overland dealers.

WILLYS-OVERLAND • **Makers of America's Most Useful Vehicles**
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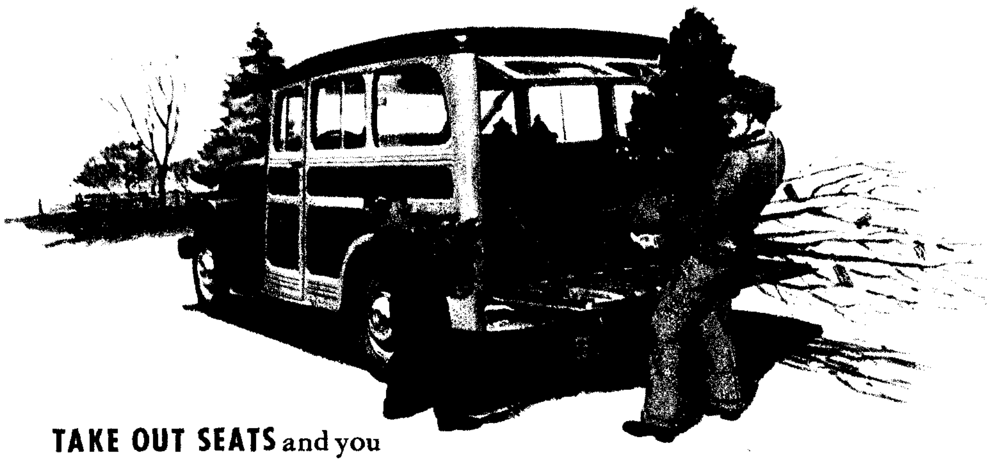
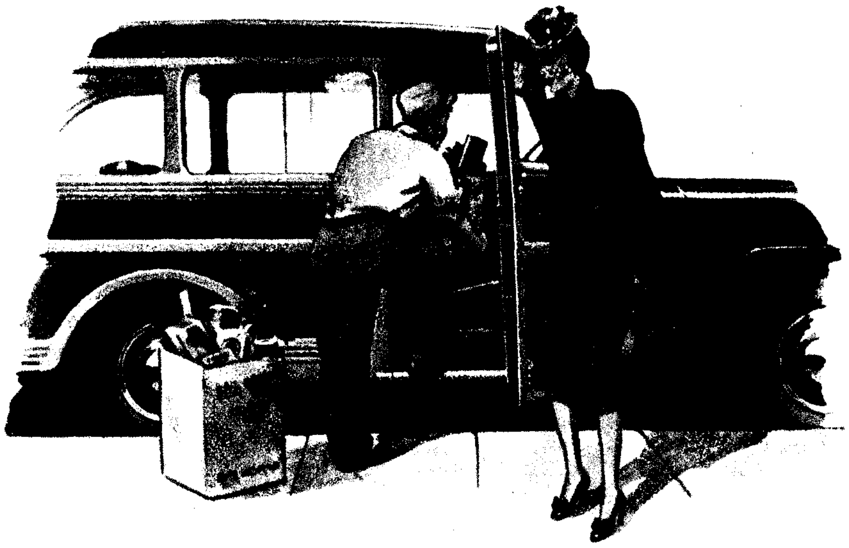


TAKE OUT SEATS and you have 98 cubic feet of load space. What a convenience for carrying shrubbery, lawnmowers, bicycles, trunks, camp gear. With steel body, top and floor, the "Jeep" Station Wagon is practical for every family use.



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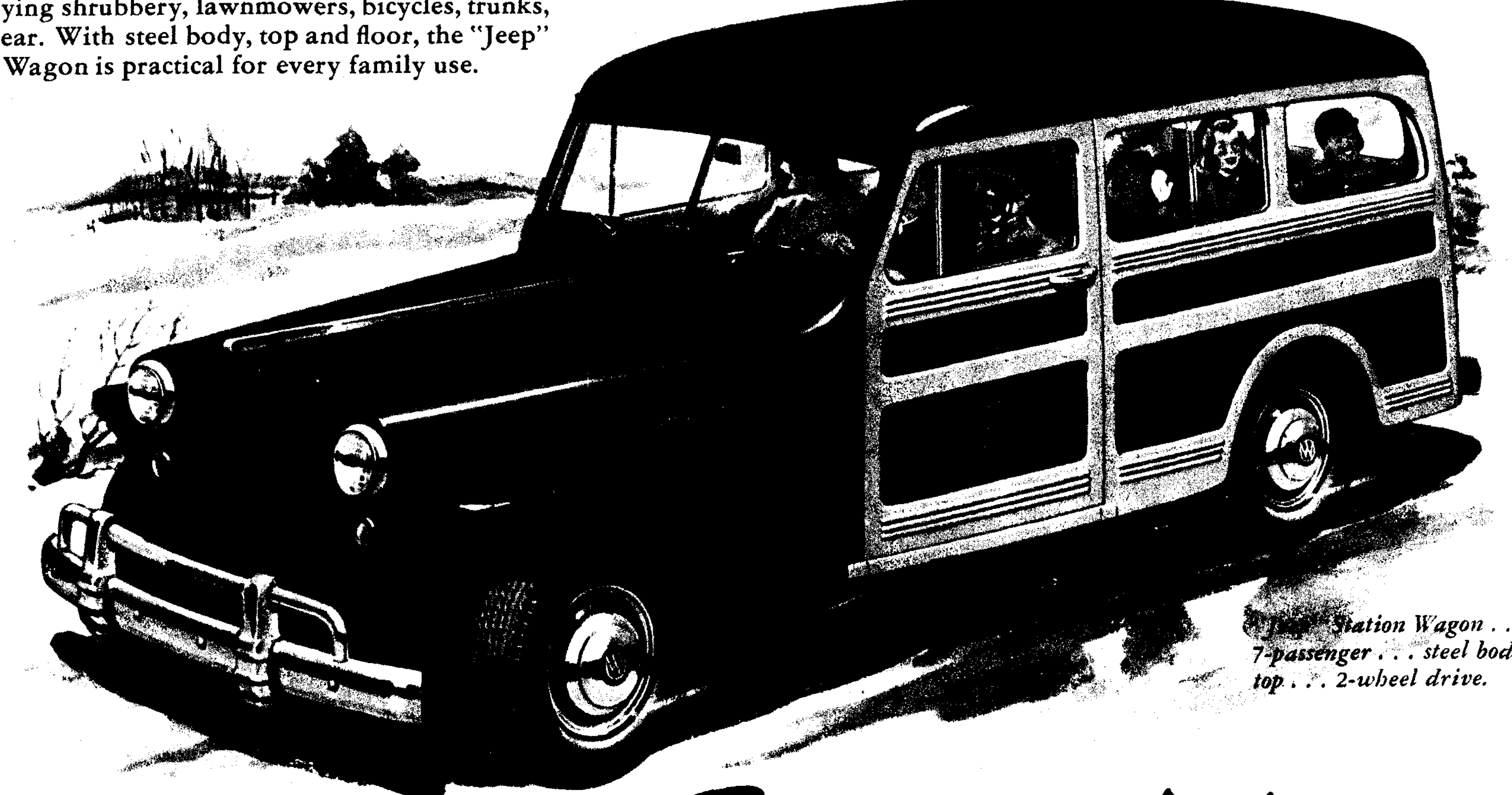

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more excited he gets. His face gets almost purple, and he marches up and down the room, shouting, 'We'll save the honor of the South, sir, and the principle of State rights, if we have to *leave* the blankety-blank Union to do it!' And when my father laughs at him, he gets even angrier, and he quotes chapter and verse from the Bible to prove that he's right."

Mrs. Savage sniffed. "You can prove *anything* by Scripture if you set your mind to it," she observed. To Amalia the Portygee, marching in from the kitchen with a pumpkin pie, she added, "Bring me a swallow of brandy after supper, Amaly. This night wind gets right into my bones . . ."

ALLAN drove the two girls over to the Waldon place after supper. As they left, Mrs. Savage was standing with her feet planted firmly on the porch, a lantern in her hand. Looking back from the buckboard, Allan could see her peering anxiously toward the main road that led to Galesburg. The light, cast upward, made a strong promontory of her chin. She raised her free hand and waved, as they turned into the highroad. Allan shivered and tightened his grip on the reins.

"There'll be bright moonlight later," he said irrelevantly.

"That will be fine," Pamela said, as if she were daring someone to contradict her.

"Do you think so?" Allan muttered.

The faint, sweet perfume of Nancy mingled disturbingly with the smell of leather and the dry, dusty scent of the fields along the road. He wondered if the familiar odors would hereafter remind him of Nancy, when she was gone. Would it be, each time he passed this way after nightfall, like listening to a bar of music broken in the middle, left forever incomplete?

But it was better when they reached the Waldon place: the house full of young people, Waldons and others; the games that were a little noisy, but cheerful and lighthearted, withal; the pitchers of new cider, sharp and sweet, and the bowls of fresh doughnuts. If the girl from Kentucky was accustomed to more sophisticated amusements than "puss-in-the-corner," at least, she wasn't bored. She sang The Quilting Party and Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming with the rest of them, gathered round the wheezy organ in the Waldons' parlor, and she led them through the intricacies of the reel with an ease and a grace that must have seemed faintly immoral to the daughters of Illinois, if only because it made their brothers' eyes light up with admiration.

The moon, as Allan had foreseen, was full and bright when they started home at ten o'clock. Its white radiance flooded the fields, revealing the jagged angles of rail fences and the soft curves of bushes and trees. As they turned off the highway, Allan noticed how clearly the house stood out against the lighted fields. Even without the lantern hanging in the barn door, the hay wagon standing outside would have been plainly visible. The soft dirt of the driveway muffled the sound of hoofs and wheels, and above the melancholy song of frogs in the hollow, the human voices rang out eerily—his mother's voice and a man's: Johnny's father.

It was chilly. The girls huddled under the carriage robe, but Allan's hands were suddenly hot and damp, as he shifted the reins. He pulled up near the front steps and helped Nancy Pelton down from the seat. She rested her hand in his so lightly that he could scarcely feel her weight, as she jumped over the wheel, holding her skirts with her other hand. He turned to help Pamela, and then he saw that Nancy had not run straight up the steps and into the house, as he had hoped she would. In the moonlight, he could see her face, very white, turned toward the barn and the hay wagon that had appeared beside it at some time during their absence.

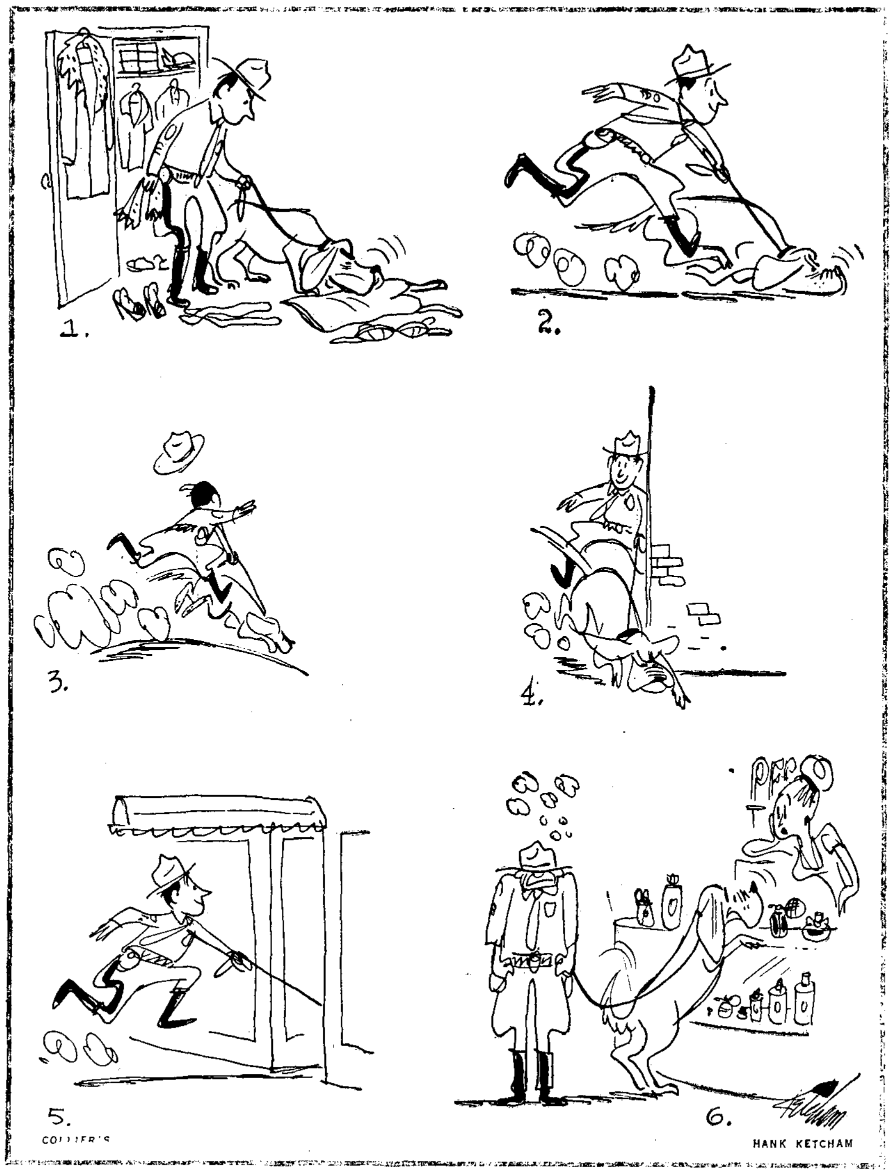
Pamela was crying from the porch, "It's cold! Come in the house!"—her voice and her manner a ghastly attempt at gaiety.

But Nancy Pelton did not move. It occurred to Allan that he could easily have taken her by the shoulders and pushed her into the house. For that matter, he could have picked her up and carried her without a great deal of trouble, but he was unable to move. He was paralyzed by a helpless sense of fatality about the whole thing. Let her stand there. Let her see and understand, if it had to be.

There was movement about the hay wagon, figures stirring here and there, indistinct in the deep shadow of the high-piled wagon. Then his mother's voice rang out suddenly, with a peremptory note, as if she were issuing a short command—and as if, he thought bitterly, she didn't give a damn who heard her. The mountain of hay seemed to quiver and to shift slightly along one side, outlined against the light, and the next moment someone, crouching low almost to the ground, slithered across the bright open space between barn and woodshed. The figure moved swiftly, and was lost almost immediately in the black shadow of the grape arbor, which made a covered passage between the woodshed and the summer kitchen at the back of the house.

Allan's breath made a long, tremulous sound like a sigh, as he turned to the girl. She was still standing motionless, a slender figure in the moonlight, with her skirt sweeping out in a wide arc of darkness about her feet.

Allan said with bitterness, "Now you can go in the house, can't you?" and she turned away from him without a word and walked slowly up the steps.



He led the horse back toward the barn, feeling helpless and defeated. Elves Peterson was climbing back onto the hay wagon. He sang out cheerfully, "Hi, Allan! You come a little too soon."

Allan nodded. His mother, standing sturdily at the side of the road, jerked her head toward the woodshed and said, "We'll move it on to Ludlow's tomorrow night."

"All right," Allan said wearily. From inside the barn, he heard the farmer's wagon jarring over the rutted road down the hill, and, a moment later, a door slammed.

The girls had disappeared when he got back to the house, but he caught a glimpse of his mother hurrying across the kitchen and out through the rear of the house, carrying a tray of covered dishes. He sat down in the circle of light shed by the large lamp on the center table. When he heard the back door close, and his mother's firm, quick steps coming through the kitchen, he picked up the paper that was lying on the table, and pretended to be reading. He thought that, if he tried to talk to her just then, he would say angry, senseless words, and she would not understand them, would not even resent them, but they would remain between them forever afterward. Without looking at her, he knew that she was standing in the middle of the room, in a listening attitude. He knew exactly how she looked, with her head up, alertly, her back straight, her heavy, dark dress fitting very smoothly over the curve of her bosom.

"Someone is coming up our road," she said suddenly. "I'm sure I heard wheels. D'you think it might be the sheriff again, Allan?"

With a sense of surprise, Allan realized that he had never seen her composure shaken. "I shouldn't be surprised," he said, getting up. "You don't make any secret of your opinions, Mother."

"Why should I?" she asked shortly. "I'm not ashamed of 'em."

Allan opened the door, and she picked up her shawl and a lantern, and came out after him. The twin lights of a buggy appeared, startlingly, to the left of the porch.

"Who's there?" Allan called out.

"Sheriff," said a voice. Two or three figures detached themselves from the dark bulk of the buggy, and one strode up to the foot of the steps. He looked vaguely apologetic, standing there with his hat in his hand, but his tone was truculent. "We got a sarch warrant, ma'am. There's a runaway nigger hereabouts—and it ain't the fust one, nuther. We aim to sarch all the places along this-here road."

"I consider it an imposition"— Mrs. Savage's voice rang out clearly —"to come searching the property of honest people at this hour of the night. Couldn't it have waited till morning?"

The sheriff laughed unpleasantly. "'Fraid not, ma'am. Not in a case like this. We'll try not to be more of a nuisance than we have to." He turned to the other men. "You take a look around the barn, boys. I'll go through the carriage house and t'other outhouses." He started toward the back, then he stopped short. "Maybe you and the young man better come along with us, ma'am."

Allan followed his mother down the steps. Pamela, he saw, had crept out onto the porch, muffled in a robe of some sort. Poor Pamela, he thought, the innocent victim of the crusading spirit!

From the barn, a loud, indignant whinny broke against the night. Three lanterns moved among the outbuildings, showing intermittently like fireflies, now a flash in the barn loft, now in the carriage house. Allan stood in the doorway behind the sheriff, and the wagons and the harness hanging on pegs against the wall, sprang up suddenly with the slow circling of the lantern, and then subsided into darkness again.

"Nobody here, that's sartain," said the sheriff, plodding back toward the tool shed. He jerked his thumb toward the brightly lighted strip of garden patch behind the house. "Not much chanct of a nigger slippin' over to the woods yonder, 'thout bein' seen, on a night like *this*," he added with satisfaction. "Jest like day."

Allan glanced curiously at his mother as they stood outside the tool-house door. Beyond a tightening of her firm mouth, her face showed no emotion. She must realize, of course, that the game was up, but, even so, she tried one final maneuver. In that moment, Allan admired her more than anyone he had ever known.

AS THE sheriff's light moved toward the doorway, she said, "Now that you've been over the place, Sheriff, I hope you and your men will have a cup of coffee before you go on. It's a raw night. . . ."

The sheriff stopped swinging his lantern, and his face pushed forward suddenly out of the darkness, peering at her. "There's still the woodshed," he said sharply.

There was nothing more to be done. Allan followed on the sheriff's heels, conscious only of a dull horror of what was to come. Without stopping to wonder why, he felt himself, in some obscure way, responsible for the trap that was about to be sprung on the anonymous Negro. Beside him, he heard the resolute clump of his mother's boots, but he did not look at her. The sheriff's legs looked like a large, strong piece of machinery, moving rhythmically, automatically, against the cone of light cast by his lantern. He shifted the lantern to his left hand, and lifted the latch of the shed door.

Allan stood behind him, holding his breath, waiting for what, he didn't quite

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know—a cry of terror, a desperate human sound of some sort. But there was nothing. Only, after an eternity of waiting, the sheriff's voice, with a note of bewilderment, "Clean as a whistle. Couldn't be nobody hidin' in *that* woodpile."

Mrs. Savage took a step into the shed, with Allan behind her. Certainly there was no one there. The wood was stacked in the usual tidy piles, stove lengths and fireplace logs, and, in front, the bundles of kindling, white and clean and neatly split.

The sheriff went to the door and spat a wad of tobacco into the darkness, modestly. "We'll just go back to the house through the arbor here," he decided. His light moved before him, and with it moved the twisted vines of the passage, tangled like large snakes among the fantastic patterns of the leaves.

They followed him dumbly through the summer kitchen, down into the damp, earth-smelling cellar, back to the inner kitchen. In the parlor they found Pamela, still sniffling, her thin shoulders shaking under the shapeless robe. Her hair was done up in bits of white rag, but she seemed, for once, unconscious of her appearance.

"I'll take a look upstairs," the sheriff said wearily. "Then we'd be tickled to have some of that coffee you offered, ma'am."

Mrs. Savage turned to Pamela. "Will you get the fire up?"

Pamela nodded miserably and shuffled toward the kitchen. The sheriff was tramping heavily up the stairs. The other two men, Allan had noticed, were out in front. It was impossible that the Negro had gotten away. He must be in the house. Upstairs.

Amalia the Portygee poked a frightened face out of her room beneath the eaves, watched indignantly while the stranger peered under the bed and pulled aside the curtain that concealed her Sunday clothes. He went on to Mrs. Savage's room, to Allan's. There was nothing. The door of Pamela's room, however, was closed. The sheriff knocked.

AT THE second knock, Nancy Pelton opened the door and stood on the threshold, yawning, with one hand lifted to hide the yawn. She was wearing a robe of yellow eider down that turned up high about her neck, and her hair hung loose, blue-black against the pale fabric.

"Miss Pelton," said Mrs. Savage with a note of indignation, "is a guest in our house."

The sheriff turned his hat awkwardly around and around. "I'm sorry to disturb you, miss. We're just lookin' for a runaway nigger."

The girl stopped yawning and stared at him in astonishment. Then she laughed. "Wait till I get home and tell my father about *this!*" Her soft Southern accent was unmistakable. "Why, we've got about two hundred niggers on our own plantation. You're welcome to search my room if you've a mind to, but it does seem like a waste o' time . . ."

The sheriff gawked at her for an instant, and then he grinned, scratching his head. "I reckon you're right," he conceded. "If there's a slave owner that'd help a nigger get away, I don't know it. You go on back to bed, miss. I'm sorry I rousted you out."

The three men took their ease in the kitchen, devouring large wedges of Amalia's pie, washed down with coffee. Pamela sat huddled in the parlor, and Allan and his mother hovered about, saying little. It was only after the men had backed their buggy around and rattled off down the hill, that Nancy Pelton appeared. She came slowly down the stairs, with her hair still hanging over her shoulders. Standing on the lowest step, she looked straight at Mrs. Savage, and she said quietly, "He's up yonder, up in Pamela's wardrobe. I thought he'd better not come down yet. They might come back."

Mrs. Savage's dark, compact form moved across the room toward her. "I want to thank you," she said simply. "It was a splendid thing to have done."

The girl still stood on the last step, making no move toward the older woman. Her face was drawn and white in the lamplight.

"I went out and brought him into the house through the grape arbor," she said in an expressionless voice. "You all were in the barn. Nobody saw us."

Suddenly her hand clutched convulsively at the eider-down robe where she held it against her breast. "It *wasn't* a splendid thing!" she cried, speaking not only to Mrs. Savage now, but to all three of them, and to Allan particularly. "It was wrong. I couldn't tell you why I did it, either. Something—something about the way he ran across there, in the moonlight. Like a wild animal with dogs after it. Something about that. . . . And the frightened look in his eyes, when I brought him to the house. Like an animal, but not quite like it. But that doesn't make it right. I don't know," she added fiercely, "how I can ever look my father in the face again, after what I've done."

Mrs. Savage held up one hand, protesting. "How can you think it was wrong?" she demanded. "To help another human being to gain back the liberty that's his right before God? It's those who would keep him in chains that're in the wrong. Would you hang your head for an act of justice and mercy?"

The girl looked at her for a moment, then, as if she felt it impossible to make her understand, she turned and went up the stairs, her shoulders drooping slightly. A minute or two later, the Negro came down, silently, like a black shadow, clinging close to the baluster.

Pamela covered her face with her hands. Her mother said calmly, "We'll have to keep him under cover here a few days, till this blows over."

Allan nodded, agreeing without paying much heed to what she said. Oddly, the Negro now seemed unimportant. It was Nancy Pelton who held his thoughts, her shoulders drooping as she went slowly up the stairs. . . .

Through several days that followed, he took pains to avoid being alone with her. He watched her from a distance, noticing that she was quieter than before, and that she seemed no more anxious than he for any confidential talk between them.

When they were all together, at meals and in the evenings, there was no mention of the black shadow cowering in the woodshed, yet they felt its presence.

ON THE morning of Election Day, Allan saddled his horse and rode the two miles to town, but no one said anything about it. Mrs. Savage had remarked, the night before, that she understood the Republican candidate to be in favor of woman suffrage, which she saw as a point in his favor—but nobody saw fit to pursue the subject further. Allan cast his vote with misgivings. Surely the issue was not so clearcut as most of them liked to pretend. It had become hopelessly muddled in his own mind, during the last few weeks.

Early the next morning, his mother had him hitch up the farm wagon. "I'm going to drive him on to Ludlows' myself," she told him. "I think it's safer going by daylight, all things considered. And you'll have to be here to drive Nancy to the depot."

There was something mildly ironic, Allan felt, in the circumstance of Nancy and the Negro leaving on the same day.

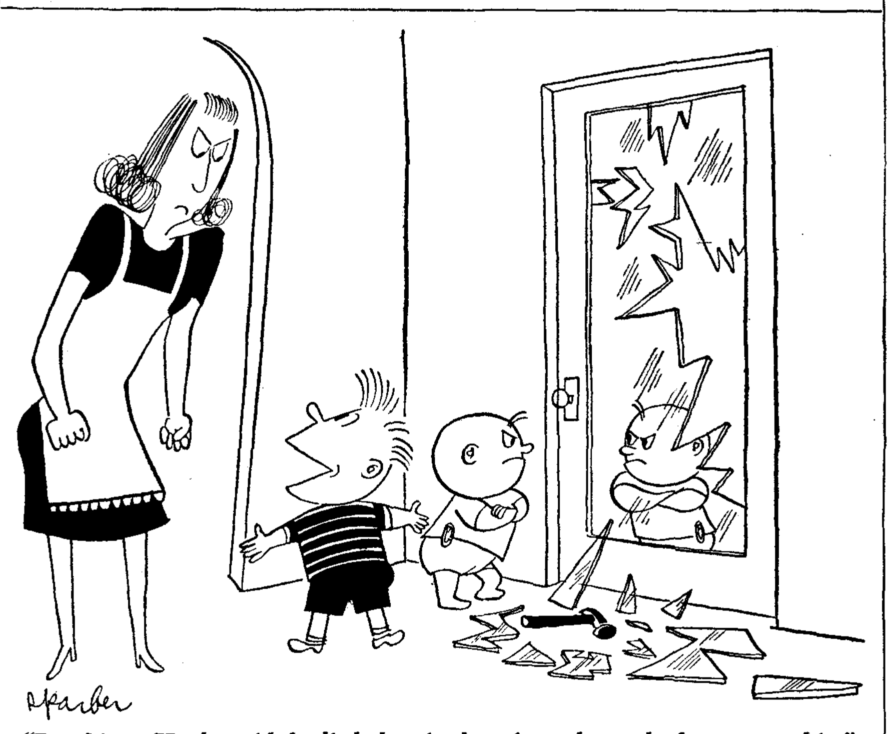
His mother lifted the forefoot of one of the horses, and examined its shoe minutely. With her head bent, she said, "I've told Pamela she must stay in bed today. Her cold is much worse."

So, Allan thought grimly, we'll have to be alone after all. His mother raised her head, and he saw that her face was slightly flushed. Abruptly, she reached out and touched Allan's arm with her worn brown hand. "I like the girl," she said gruffly. Her hard fingers tightened for an instant on his arm. "It's hard to be young," she added, "in times like these."

Then, as if she were embarrassed, she climbed sturdily onto the wagon seat and clucked at the team. Allan watched her straight back disappearing down the hill, with the wagon jolting along behind her, with the hay and gunny sacks, and, beneath them, the fugitive—the wild eyes hidden, the heart beating quick with terror.

Pamela was lounging inertly in the rocker when he went back to the house.

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



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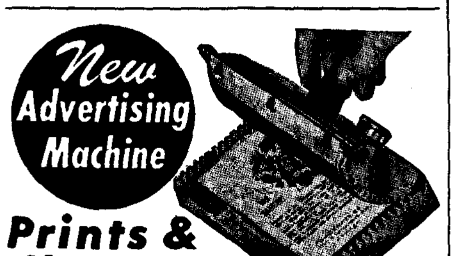

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She was holding a handkerchief to her nose, and the mingled odors of goose grease and eau de cologne clung about her. As Nancy Pelton came down, wearing a dark traveling dress and a small hat with a veil, Pamela said weakly, "I'm so sorry I can't go with you, darling. Do you mind terribly?"

Nancy, pulling on her gloves, said she did not mind. "I wouldn't have you take the drive. You must lie down."

Allan went out and left them to their embraces. He carried her small trunk down and put it in the back of the surrey.

Then she was sitting very still beside him, and Pamela was waving feebly from the porch, calling goodby. Allan shifted uneasily in his seat, as the team turned out into the highroad. She seemed strange, remote, in those clothes. The smooth wings of her hair were hidden beneath the hat that was tilted forward on her head, and the veil almost concealed the heavy, looped braid in back. Her face, when he cast a surreptitious glance sideways, was turned away from him. He could see only the curve of one cheek, and, when he looked down, her gloved hands lying with the palms turned upward in her lap.

"You're still worrying," he said at last, "over what you did—that night."

She took a deep breath and looked at him squarely. "No. It's not just that. What bothers me is the way things have gotten all tangled up in my mind. Your mother—and the way she thinks about things—I— Before I came here, everything seemed so clear. Now—I don't know."

Allan looked at her in surprise. So she felt it, too—the confusion which had begun to tear them apart from each other even before they had come together.

"You're like me," he said suddenly. "I mean, we don't see things plain black or plain white, the way Mother does. Not just Mother, either, but all those other people who are so sure they're right. . . . They have certain words—words like freedom, justice, equality. They make idols of their words, but they don't ask themselves what the words really mean, or if they're dangerous. I never wondered much myself till lately. . . ."

The girl gazed off at the fields. "That's something like what I mean," she said. "They have words in the South, too. Freedom means something different to them, but it's just as dangerous. There are people who talk about honor, and about a sacred cause, and about dying for a principle. They talk so loud, nobody ever wonders just what they're talking about. They believe in their words—I know they do—just as strongly as your mother and those others."

Allan cried out, "But it's so senseless! You, going away like this—and this stupidity piling up on top of us—and we can't do anything to stop it!"

"No. We can't do anything." There was a brightness in her eyes that might have been tears. She touched his hand. "It might have been lovely. I knew that, too. The first minute, I think." She sat up straight in the seat, then, and her face, when Allan looked at it, seemed almost hard.

"How silly and awful it is," she said, "what a hideous joke—that all the people with those noble ideas and splendid words should be pushing us into something too terrible to think about! I feel sure it *will* be terrible. Only—I wonder if they'll ever know that they were the ones who did it?"

"But now—*now* what is to be done?"

THEY were entering the outskirts of Galesburg. Allan scowled at the reins in his hands. "I don't know," he said wretchedly. "I only know that you're going away, and I love you, and everything is hopeless. I'd rather be like Mother, sure of what's right, sure enough to fight for it. If I were like that, I wouldn't let you go."

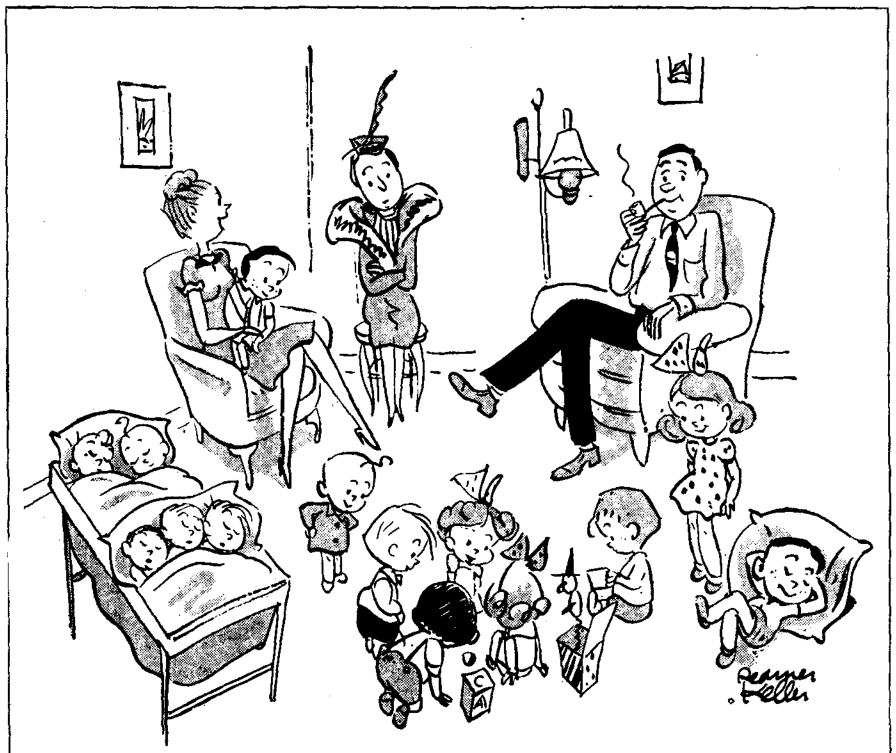
The girl touched his hand again, lightly, as they drew up before the station platform. "But you aren't," she said. "And neither am I."

Allan went to check her trunk, and, when he got back, the train was waiting. As he gave her his hand to help her up the steps, the station agent came down the platform, shouting in a triumphant, braying voice, "D'you hear the 'lection returns? Yes, *sir*— It's in th ebag! Old Abe's a-goin' to the White House, sure as shootin'—"

The girl's hand tightened in his. She was standing above him, on the step, with her pale face lifted, her shoulders not drooping now. She looked as if the loud voice, the words flung on the wind, had made a demand of her, a call for instant decision.

With no uncertainty, she stepped down onto the platform beside him, into his arms. "Allan," she said. "I'm not going back to Kentucky. I'm going to stay here. With you."

THE END



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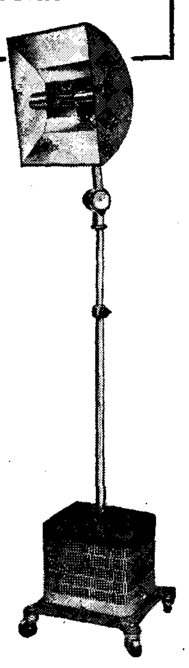

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BEAUTY AT THE BAZAAR

BY
MARTHA SAWYERS

IT WAS market day in Darjeeling, "The Queen of Hill Stations," which hangs like an eagle's nest on the craggy heights of northeast India, close to Tibet. To the north lay the majestic Himalayas, with mighty 28,150-foot Kanchenjunga, some forty miles away, the center of the giant snow-clad peaks. Strange people—Nepalese, Bhutias, Lepchas, Tibetans, Indians and others—roamed the streets.

I stood in a bazaar, watching the crowds. The women, even the poorest, were dressed in their finest. They carried their wealth—gold and silver ornaments; large three-pound charm boxes, suspended from their necks; oversized rings, bracelets and anklets.

One very small woman stood out from the rest. Her wealth was a pair of shoddy bracelets; her clothes were faded and worn. She saw me watching her, and she smiled.

Then I knew that I must paint her—her great, warm brown eyes were set in one of the most beautiful faces I have ever seen.

I found an interpreter and talked to her. Her name, she said, was Chunu Maya. She was fourteen years old and unmarried. Unlike many of the hill people, she was willing to have her portrait painted. She wasn't interested in pay.

Darjeeling is the greatest small melting pot in the world. Ten different languages (all utterly different) are spoken by the hill people alone.

Chunu Maya was a Lepcha. Her people were the original inhabitants of near-by Sikkim; once they possessed all of Sikkim and the District of Darjeeling. Meek, peace-loving little people, they are poor today. Most of them belong to the "porter" class, and their women—seldom more than five feet in height and eighty pounds in weight—are used as beasts of burden. They really labor, those women. Yet they have a beauty of face that is extraordinary.

At my hotel, where I did Chunu Maya's portrait, she was a perfect model. She never tired of holding a pose, and she responded instantly to my directions, although she could not understand a word I spoke!

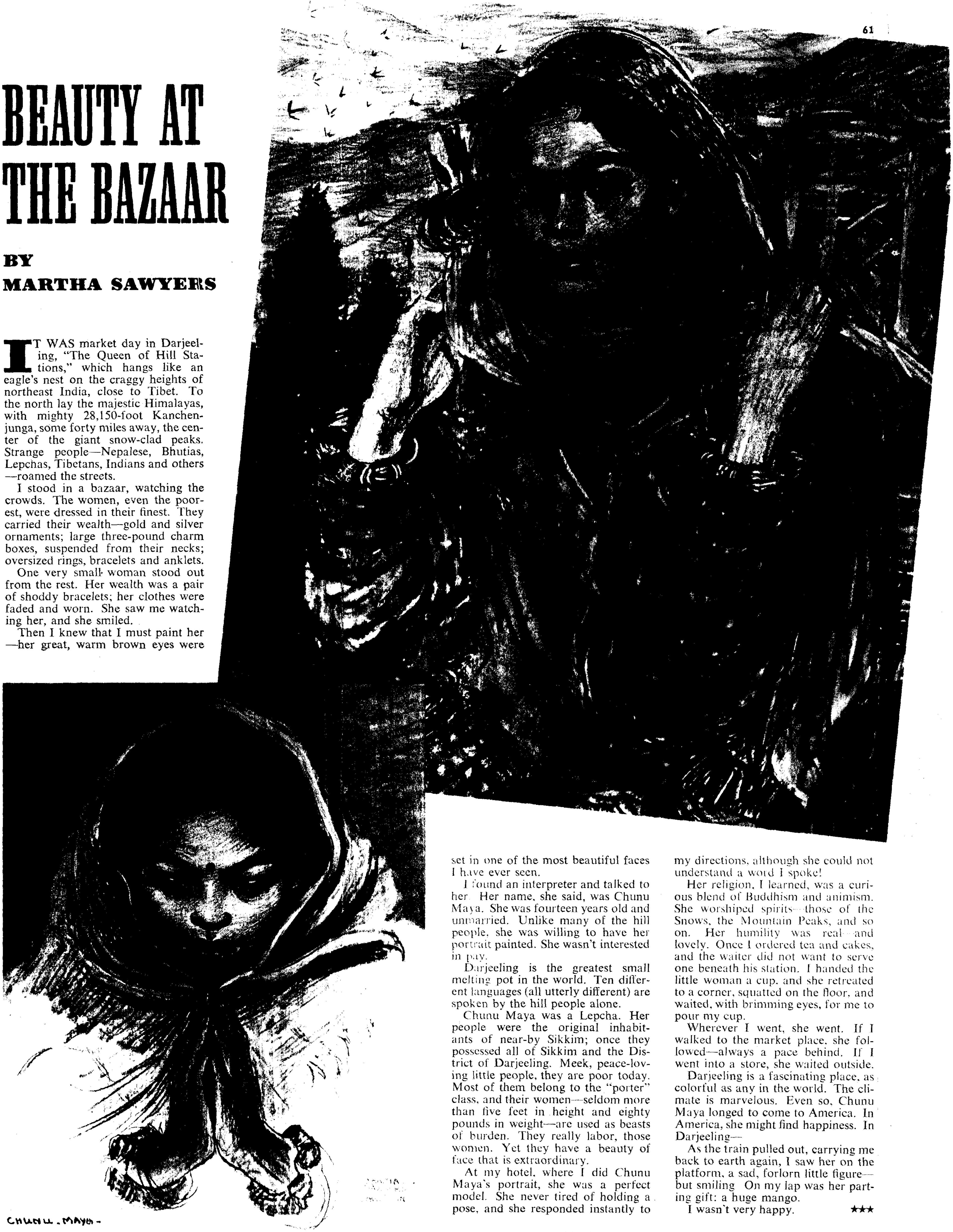
Her religion, I learned, was a curious blend of Buddhism and animism. She worshiped spirits—those of the Snows, the Mountain Peaks, and so on. Her humility was real and lovely. Once I ordered tea and cakes, and the waiter did not want to serve one beneath his station. I handed the little woman a cup, and she retreated to a corner, squatted on the floor, and waited, with brimming eyes, for me to pour my cup.

Wherever I went, she went. If I walked to the market place, she followed—always a pace behind. If I went into a store, she waited outside.

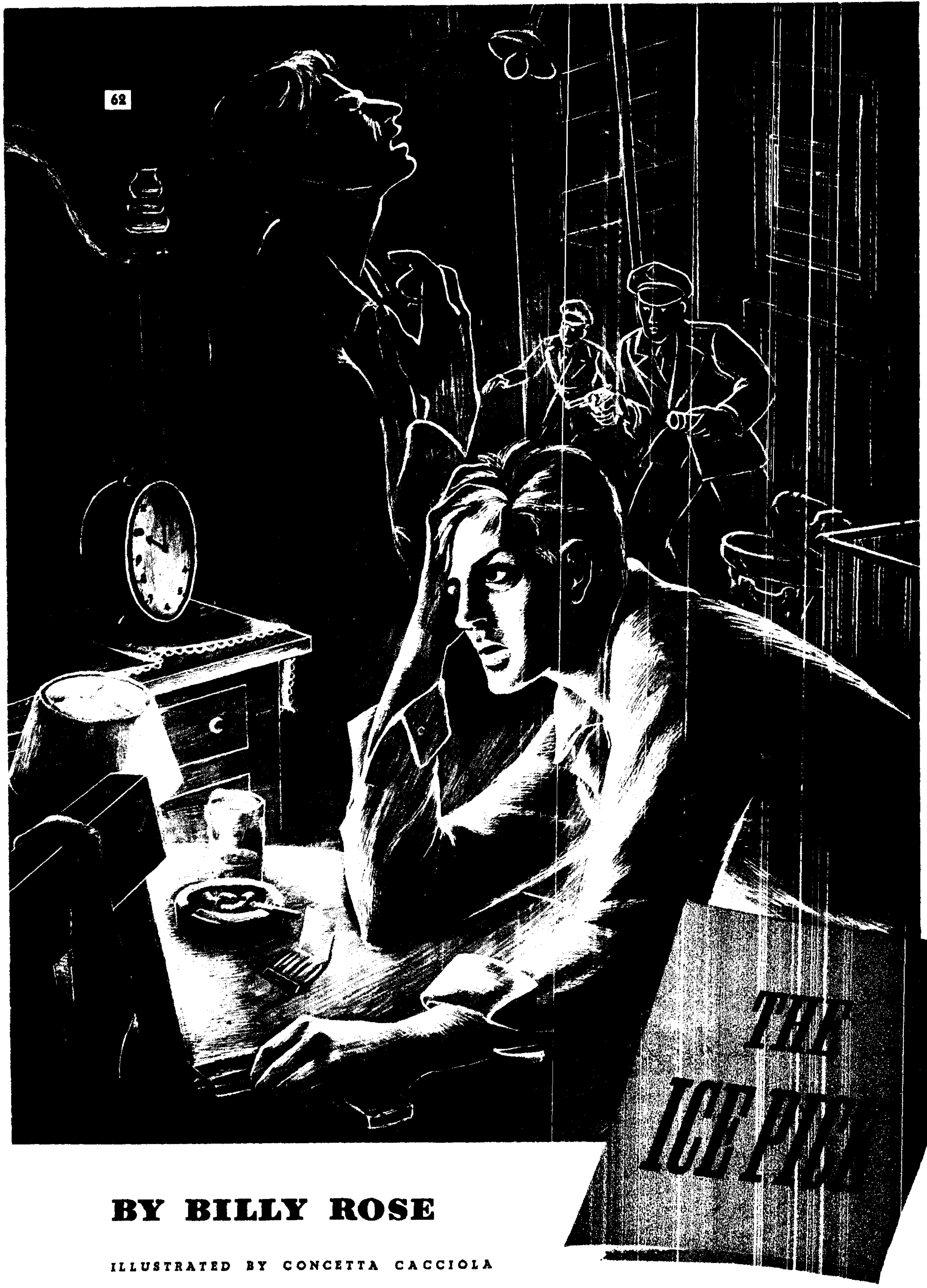
Darjeeling is a fascinating place, as colorful as any in the world. The climate is marvelous. Even so, Chunu Maya longed to come to America. In America, she might find happiness. In Darjeeling—

As the train pulled out, carrying me back to earth again, I saw her on the platform, a sad, forlorn little figure—but smiling. On my lap was her parting gift: a huge mango.

I wasn't very happy. ★★★



ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



It seemed to Skeets he could almost feel the ice pick between his eyes as he sat looking at the clock

THE ICE PICK

BY BILLY ROSE

ILLUSTRATED BY CONCETTA CACCIOLA

LOU HOLTZ is in from the Coast. Whenever this fine comedian gets to New York, I dig him up and sit him down behind a pot of coffee at one of the stay-up-lateries. He's a wise guy in the best sense of the word, and his talk falls pleasantly on the ears.

The other night we sat up until the waiters were giving us dirty looks. Chairs were piled up on the tables around us, but we were too tired to call it a night. Lou lighted his twentieth cigarette and said, "Remember a hoofer named Skeets Patterson?"

"Sure," I said. "Nice kid. Eight minutes of buck and wing. Good dancer, but Fred Astaire can still sleep nights."

"Yeah, Fred Astaire can still sleep nights." There was something wistful about the way Holtz said it.

As the porter started to sweep around our feet, Holtz began to tell me a story about a gangster and a hoofer. It happens to be true. I won't try to tell it like Holtz—nobody tells a story like Holtz. . . .

The tale took place in the days when Murder, Inc., was one of New York's big and going concerns. One of the minor executives of this flourishing cartel was an oyster-skinned killer known as Tommy the Ice Pick. He had come up the hard way, peddling numbers, reefers and protection, before graduating into murder-for-hire. They called him the Ice Pick because he used this kitchen implement to sign his murders. An ice pick between the dead man's eyes meant Tommy, even as a script "G" in the corner of a canvas means Gauguin to the art lover.

The only thing Tommy cared about was his sister Josie, a run-of-the-million babe with kind of a cute, dopey face. She checked hats in one of those sleazy night spots off Broadway. There she met Skeets Patterson, the hoofer. After a decent interval, they were married, and moved into one of those hotels where a trombone player rehearses in the next room. Josie and Skeets ate fine whenever Skeets got a booking, which was less than often.

One night they were walking down Broadway and met the Ice Pick, wearing a two-hundred-dollar suit and fifteen dollars' worth of barbering.

"Hello, kids," said Tommy the Ice Pick.

Josie looked at her brother with cold eyes. "Go away, Tommy," she said.

The Ice Pick laughed. He had a backlog of orders and wasn't mad at anybody. "Take it easy, kid," he said. "I got money in all pockets."

He led them into a bar and ordered some drinks. "How's the show business?" he asked Skeets.

"Only so-so," said the hoofer.

The Ice Pick pulled out the kind of roll only a black marketeer has these days, counted out ten one-thousand-dollar bills and handed them to Skeets. "Here's a stake for you," he said. "I'd like for Josie to eat regular."

IT SEEMS that every vaudevillian has a little chophouse in his dreams and Skeets was a real dreamer. He opened a restaurant. The place did well enough to lose a little money every week.

Occasionally the Ice Pick would drop in for a bottle of beer, but after a while his visits stopped. There was talk that the new district attorney had interested himself in the Ice Pick's activities and was hurting his business.

Late one night, the Ice Pick came back. He still wore the two-hundred-dollar suit, but it hadn't been pressed in weeks. He went to the cash register. There were some tens, fives, a few singles and some change. He stuffed the tens and fives in his pockets and went out. A week later he came again. This time he didn't leave the small bills. The third time he took the change.

Then two whole weeks passed when the Ice Pick didn't show. The papers were carrying pictures of Skeets' *brother-in-law on page one, and the* D.A. had promoted him to Public Enemy Number Three. One night as Skeets was getting ready to close, the Ice Pick turned up. His expensive suit was rumpled and torn.

"You owe me ten thousand bucks," he said. "I need it. I'm giving you until twelve o'clock tomorrow night to raise it. If you don't raise it, I know where there's an ice pick with your name on it."

"Where am I going to get ten thousand dollars?"

The Ice Pick shrugged and went out the door.

Well, Skeets might as well have tried to raise ten million. You can't sell tap shoes for that kind of money. All the next day, he kept thinking of the ice pick between his eyes. It seemed as if he could feel it there. Right after dinner, he went upstairs and got a gun out of the bottom of his trunk. He came down and sat looking at the clock. A few minutes before midnight the little hoofer blew his brains out.

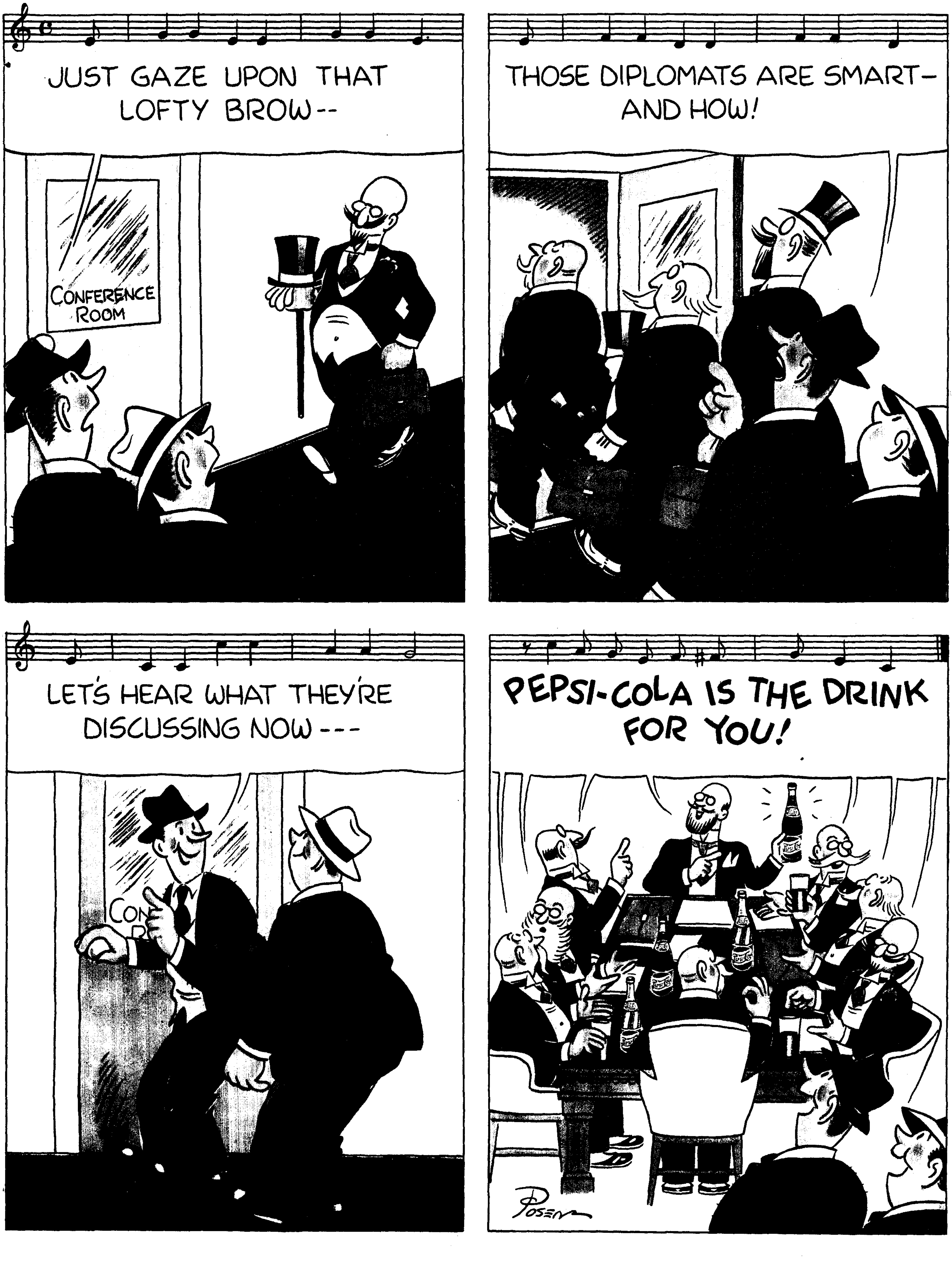
And that's why Skeets never found out that at ten o'clock that evening—two hours before—the cops had cornered the Ice Pick in an alley and pumped his head full of .38 slugs . . .

When Holtz had finished, we got our coats and walked down the street. "What are you going to do with that story?" I asked.

Holtz smiled. "I don't know," he said. "I guess I'll give it to Ben Hecht."

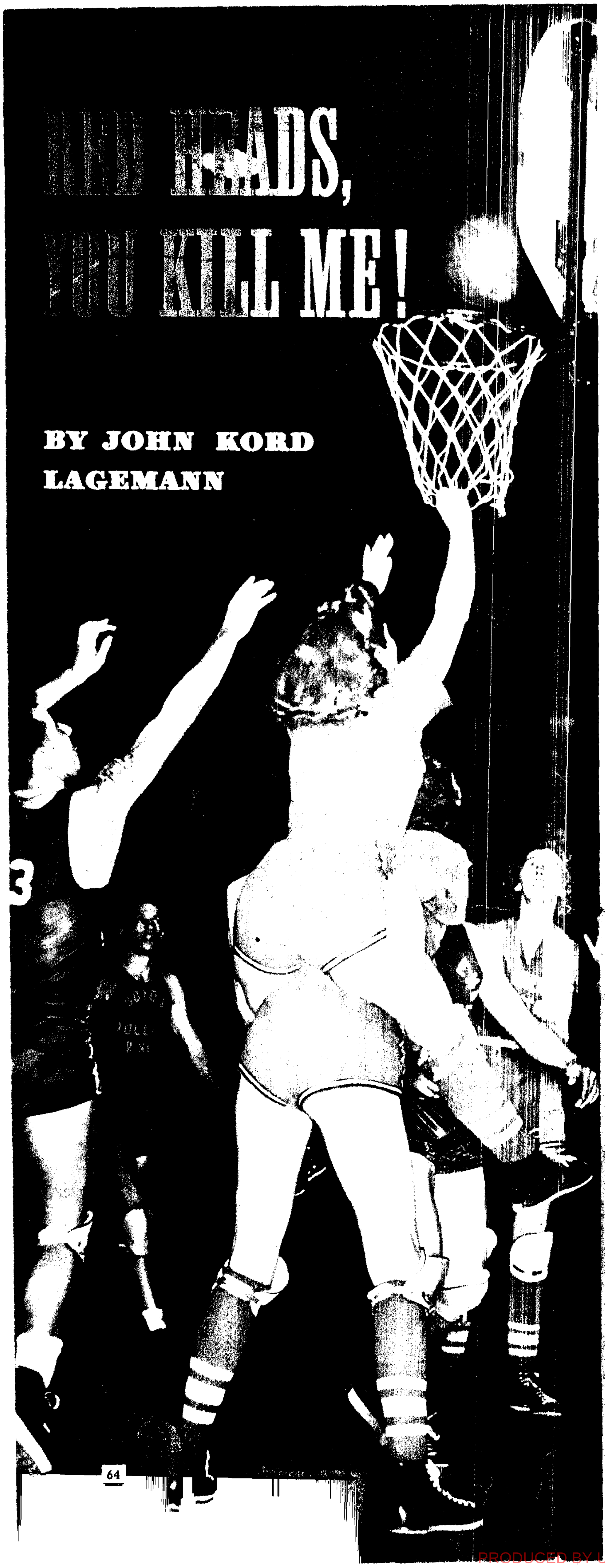
"You do," I said, "and I'll break your neck."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE


JUST GAZE UPON THAT LOFTY BROW--
CONFERENCE ROOM
THOSE DIPLOMATS ARE SMART— AND HOW!
LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY'RE DISCUSSING NOW---
CON R
PEPSI-COLA IS THE DRINK FOR YOU!
POSEN

RED HEADS, YOU KILL ME!

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN



With greatest of ease, Winter, 5'2", nets ball astride Gene Love, 6'4". Winter can also duck between legs

They are known as the Red Heads but not because they have auburn hair. They play professional basketball. This season they will visit 38 states, and the people who see them will have plenty of fun

FROM the moment the Red Heads gallop out on the floor in their sassy red slacks and pull-overs, you know the local boys are in for a rough evening.

The welcoming roar of applause tapers off to a conspiratorial rumble of comment as the girls strip off their outer covering and start limbering up. But it's basketball—not a strip tease! The crowd now waits for the entrance of the local team with all the innocent glee of a practical joker who has just balanced a bucket of water over the door.

At the sight of the boys, the Red Heads stop dead in their tracks and stare hard. A couple of them whistle, thus reversing the roles in Little Red Riding Hood. The crowd thinks this is wonderful, and raises the roof with whistles and wolf calls of its own—all directed at the boys. Right away the home team is on the defensive.

The boys trot stiff-legged as colts to their side of the court and try a few warmup plays. "I wonder if they bruise easy?" asks one.

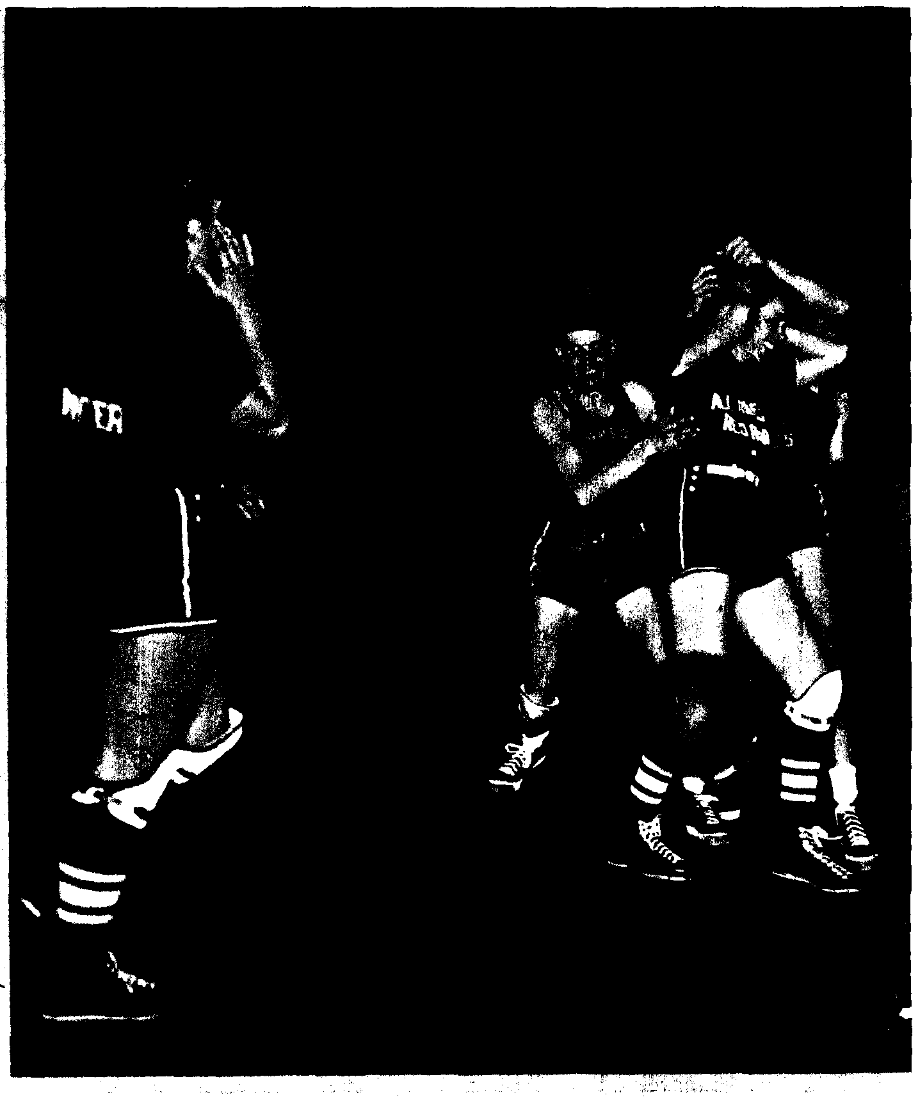
"Hey, you smell what I smell?" another interrupts. They sniff nervously. "Perfume!"

Two minutes before game. The managers call their teams together for a quick last-minute briefing. Over on the men's side, it's all basketball—plays, tactics, strategy. But over on the Red Head side, road manager Joe Turner, who comes from Cassville, Missouri, and looks like a youngish but overtired Bing Crosby, never mentions the game at all.

"No. 31 over there just got married," he tells his girls. "His wife is here, and she'll be watching every move. No. 22 is engaged, and his girl's the blonde in the front row with the blue sweater. No. 12, the beefy one, is the bashful type—blushed all over when they kidded him down in the dressing room. . . ."

The umpire blows his whistle, and the team captains come together for last-minute instructions. "Now shake hands," the umpire instructs, and the boy shakes hands with Lorene Daniels, the Red Head captain, who won a hundred straight victories and three state championships for her high-school team back in Byng, Oklahoma. Danny gives him a nice grin, and the boy starts back to his team. A split second later, he halts like the last freight car on a switch engine. Danny hasn't let go of his hand, and doesn't till she gives it an affectionate pat. He's No. 12, and he's redder than Danny's pants as he slinks back to his team. The crowd guffaws happily.

The final buzzer sounds, and Gene Love, otherwise known as Careless, ambles up to meet the opposing center for the opening tossup. Gene meas-



Turnabout is fair play! Ruth Haines loses her wig and the ball to local boys who are using Red Heads' tactics. Note glasses on man making passes

ures six feet four inches in her nylons and the significance of these proportions does not dawn on most people, including the young man, until she peers down on him in the center of the basketball court.

While the man waits uneasily for the umpire to bring up the ball, Gene's left hand reaches out languidly to hold him at arm's length while her right hand fondly ruffles his hair. "Man, you sure are cute," she murmurs in her native Louisiana drawl.

This is better than a shivaree. The crowd, which knows No. 31 and his new wife from way back, roars in delight. "Take it easy, Henry," they call. "Don't forget you're married!"

Just as Henry glances over where his wife is sitting, the ball goes up and Gene is right on top of it without lifting her heels from the floor.

Another variation of the age-old contest between male brawn and female guile has gotten under way, and from the way city and hamlet alike are lapping it up, the formula is still sure-fire as the day Eve opened a new era by splitting the apple.

Small-Town Crowds Love It

Like several other American phenomena, including democracy, glamor comes in upper- and lower-case brackets. As glamor girls, the Red Heads are in very close touch with the grass roots. It gives them a very sure touch on the basketball floor where small-town audiences all over the country get out of their horseplay the same kind of kick their grandfathers found in square dances, mule-shoeing contests, and schoolhouse jamborees.

Just to get the record straight, there's not a redhead in the whole group. Hazel Walker, who's "part Arkansas, part Cherokee," and Captain Daniels, who boasts some Kickapoo roots in her family tree, both have jet-black hair. The one who comes closest to carrottops is Mary McGee, who describes her locks as "auburn in the right kind of neon light."

The original redheads are a pair of 7-year-old twins belonging to one Ollie Olson of Cassville, Missouri, owner of the team and former star and coach of Olson's Terrible Swedes. Olson sent out the first "All-American World's Champion Girls' Basket Ball Club" back in 1936. And despite a 5-year time out during the war, when Olson felt a "woman's place was at the lathe," over two million basketball fans in forty-six states have paid to watch the girls kid America's biggest winter sport.

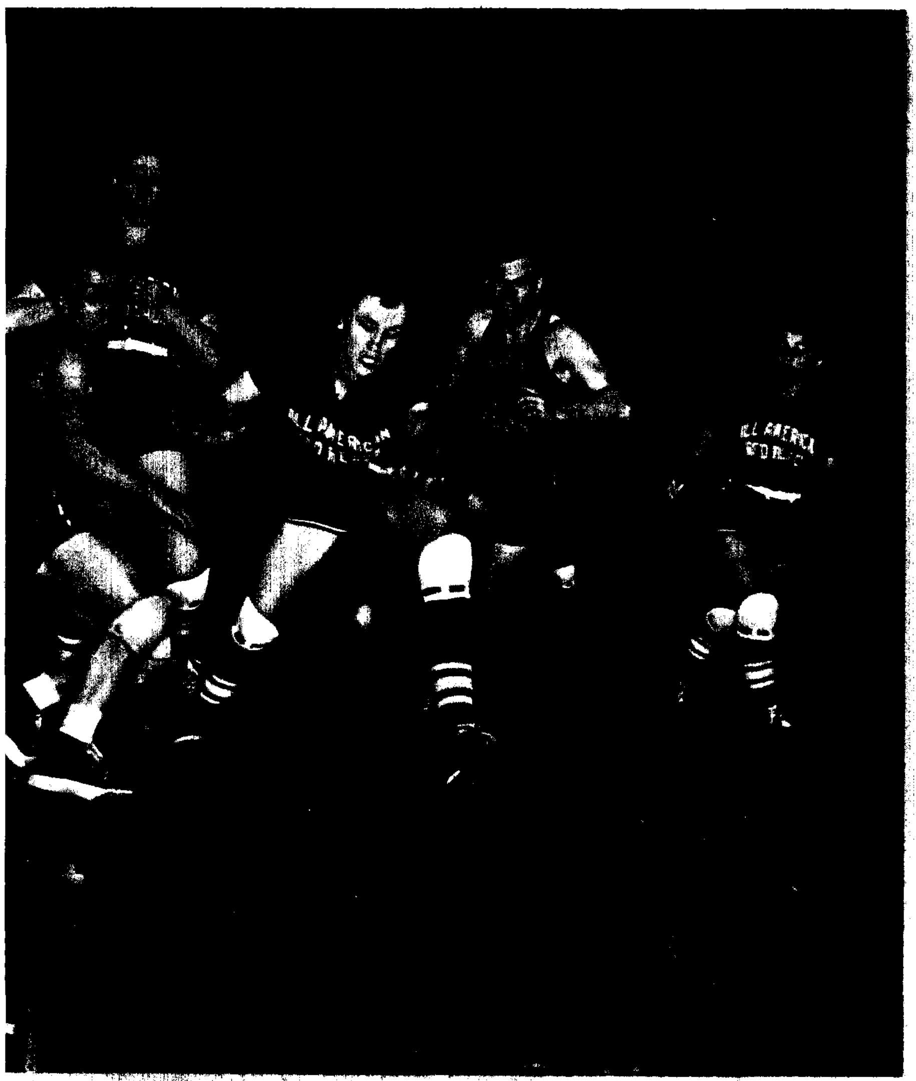
Don't get the idea the girls don't play a hard, fast game. They've beaten every women's team they've ever played — and with no nonsense. Walker, for instance, was for six years National Free Throw Champion and for ten years a member of the Women's All-American of the A.A.U. During the halves, she challenges all comers to a free-throw contest, and she's won every time so far this season. Most of the other girls were home-town stars.

But if they're not picked primarily for looks, the Red Heads are still very easy to look at. Their road manager, Joe Turner, who is perforce an expert in female psychology, explains it this way: "A healthy gal is pretty sure to have what it takes." And the Red Heads are seven of the healthiest girls in the Union.

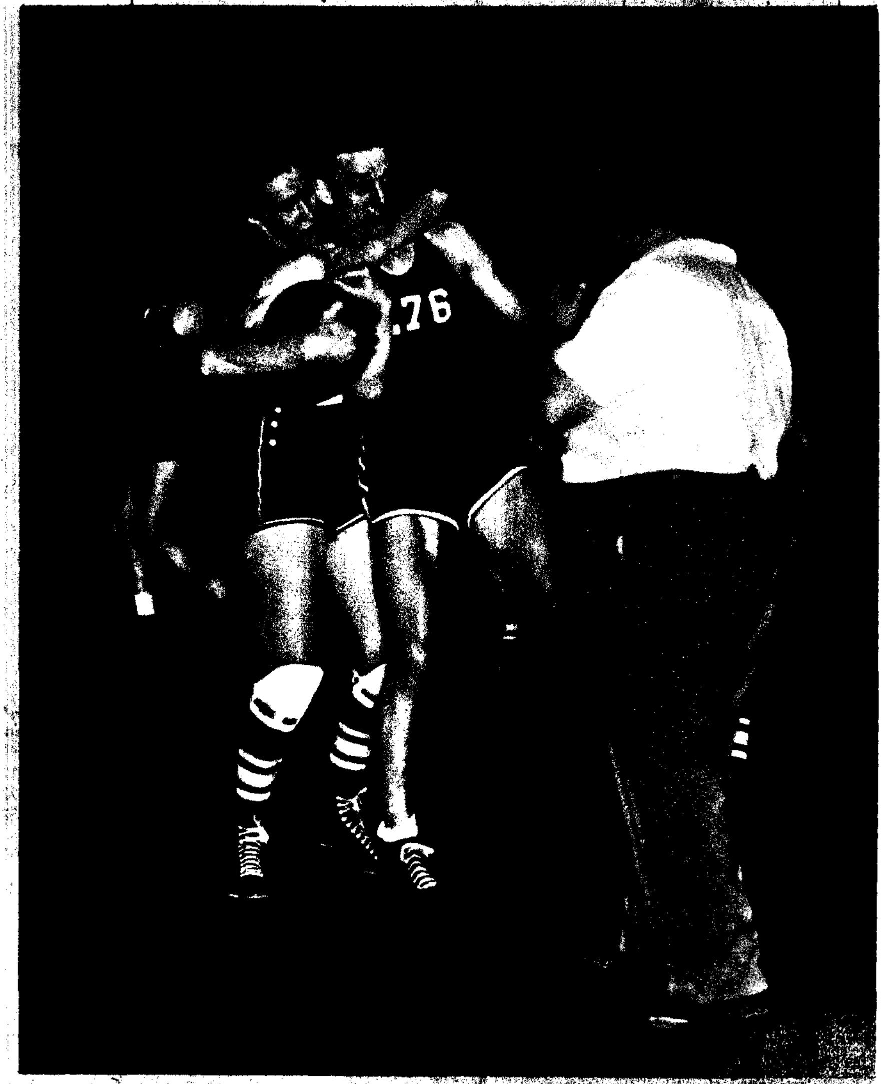
They've got to be to keep up with their schedule. This season, they'll travel some 30,000 miles in their shiny brand-new station wagon to play 180

(Continued on page 66)

Three's a crowd as Red Heads start "loving 'em up." The idea of this strategy is to blitz, bother and bewilder the luckless male animal



"Ouch, my manicure!" exclaims pretty Ruth Haines, nursing her fingernail, as Mary McGee saves the ball. The girls use perfume both on and off the court

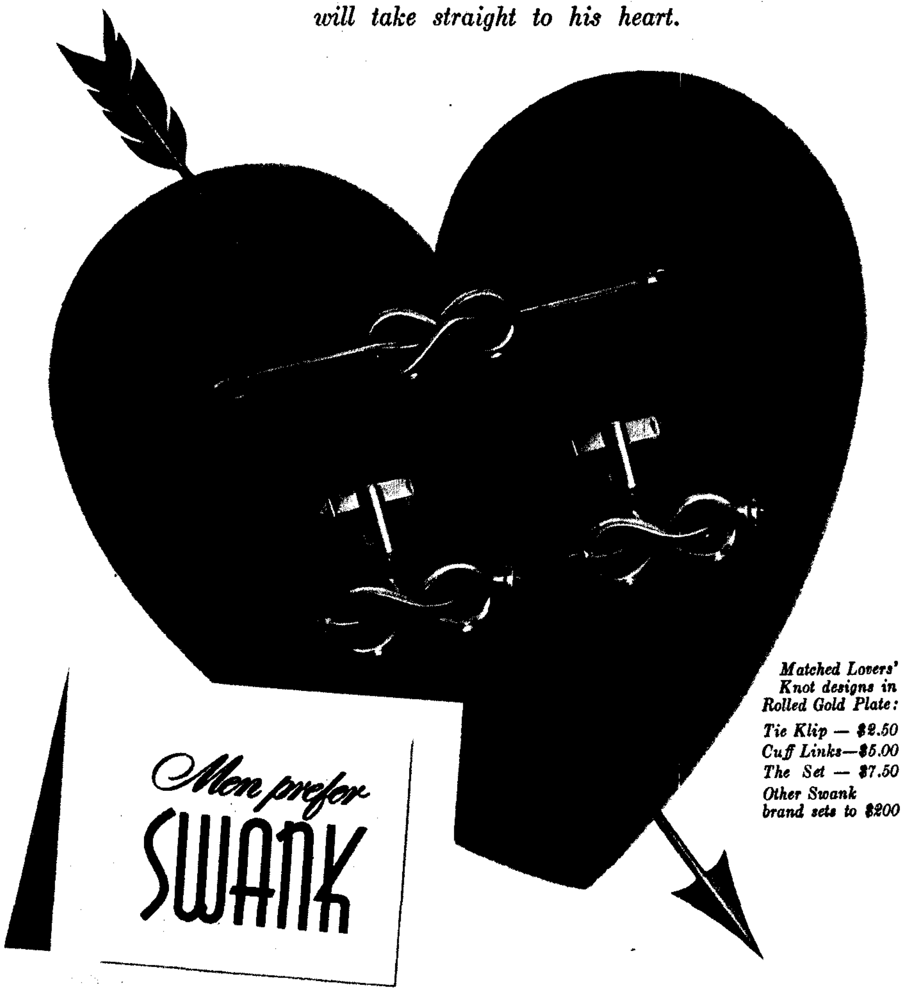


Bald-headed referee playfully wears a woman's red wig, indulges the girls, but has to blow the whistle when one of them tries garroting

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Straight to his heart

A SWANK gift never misses—and what could be more appropriate than these lovers' knot cuff links and tie Klip as a Valentine's Day surprise? Their design symbolizes the occasion; their smart good taste your regard for him. A handsome twosome your one and only will take straight to his heart.



Matched Lovers' Knot designs in Rolled Gold Plate:
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scheduled games in thirty-eight states—which makes them the hardest-working girls in professional sports.

If you're one of those who have bemoaned the passing of the lusty spirit of fun and frolic from the American scene, hitch a ride in the station wagon which the Red Heads have dubbed The Nellie J. Bly. It'll show you how far Hollywood's glamor queens have drifted from the main currents of American escapism.

Sex appeal, as merchandised by Hollywood, consists largely of hearsay and a shadow on the screen. But night after night, the Red Heads dish it out right in front of the paying customers. Far from being remote and inaccessible, they sometimes fly bodily into the laps of the spectators. This makes no small impression, especially if it happens to have Walker's 170 pounds of shapely heft behind it.

"If we've got glamor," says Captain Daniels modestly, "then it consists of 99 per cent perspiration."

Rely on Feminine Guile

As basketball players, the Red Heads are fast and tricky. But they're the first to admit that the best girl players in the world don't have a real chance against a male team of average speed and stamina—unless, of course, they draw on other resources to ensnare, bedizen, slow down and generally foul up their opponents. Every girl is free to develop her own style.

Mary Alice Hatcher, playing guard, is partial to the "Honey, you is irresistible" approach. At 17, this six-foot Colquitt, Georgia, farm girl, better known as Peachie, is the baby of the team, and the clinging-vine attitude comes easily. Playing opposite No. 22, she is apt to slip her arm through his and ask him what he *really* wants out of life. Whenever he makes a successful play, she regards him with equal parts of awe and wistfulness and pats him lovingly on the back as they return to their side of the court.

"Tell me," she may inquire with charming irrelevancy, "is it true that you're sho-nuff engaged to be married?" A man just can't play his best defensive game against a pretty blonde from Georgia who finds the whole thing just too confusin' for words.

On the basketball floor, another technique that seldom misses fire is the "Wouldn't it be nice if we could just sit down somewhere and talk?" This is the invention of 24-year-old Mary McGee, who carries it to the lengths of necromancy.

Standing six feet two inches, Mary is not exactly inconspicuous on the court. But such is the spell she weaves during the first ten minutes or so of play that by the second quarter it takes only her "Let's sit this one out" to bring a victim down on the floor with his arm around her—during a free throw, naturally, when the others are all grouped around the basket.

The man seldom knows what has happened till the whistle blows and the referee—at Turner's instigation—runs over to penalize the man for holding.

This never fails to bring a big howl from the audience. At times, though, McGee has gotten more response than she bargained for.

"Hey, that's my husband," yelled a spectator from the top of the stands and started climbing down over the audience's lap.

"Take it easy, lady," Turner called back. "That's my wife."

Turner, a former professional who started managing the girls after mustering out of the 8th Air Force last year, married McGee in California last year—thus making her the first and only married member of the team. He doesn't in the least mind his wife's antics on the floor. "She's built up a natural immunity to basketball players," he explains.

By the end of the third quarter, the Red Heads are usually leading by 10 or 20 points. But they know the honeymoon is over. From here on in, the men always give it everything they've got. The girls, however, get a bonus for every game they win—and they manage to win about half the time.

They've still got a couple of tricks that are always good for points—as well as laughs. Both exploit the fact that little Allegra Stubby Winter of Parkston, South Dakota, is only five feet two inches tall.

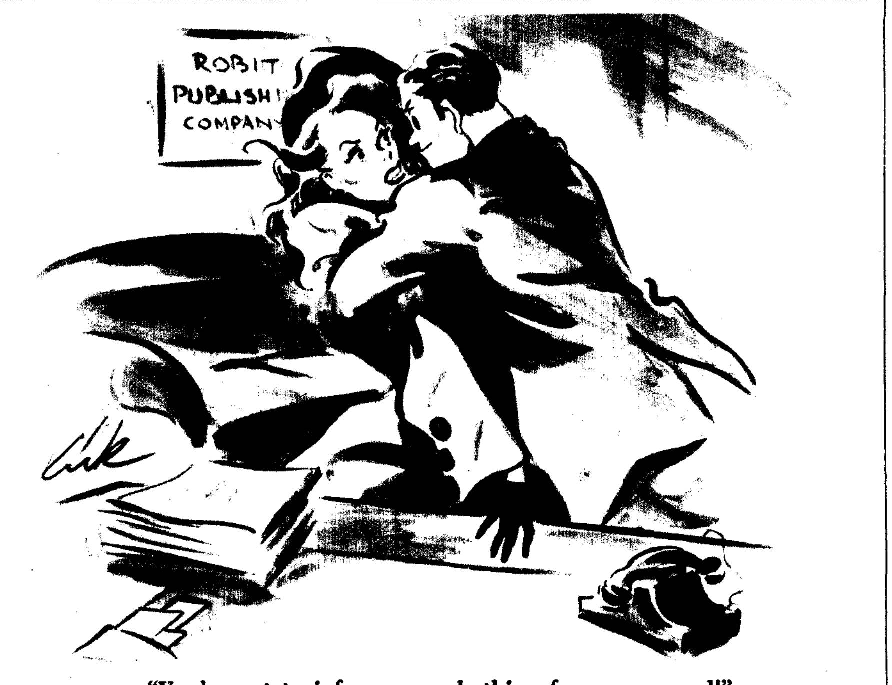
One play has Ruth Haines and Winter passing the ball down the court with Love right under the basket. Naturally, Love is strongly covered. So Stubby jumps on her shoulders, catches the ball from Haines, and simply drops it into the basket. It's not in the rule books. But then what's a little girl to do?

Hy Peskin, the photographer who traveled with the Red Heads for five days while putting their cavortings into Kodachromes, developed a real affection for the whole group and found it hard to say goodby. But because Hy is from Brooklyn, his gift for saying the right thing at the right time never fails him:

"Red Heads," he told them in farewell, "you kill me."

That, in varying degrees, is the effect they have on basketball teams and spectators wherever they play.

THE END



COLLIER'S "You're not to infer any such thing from my novel!" KIRK STILES

HOUSING: THE SOLUTION

Continued from page 13

"curse of bigness" in business. In home building it's the curse of littleness.

Why doesn't the government do something? It has already helped clean house in the financing of homes. Usurious mortgage-interest rates have been lowered; short-term and second mortgages, rocks on which millions of homeowners once foundered, are now a rarity.

But even such necessary reforms leave the real causes of high housing prices untouched. Even if you cut interest rates 20 per cent, your monthly payment declines only about 4 per cent, according to NHA. But if you cut actual construction costs, you really cut something. Reduce such costs one fifth, and you cut your monthly payments by almost one fifth.

For Reform of the Industry

"The obsolete building industry should be overhauled," Beardsley Ruml, ex-chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of N. Y. and author of the Ruml Pay-As-You-Go tax plan, told us. "The restrictive measures in the industry are in many cases ingenious, in some cases, illegal, in all cases for the purpose of price maintenance and control of competition. It is unwholesome in the national interest to go along indefinitely with an industry which, for its own survival, has to have a considerable element of the outlaw in it."

While it's relatively easy to set up an FHA to insure mortgage loans and reform home-financing practices, coming to grips with the intrenched practices of unions, suppliers and manufacturers' organizations—as the Justice Department found—is something else again.

Who is going to bell the cat? Just as responsible bankers realized at the turn of the century that our banking system needed reform and supported the move that led to the Federal Reserve System, so leading builders now would welcome outside help to bring order into their industry.

David Bohannon, the San Francisco builder who put up a community of 1,500 homes, schools and shops during the war, believes a nation-wide inquiry to "fathom the reasons for high building costs," has been long due. With all his mass-production methods, Bohannon's houses still cost $8,800 and may go higher, because he has not been able to crack the hard core of the system resting on subcontractors, restrictive labor and suppliers' practices.

Ellis Stoneson, another San Francisco builder employing the "California Method" of mass-producing houses by precutting lumber and preassembling parts of the house off the site, also told us a probe of building costs is needed.

Frank Sharp, Houston, Texas, builder, would particularly welcome an inquiry into the distribution of gypsum, plasterboard and other basic materials which Sharp contends keep costs up and production down.

In housing there have been many investigations. Congressional committees, studying our booms and depressions, found the building industry to be an economic laggard—the last to climb atop a prosperity band wagon, the first to fall off. The Twentieth Century Fund, a private and conservative research institution, published a book of bristling findings on the housing industry, concluding, "There is real doubt that under its traditional methods of operation . . . the industry can supply the need."

When the country needed synthetic rubber during the war but was bogged down in conflicting claims as to how to produce it, President Roosevelt named Bernard Baruch to investigate rubber and recommend a program for producing it. Aided by America's leading technologists, Baruch sorted out competing production methods and came up with a program that gave America rubber. The housing crisis deserves no less attention.

One builder has come up with a plan. "As a first step," Philip Klutznick, onetime head of the Federal Public Housing Authority who is now engaged in large-scale building in Chicago, told us, "the President should appoint a housing commission representing government, industry and labor.

"This commission should see what's behind high costs, examine restrictive practices, obstructive codes and zoning laws. Within a year it should submit a report to the President and Congress which would:

"1 . . . Name the restrictive practices that must be eliminated.

"2 . . . Outline a uniform building code with provisions for local variations where necessary.

"3 . . . Suggest action by government, the states, the municipalities, industry and labor."

To put a bite in the recommendations, no federal agency should extend credit or other housing assistance to communities that don't abide by the program, Klutznick suggested.

Until home-building costs are slashed, all other attempts to cope with America's housing needs will fall flat. San Francisco, for instance, has already purchased land and has funds for clearing slums, but construction costs are so high that the project must wait.

Middle Classes Are Ruled Out

"How can you build low-cost, slum-clearance housing when costs are so high that the middle classes can't even afford to buy homes or rent new apartments?" a housing official asked us. Clearing slums at high cost, lengthening the term for repayment of mortgages, lowering interest rates merely serve to hide the inefficiency of an anarchic industry and put off the day when it must clean house.

Yet, until comes the revolution in the building industry, either through its own efforts or by pressure from outside, shelter must be provided for jammed Americans. The Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill, passed by the Senate last year but stymied in a House committee, sought to encourage apartment construction by insuring the profits of builders. It would revive slum clearance by broadening the program undertaken in the National Housing Act of 1937 and abandoned during the war. The bill would unify all government housing activities under one agency.

All these are necessary measures. But "the real guts of the housing problem," as Lewis Douglas, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, told a Senate committee, "is the problem of costs, the problem of pushing the price down and down through technological improvements so that houses can come within the reach of millions of people."

Until this is done, the housing industry remains a luxury trade charging luxury prices for a basic necessity. While only a small sliver of America's families can afford to buy $10,000 and $15,000 and $20,000 houses, many will do so anyway in desperation. The stage is again set for the tragedy of the '30s.

The curtain is going up on the familiar story that begins with rocketing prices and ends with the heartbreak of foreclosures and lost homes. Will we sit helplessly through to the bitter end, or will we rewrite the story while there is still time?

THE END

hit the deck
in
"HIGH"

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One reason Ovaltine helps build vitality for thousands—it is *specially processed for easy digestion*, so you can get the good from it while you are sleeping, to restore vigor and energy.

Maybe you won't actually *leap* out of bed! But thousands do report this—they wake up considerably fresher and more vital in the morning when they drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night!

For Ovaltine does these things, to bring buoyant morning freshness:

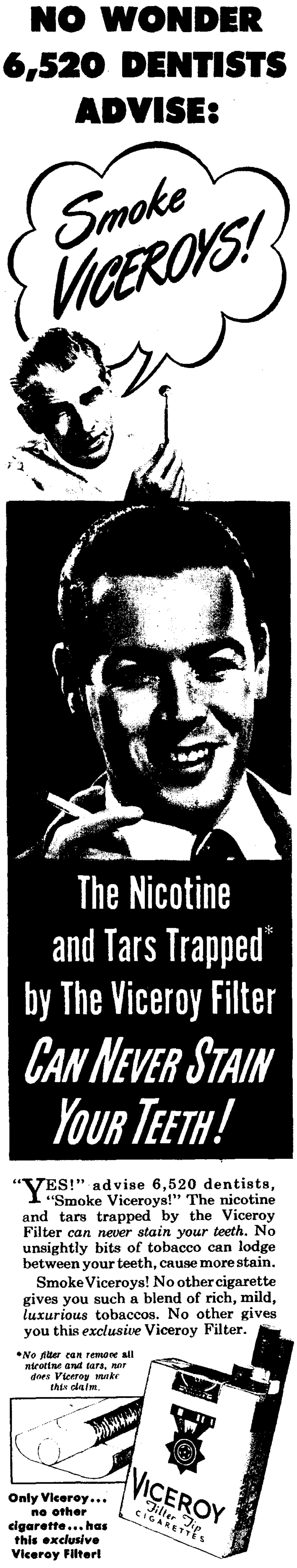
First, taken warm at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep, without drugs.

Second, it supplies specially processed food elements to rebuild vitality *while you sleep!*

Third, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals in a delicious, *more natural* way for all-round health and vigor.

So—if you haven't been waking up "alive" and peppy lately, why not try Ovaltine awhile? It's a delicious drink—you'll like it—and it can make a big difference in the way you sleep—and in the way you feel in the morning!

Ovaltine
PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



NO WONDER 6,520 DENTISTS ADVISE:

Smoke VICEROYS!

The Nicotine and Tars Trapped* by The Viceroy Filter CAN NEVER STAIN YOUR TEETH!

"YES!" advise 6,520 dentists, "Smoke Viceroys!" The nicotine and tars trapped by the Viceroy Filter *can never stain your teeth.* No unsightly bits of tobacco can lodge between your teeth, cause more stain.

Smoke Viceroys! No other cigarette gives you such a blend of rich, mild, *luxurious* tobaccos. No other gives you this *exclusive* Viceroy Filter.

Only Viceroy... no other cigarette... has this exclusive Viceroy Filter!

**No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

carefully aside to be read at every Christmas season in our household. I know that many others are doing the same.

Mrs. Doris Elizabeth Sherry,
Hollywood, Calif.

. . . I have been greatly interested in the Christmas cover . . . on this campus we have a lovely little chapel on which there is a bas-relief of Dürer's Praying Hands . . . The motif runs all through the building . . .

Horace G. Smith,
President, Garrett Biblical Institute,
Evanston, Ill.

. . . The cover affected me strangely. That muddy, sickening purple color behind the hands is not the color for the Christmas season. The traditional color is blue; in strict interpretation, white. Purple is for Advent, Lent and penitential seasons. . . .

Marie Armstrong Essipoff,
Terryville, N. Y.

. . . I wish to express appreciation for the prayer by Dr. Samuel Harkness. It is an exquisitely wrought expression.

Clarice M. Bowman,
General Board of Education, Methodist
Church, Nashville, Tenn.

SCENTSIBLE REMARKS

Editor Week's Mail: If you hung your caption writer "by the lip till he blubbers" for calling a walrus the lip of a whale, what punishment can you dish out for the one who wrote "Gathering tuberoses for the perfume factories" (The Sweetest Town on Earth, p. 12, Dec. 28th) under the picture of pink carnations? Birney Marble, Allegan, Mich.

How about hanging him by the rose till he stinks?

. . . In The Sweetest Town on Earth—"Grasse has only 20,000 inhabitants who eat 60,000 meals a day composed entirely of garlic." Tell me, are they healthy without any other vegetable, no fruits, no milk, no meat, no sweets—just garlic? I await your reply breathlessly—but not as breathless as I would in Grasse midst the results of 60,000 garlic meals a day. No wonder they make perfume! *Mon Dieu!*

Frank Peterson, Santa Monica, Calif.

UNMISERABLE MOTHERHOOD

Dear Editor: I was amused at the different viewpoints expressed about Dr. Sawyer's article Motherhood Without Misery (The Week's Mail, Dec. 28th). Seems to me some women just hate to give in to new ideas. They have always received special favors and attentions from those around them, when pregnant, and so hate anyone to think it is an easy matter to have a baby. I for one agree with Dr. Sawyer and wrote him asking for more information, for I am to have my third child soon. Mrs. E. Taylor,
R. D. 1, Washington, N. J.

. . . Our city of Flint has an organization to combat the fear of motherhood and to accent the beauty of childbirth: the Clara Elizabeth Fund for Maternal Health. It is not for expectant parents only but for our youngsters as well, teaches the process and beauty of childbirth to our junior- and senior-high and junior-college students . . .

Mrs. Ward Oberholtzer, Flint, Michigan

. . . Ted Shane's vilifying and erroneous report of a discussion I had with the "cop on the beat" (Week's Work, Dec. 21st) on Motherhood Without Misery, forces me to correct him on two major points. (1) The cop was not a foot and a half taller than I, as I wore my Adler shoes on the occasion. (2) The exact words used by the cop were "I have no hesitation in declaring that the eminent obstetrician is promulgating a thesis entirely at variance with the experience of the progenitrix of my three boys," not as he quoted, "That's a lotta baloney!"

I am advised by a friend from Philadelphia that I can sue you for *"Ad captandum vulgus," "Ad absurdum,"* and *"Ad nauseam."* Archie McMaster,
Collier's Bldg., N. Y.

HOW TO HANG A DEER

Gentlemen: I read with interest and some amusement Mr. Williams' letter requesting the proper method of hanging a deer (Week's Mail, Dec. 28th). As a former Class-A Guide for the State of Maine, I have been hanging deer from their heads for years with the hind legs just clear of the ground and held apart by a spreader. This permits proper drainage of the remaining blood which if allowed to stay in the deer may produce a strong flavor in the meat. The forelegs behind the antlers is to facilitate easier loading onto a car after the deer has become stiff.

This must be quite a trick with a doe, although does have been shot with a fine set of antlers.

Frederick F. Rowland, Fitchburg, Mass.

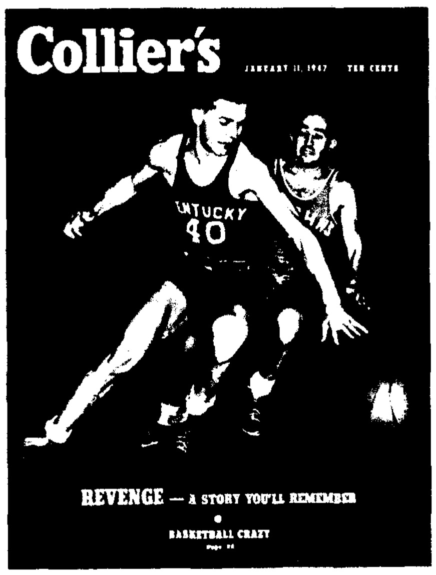
. . . A deer is seldom properly hung in the woods. Heads or tails, it should be skinned and dressed if hung in the woods. It was never given a hide to keep it cool. It must be skinned to cool, if you want good meat.

Three Hunters, Yelm, Wash.
Barney D. Lee
Joe Prince
Joe Prince, Jr.

DRIBBLE WIZARD

Dear Sirs: Do I recognize No. 40 on your swell Jan. 11th basketball cover? It's a wonderful photograph.

Ed Magdoll, Brooklyn, N. Y.



You certainly do. He's Rapid Ralph Beard, Kentucky's crack dribbler and All-America candidate. David Peskin snapped him in action against St. John's of New York at Madison Square Garden.

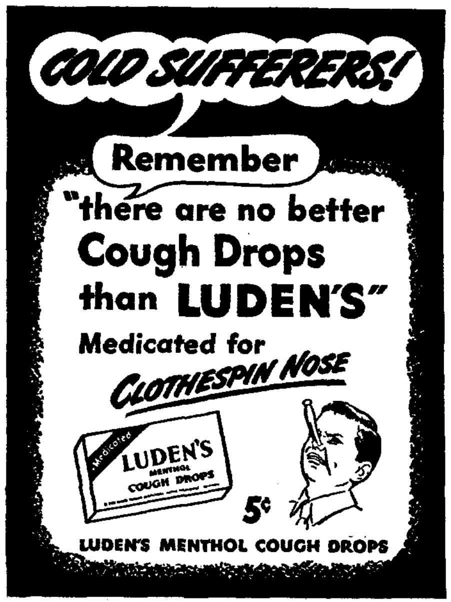
BATS IN THE BELFRY

Dear Editor: In Daniel P. Mannix' Monsters in Miniature (Jan. 11th), he states he went down the rope for seventy-five feet, and before jumping the rest of the way, "I hung there knowing I could never climb up hand over hand, especially with a knapsack on my back containing sixty pounds of equipment."

If he couldn't go back up with all that weight, how'd he finally manage to get out to write his story, especially when he had a bunch of bats to boot to lug out with him?

Ann Gellen, Lawrence, Kan.

Why, he just batted his way out.



COLD SUFFERERS!

Remember "there are no better Cough Drops than LUDEN'S"

Medicated for CLOTHESPIN NOSE

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

SOOTHE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES THIS AMAZING WAY

- Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo Ointment—acts instantly to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—acts to reduce swelling. It's wonderful!

So, to speed this relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo Ointment. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists in tubes complete with perforated pile pipe—also tins and handy suppositories.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE. Write for it.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to** give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 4623, Detroit 4, Mich.**

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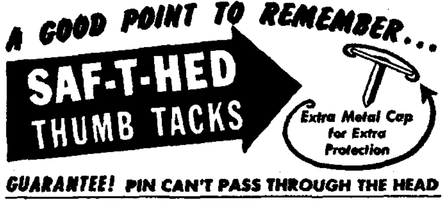


A GOOD POINT TO REMEMBER...

SAF-T-HED THUMB TACKS

Extra Metal Cap for Extra Protection

GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

I BANISHED DRAGGLE-TOP (Disorderly—Unruly Hair) This EASY WAY

Rub a few drops of SURLAY on your hair; comb; presto—*Draggle-Top* is gone! Gives you new confidence; holds hair in place; helps control dandruff; gives lustrous healthy looking hair. Look your best, with—

50¢

Sur-Lay HAIR DRESSING

AT DRUG STORES • BARBER SHOPS

STEAM-HEATED SOUBRETTE

Continued from page 14

her tiny ears with something vulgarly modern by O'Neill; then on to a gay, gay hot spot—with a private dining room for two, champagne from Miss Kay's slipper—and old memories.

"Ah, the nostalgia of it all!" sighs Miss Kay dramatically, then adds practically, "My idea of night life is a cup of cocoa at 9:30 at my New Jersey farm when I'm not working—then bed. I think it's unsanitary to drink out of shoes, and besides I'm happily married."

At first Miss Kay found it hard to be turned into a mumbling, toothless crone by success. It took a severe talking to from her husband, one Sylvan Green, song writer and her arranger and composer, to convince her that it was only the penalty of perfection. "You have gone to a lot of trouble to make yourself Miss Gay Nineties," insisted Sylvan. "You have fooled people. You have only yourself to blame."

So Miss Kay froze her tender years in the early thirties, and in time got used to the vanity-prickings, as she got used to the fat checks that began to bounce in with success. She now begins her personal-appearance stints with a song called They Stuck Me with a Bustle. As she sings, she sheds boas, bustles and Victorian ahems, emerging a slinky thing, as modern as a wired bra. It keeps her young.

Family Slightly Theatrical

This gaslight glamor girl was born in the Bronx in New York, X years ago, of Dutch-English descent. Her grandfather made cigars alongside Oscar Hammerstein, the elder—but died a cigar maker. Her aunts were theatrical costumers; her mother and father frustrated performers. Her debut took place at two months in the Bronx, when her dad carried her on stage during an amateur performance. She's an only child.

As soon as she could toddle, she did impromptu dramatizations of New York street fights, and sang I've Got My Mother's Dweat Bid Boo Eyes, in the soubrette manner, for all who'd listen. At the ripe old age of six, she debuted professionally with the old McCauley Stock Company in Louisville, Kentucky, playing the heavily curled Little Lord Fauntleroy.

By 7½, the essential Kay had crystallized. She joined a kiddie act called Daintyland, and for $30 a week, she played violin, tap- and toe-danced, and did imitations, including that of a large Italian lady singing When Rosie Racoola Does the Hula Mavoola, She Goes All Around like a Biggada Foola! Starting around Philadelphia on a local vaudeville circuit called Zablotsky Time, and with Mama and Papa as guardians, Beatrice did one-night stands, playing anywhere from two to ten shows a day.

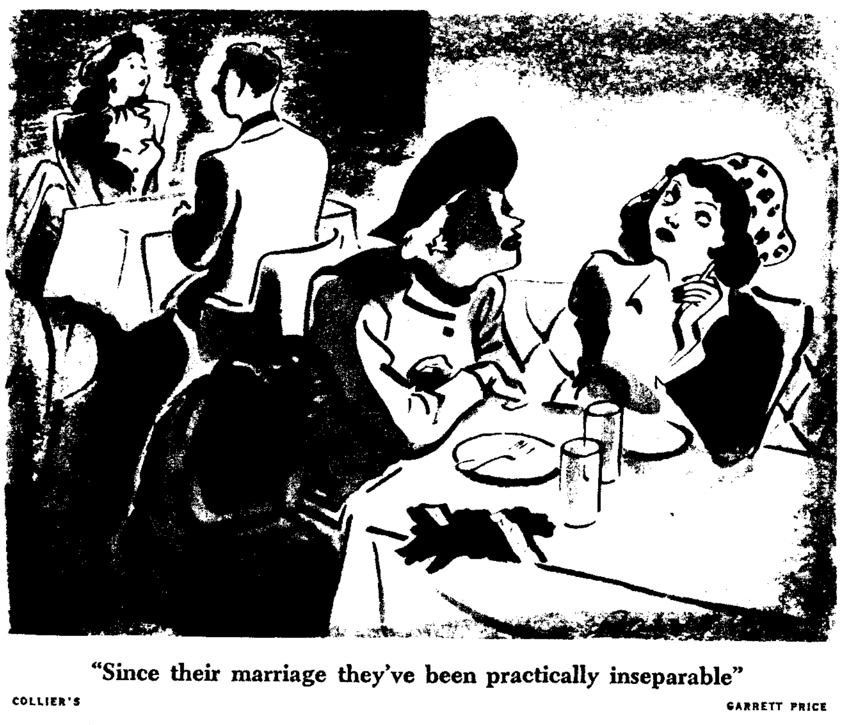
Daintyland persisted for four years, when the kiddies grew less dainty. (Its members—except for George Gershwin's sister, who did a gazotsky dance in it—have since disappeared.) The Kays got up an act for little Beatrice, which included an imitation of Ethel Barrymore doing the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet.

When the act folded, she doubled for Madge Evans, the Shirley Temple of her day, at the Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios. Beatrice fell off horses in long shots for Madge; Madge got all the credit and money.

Even at 9, the years began to tell on Miss Kay. I saw her picture at the time—it was the face of a Woman who had Lived, and had drained Life to the Dregs. It was a face without a body to support it: She was, and still is, tiny. Her nickname then was Midge, short for Midget. One day she and her mother trudged from the ferry terminal to the Fort Lee studios to answer a casting call. She was worn and haggard when Maurice Tourneur, the director, looked her over. "Go away!" he stormed. "We don't want any midgets!"

"The only things I haven't played," she tells me, "are burlesque, the Chautauqua circuit and river boats. I don't know how I've missed them. Oh, yes—I've never been a chorus girl." The latter omission seems to have irked Miss Kay. For while her sisters of the chorus met young millionaires after the show, Kay, who usually played the comedienne, met her mother.

It was as Honey Kay she broke onto Broadway, playing a little bearded old man in a music-box number in John Murray Anderson's What's in a Name? Harassed by the Gerry Society because of her great youth, she began blithely adding (or subtracting) years to fit the job. Once while attending the Professional Children's School in New York (she was educated largely by correspondence course with this school), she donned a dress of her ma's and applied for a



"Since their marriage they've been practically inseparable"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

All furs aren't Mink!

All adhesive bandages aren't BAND-AID*

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson

PLAIN PAD
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NEVER NEGLECT THE TINIEST CUT!

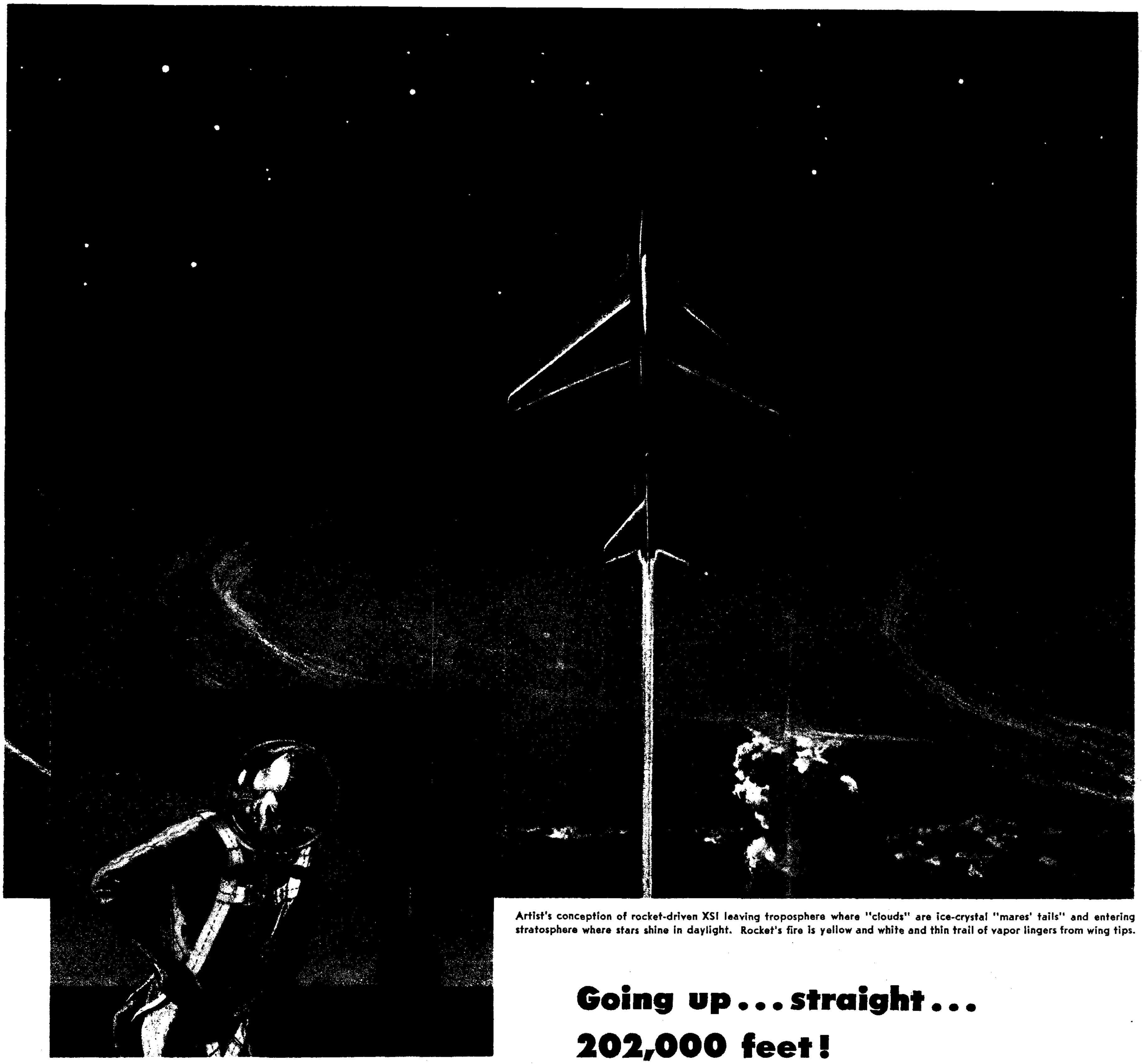
Any tiny cut or blister can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on a BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

3 out of 4 families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages. Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other adhesive bandage.

Keep one box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.



Artist's conception of rocket-driven XSI leaving troposphere where "clouds" are ice-crystal "mares' tails" and entering stratosphere where stars shine in daylight. Rocket's fire is yellow and white and thin trail of vapor lingers from wing tips.

The skin-tight high-altitude suit which permits Army men to live normally as high as 200,000 feet above the earth

Going up . . . straight . . . 202,000 feet!

This amazing bit of "greased lightning" you see may literally carry its pilot out of this world. That is, the parts of this world that man has inhabited thus far. In fact, it is expected to journey into the upper stratosphere, some 200,000 feet above the earth where there isn't sufficient atmospheric pressure to sustain life.

The plane itself is remarkable, for it is propelled by rockets built to drive it at speeds as high as 1700 miles an hour up to 138,000 feet. Then, sheer momentum may enable it to *coast* on up to 202,000 feet!

Almost as remarkable as the plane is the suit which the pilot wears to keep him alive at these incredible altitudes. A great deal of scientific research has gone into its making to permit flexibility and compensate for the lack of pressure in the stratosphere. Oxygen is fed through a pressure helmet.

Both plane and suit are the results of experiments and developments of the U. S. Army Air Forces, working hand in hand with civilian science and industry. They will permit studies hitherto impossible in the upper atmosphere . . . studies which may prove of enormous value to mankind.

Throughout the Army Air Forces, and the whole new Regular Army, there are countless similar research projects under way this very minute. Every field of science is being explored to assure utmost protection for your nation.

To the individual who joins the Army, this research means training and experience he could not get anywhere else. He is given the opportunity to study and master skills which pave the way for a valuable career in the future. He may acquire technical knowledge not available to him outside the Army. His is a career to be envied.

Enlistments are open in the new Regular Army, to young men 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). New higher pay, good food, clothing, quarters, medical and dental care, and many other advantages make the Army one of the most attractive openings to be found today. For full details, apply at your U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

Listen to *"Sound Off," "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail"* on your radio.

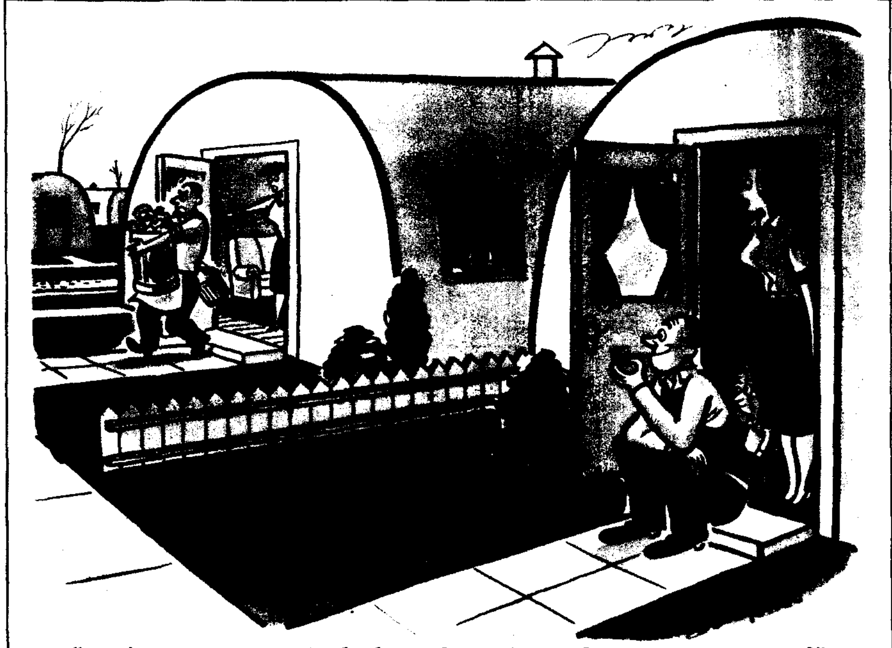
U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW supposed ingenue part in Margaret Lawrence's Secrets.

It turned out that Sam Forrest, the director, didn't want an ingenue, he wanted a British child of about Beatrice's real age. Bursting into tears, and in an accent you could pour over a bloater, Beatrice confessed the hoax, begged for a further audition. This was granted, and the performance she gave had the genuine Britishers present murmuring admiringly that Miss Kay was like a breath of old Piccadilly! The rest of the "cahst" began sharpening its own accent on hers. One night after the show opened, she forgot herself and lapsed back into her normal tones. But it was too late—she was in!

"I happen to be very versatile," Miss Kay explained to me. "What I can't do naturally, I fake. A few years ago I was terrified because I had to sing the part of Marsha in a revival of The Chocolate Soldier. I knew if I sang it straight, they'd ask me who was I kidding. So I gave an imitation of an opera star singing the numbers. My first song was a duet with the tenor. It went off so well, we got encores."

After a tour of Australia and South Africa in Sunny, a fling at singing briefly clad in the Paris night clubs, and a short-lived marriage to C. Hartley Grattan, the literary man, Miss Kay decided to call it a day. She was through, finished—she'd be a housewife. She retired to a flat in Greenwich Village, New York, made her own curtains, cut her own hair, gave beer-and-hot-dog parties to the intelligentsia, tried a little writing of her own.



"Don't you ever get tired of watching that ex-lieutenant doing KP?"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

First Buds of a Romance

Soon she found herself dropping into Sam Schwartz' speak-easy in the Village and singing request numbers for the customers. In time she was teamed with Sylvan Green, who played piano and put on the shows at Schwartz'. At first Kay & Green took to each other as cat does to dog. Because she had the confidence to sing only one song, Feeling Good, from Joe Cook's Rain or Shine, Green called her the One-Song Dame. Because he said she stank and urged her to wrap her voice in the flag for her finishes, Kay called him Svengali.

There was nothing romantic about the new team of Kay & Green, Sophisticated Songs & Chatter for the Place Intime, when it left Schwartz' Blue Angel, and took to the night-life cellars. "It was strictly business," says Kay. "We were both disillusioned with romance. We wanted nothing of the stuff."

So they were married.

Kay & Green played so many cellars they began to develop mole habits. The act consisted of Beatrice giving Impressions to End All Impressions. When the flat-chested, diamond-crusted Park Avenue deb began to invade the night spots, and took the bread and champagne out of the mouths of honest working girls like Miss Kay, Beatrice added an Impression of a Debutramp Performing in a Night Club. It was devastating. When Lucienne Boyer came to America and found it convenient to forget that Beatrice knew her when, back in the Paris days, Beatrice slayed 'em with a vitriolic lampoon of a snooty visiting French chantootsie that had Miss Boyer calling her old pal *"une vache"* in private. "Publicly she spoke no Eengleesh!" explains Beatrice.

The act began to get so sophisticated it could fit only in a few spots on the saloon circuit, and be understood by only a handful of the *cognoscenti*. One night Beatrice made the mistake of trying to sing straight at a new hot spot. Cries of "Get her!" and "Get lost!" with which Broadway characters register their disapproval, greeted her. It made a severe dent in the Kay pride—and earnings. (For five years thereafter, the director of the stage fare at the Roxy refused to book her, remembering the shuddering experience.)

One day about this time, Billy Rose sent for Miss Kay and asked her to get up a song from the Nineties for a show he was planning. She found herself singing Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay in the Diamond Horseshoe, a bustled bit with a factory-whistle voice, surrounded by a squad of overstuffed Floradora show gals. Opening Christmas night, 1939, Beatrice tarara-boomed for 17 straight months. "I sang at the beginning of the show," reminisces Miss Kay, "when the waiters were rattling the silverware and the folks were crunching bones. Nobody knew I was there, but I was a big success. Seventeen months at $75 a week runs into money."

A call came one day from a program director friend at CBS. President Paley of that network wanted a Gay Nineties show. Did they know anything about such a thing.

"No," replied Mr. Green, "but we'll be right over."

They talked it over, and the Greens went to work. Nights Beatrice sang at the Horseshoe or doubled with Sylvan at other clubs. Days went into research. They dug up and listened to hundreds of old Edison cylinder recordings; ransacked music-publishing houses and moldy music racks; dug up old-time singers and composers; studied costumes, manners, and the very breathing inflections of the shirtwaist era. They thus became walking museums of period song.

The Gay Nineties Revue, with Kay at the voice, and Green anonymously at the musical controls, soon went on the air. Beatrice got $21 a show; Green, $19. By 1940 the show was the best-known sustaining program on the air—and their salaries shot to $25 and $21, respectively. A few hundred Strawberry Blondes later, came a sponsor—and the gold rush!

With success, the Greens decided to come up for air. Having spent most of their married life together in airless saloons and glamorous cellars, they moved from their midtown apartment into a charming New York City suburb called Closter, New Jersey. Just nine miles from the George Washington Bridge, the Greens have holed up rustically in a 260-year-old Dutch farmhouse. The property's called O'Vernacre.

With Tomatoes as a Side Line

True nature lovers, the Greens refuse to cut down light-obstructing trees, and wince at the thought of killing even a weed. Nor will they part with a single smitch of their adjoining 35-acre farm devoted to raising green tomatoes for fine New York restaurants. They bought it from Lloyd's of London for $1,500, and have been offered as much per acre for it since. It faces a Boy Scout camp. When the boys are noisy, Beatrice threatens to open a Girl Scout camp on her property!

The Kay pride, besides the toothbrush racks she's forever transforming from old eyeglass cases, is her Nineties museum. Grateful fans constantly deluge her with costumes, shoes, mustache cups, fans, stuffed owls, iron deer, parasols, furniture, steel engravings and enough Edison phonographs to keep music alive were radio to vanish. During the war Miss Kay regretfully declined a Stanley Steamer; recently she refused the bed Lillian Russell slept in.

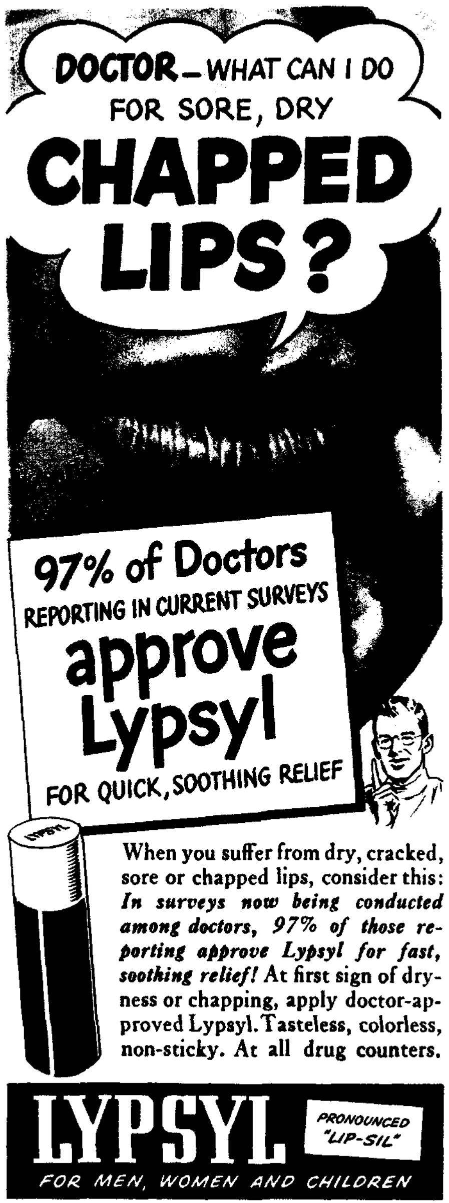
Someone has said, "Maybe Beatrice didn't sing in the Nineties, but when she sings she certainly can be heard that far back!" This was inspired by the fact that Miss Kay's voice has been described as a cross between Tallulah Bankhead's and a stuck factory whistle. Actually, Miss Kay's sandpaper throat is the result of a permanent case of laryngitis. She lost her voice some years ago, and had she followed the advice of the doctors, she probably would not be singing today. By not doing as they advised, she got that quality that stirs Gramp to the boot bottoms.

Nor is she the soul of gentility when she hip-wiggles all out in the Oceana Roll, or lets loose all sixty in Eva Tanguay's I Don't Care. Something gives way in the audience and there are even hecklers. Miss Kay likes to give the latter a flip of the hip and lip. When a gallery goon recently yelled, "Hey, Beatrice, what keeps those shoulder straps up?" she shot back, "Just your age!"

When she asked for request numbers not long ago, someone yelled, "My Mother Was a Lady!" It was but natural for Miss Kay to retort, "You're lucky!" One day a young man in his teens, sitting in the front row, kept a running comment going throughout Miss Kay's performance. When it began to annoy the others, Miss Kay announced in her foghorn tones: "Young man, if you don't shut up, I'll come down and take away your diaper pins!" She gained her point.

So inexhaustible is the craving for old songs, Miss Kay is planning to stay a Gay Ninety for a long time. Sylvan has a repertory of about 10,000 old songs for her to sing, and possibly in 30 years when someone rushes up and cries, "Miss Kay, I heard you 30 years ago; your voice hasn't changed a bit!"—she won't be able to deny it.

THE END



DOCTOR—WHAT CAN I DO FOR SORE, DRY CHAPPED LIPS?

97% of Doctors REPORTING IN CURRENT SURVEYS approve Lypsyl FOR QUICK, SOOTHING RELIEF

When you suffer from dry, cracked, sore or chapped lips, consider this: ***In surveys now being conducted among doctors, 97% of those reporting approve Lypsyl for fast, soothing relief!*** At first sign of dryness or chapping, apply doctor-approved Lypsyl. Tasteless, colorless, non-sticky. At all drug counters.

LYPSYL PRONOUNCED "LIP-SIL"

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

IN THE BAG WITH THE *Lucky Ball*

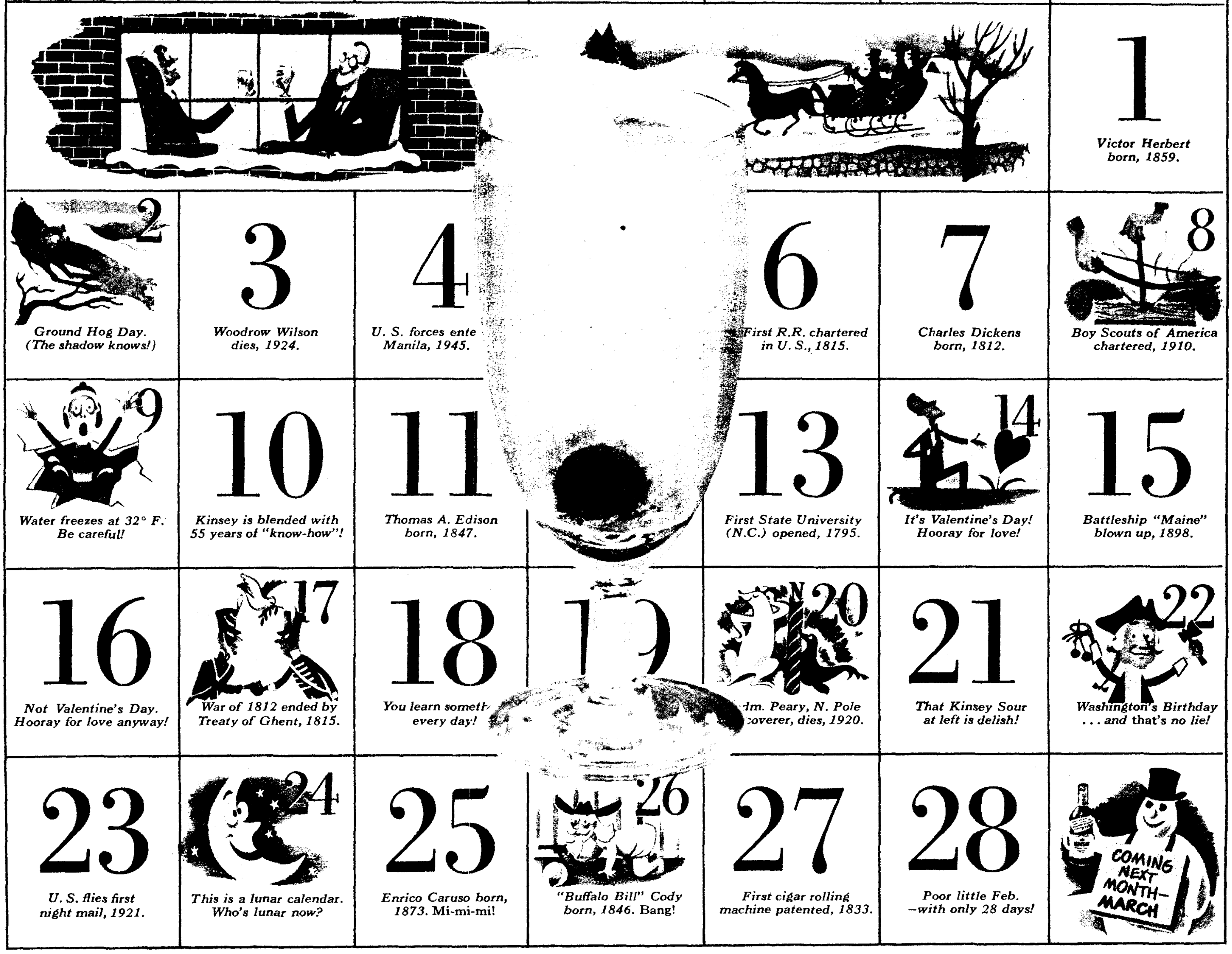
A seasoned bowler knows what his own shoes mean to his game. That's why tournament teams and keglers everywhere go for these black or brown kangaroo oxfords—full calf lined, sturdy Goodyear welts, with built-in arch supports for tension-free pin busting. That's why Hyde shoes are "in the bag with the lucky ball" for higher scores and longer bowling comfort.

Remember, there's a Hyde-crafted shoe for every sport!

HYDE ATHLETIC SHOE CO.

CAMBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS

KINSEY'S FEBRUARY CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 Victor Herbert born, 1859.
2 Ground Hog Day. (The shadow knows!)	3 Woodrow Wilson dies, 1924.	4 U. S. forces ente Manila, 1945.		6 First R.R. chartered in U. S., 1815.	7 Charles Dickens born, 1812.	8 Boy Scouts of America chartered, 1910.
9 Water freezes at 32° F. Be careful!	10 Kinsey is blended with 55 years of "know-how"!	11 Thomas A. Edison born, 1847.		13 First State University (N.C.) opened, 1795.	14 It's Valentine's Day! Hooray for love!	15 Battleship "Maine" blown up, 1898.
16 Not Valentine's Day. Hooray for love anyway!	17 War of 1812 ended by Treaty of Ghent, 1815.	18 You learn someth every day!	19	20 dm. Peary, N. Pole coverer, dies, 1920.	21 That Kinsey Sour at left is delish!	22 Washington's Birthday . . . and that's no lie!
23 U. S. flies first night mail, 1921.	24 This is a lunar calendar. Who's lunar now?	25 Enrico Caruso born, 1873. Mi-mi-mi!	26 "Buffalo Bill" Cody born, 1846. Bang!	27 First cigar rolling machine patented, 1833.	28 Poor little Feb. —with only 28 days!	COMING NEXT MONTH—MARCH

In February's leisure hours, Enjoy delicious Kinsey Sours!

February is a short month, but you can make it long on drinking pleasure by mixing your Whiskey Sours with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar or honey . . . 2 oz. of light, rich Kinsey Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass. Fill with soda . . . and decorate with half-slice of lemon and a cherry.

Whatever your favorite drink, try it with Kinsey one of these wintry February days. We think you'll find Kinsey's full-bodied flavor so unusually good you'll stay with it all year 'round.

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the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

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Blended Whiskey
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TURN THE LIGHT ON COMMUNISM

Continued from page 22

with a program of a staff in whom I could not have complete confidence.

Later, the staff released a report and recommendations on health legislation under highly irregular procedure that prompted severe criticism on the floor of the Senate. The report was a favorable recommendation on a highly controversial national health program. It was released with the implication that it had the approval of the sub and full committees.

Similarly, the Kilgore Subcommittee on War Mobilization (of the Military Affairs Committee) and the Murray Special Committee on Small Business had staffs that many senators believed had been infiltrated by fellow travelers.

Why the Senate Withheld Funds

This was one of the major reasons that the Senate was reluctant to provide continued funds for their activities. Privately, many senators were demanding a house cleaning. Proponents carefully promoted national publicity to the effect that Fascist influences were blocking their worthwhile objectives, but it availed them nothing. Actually a large majority of the Senate probably favored the ostensible objectives of these committees (the examination of monopolies, big-business control, international cartels, etc.). But the Senate was dubious of having this work done under the auspices of the existing staffs.

Another previous action of the Senate was aimed directly at fellow-traveler infiltrations on Congressional committee staffs. It was the successful effort of Senator Wherry and others to publicize and curtail the use of borrowed "downtown personnel" from the executive departments in staffing committees.

Naturally, there are many legitimate reasons why at times experts from the executive departments should be available for Congressional committee use. But, when Senators felt that it had become the means whereby Communist sympathizers assembled their cohorts and placed them in a position to scheme from the inside on legislative activities, without any direct lines of responsibility to either the Senate or to the government agency on whose pay roll they were carried—then, the Senate curbed the practice.

As a first step, the Senate required all committees to publish regularly in the Congressional Record pertinent information about borrowed personnel. Later, provisions were made requiring committee personnel to be on the Congressional pay roll. This provided control of funds and a closer check on personnel.

One of the important ways in which fellow travelers on committee staffs have carried on their activities is through the illicit use of committee information. In general, committee staffs participate in executive sessions and have access to committee files, which frequently include private documents which the committee has obtained under subpoena on recommendation of the staff. Unscrupulous employees can give out this information to friends, as a private spying system against their enemies, as an advance tip-off of committee thinking, or as a means of bringing pressure to bear where it might effect a desired course of action.

On several occasions I have had the revealing experience of receiving prompt protests and advice from strange and remote sources the day after I had voiced anti-Communist sentiments or voted contrary to the prevailing Communist party line in executive sessions that were wholly unreported in the press. Such reactions could not occur without an effective grapevine.

Even more insidious is the practice of coloring the information that is disseminated so that local organizations, party-line newspapers, periodicals and circular letters can incite and inspire any desired reaction by high-pressure propaganda techniques. This device is most effective under conditions where the legislation or parliamentary situation is highly complex.

Under the Reorganization Act, powers and procedures of committees have been clarified, various records systematized, and lines of authority more firmly established. The reorganized committees will now be in a position to choose their staffs by majority vote and by careful selection they can weed out the Communists and fellow travelers.

"I hope you'll have it ready by Thursday, because that's Ivy Day at Smith"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"My, but Satan's a stinker, isn't he?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

With regard to minimum wage and FEPC legislation, it is my personal conviction that the Communists and fellow travelers who lobbied on these bills preferred to get no bills at all. I learned after the completion of the Senate hearings on the minimum wage bill that hearing schedules had been rigged to the end that testimony from anti-Communist sources on the bill was not taken, or else received merely as a statement for the record rather than as testimony before the committee. Committee employees are well aware that testimony and information can be made to appear either important or unimportant depending on how it is released or scheduled.

Illustrative of the unscrupulous tactics of Communists or fellow travelers on legislative matters is a personal incident that happened when this legislation was under consideration. A left-wing official of a left-wing union of Milwaukee issued a carefully prepared statement, purportedly on behalf of the Milwaukee County and the state C.I.O. councils, which declared that any "claim" I might have to being a liberal was "blasted" by my record on minimum-wage and FEPC legislation.

Specifically, the statement charged: (1) that I had voted to include the farm parity rider on the minimum wage bill, (2) that I had voted against labor because I voted on one amendment to reduce from 65 cents to 60 cents the minimum wage figure carried in the bill, and (3) that I "sat idly by" while the FEPC was filibustered to death.

Charge Number One was an outright falsehood. I had voted *against* the parity rider on *two* different occasions when the amendment was submitted. The falsehood apparently was intended to be used as a "whipsaw": first, to inflame labor, and then after denials and publicity, when the truth had partially caught up with the falsehood, to inflame the farmer on the other side of the fence.

Charge Number Two was a skillful distortion of fact. It appeared plausible, if no mention were made of the fact that this was a carefully considered compromise on the part of all the genuine proponents of the bill, in an effort to get a measure passed. The Communists wanted no bill. They wanted only an issue to arouse discontent.

Charge Number Three was without basis. I had given full support to the FEPC legislation and had even voted against displacing it with other business when a cloture vote failed.

This particular incident backfired in part. The national legislative representative of the C.I.O. repudiated the charges and requested the local affiliates in Milwaukee to publish the facts. However, the Communist-dominated Wisconsin C.I.O. News, the official state organ which had splashed the original story on its pages, failed to devote a single line of type in retraction or correction.

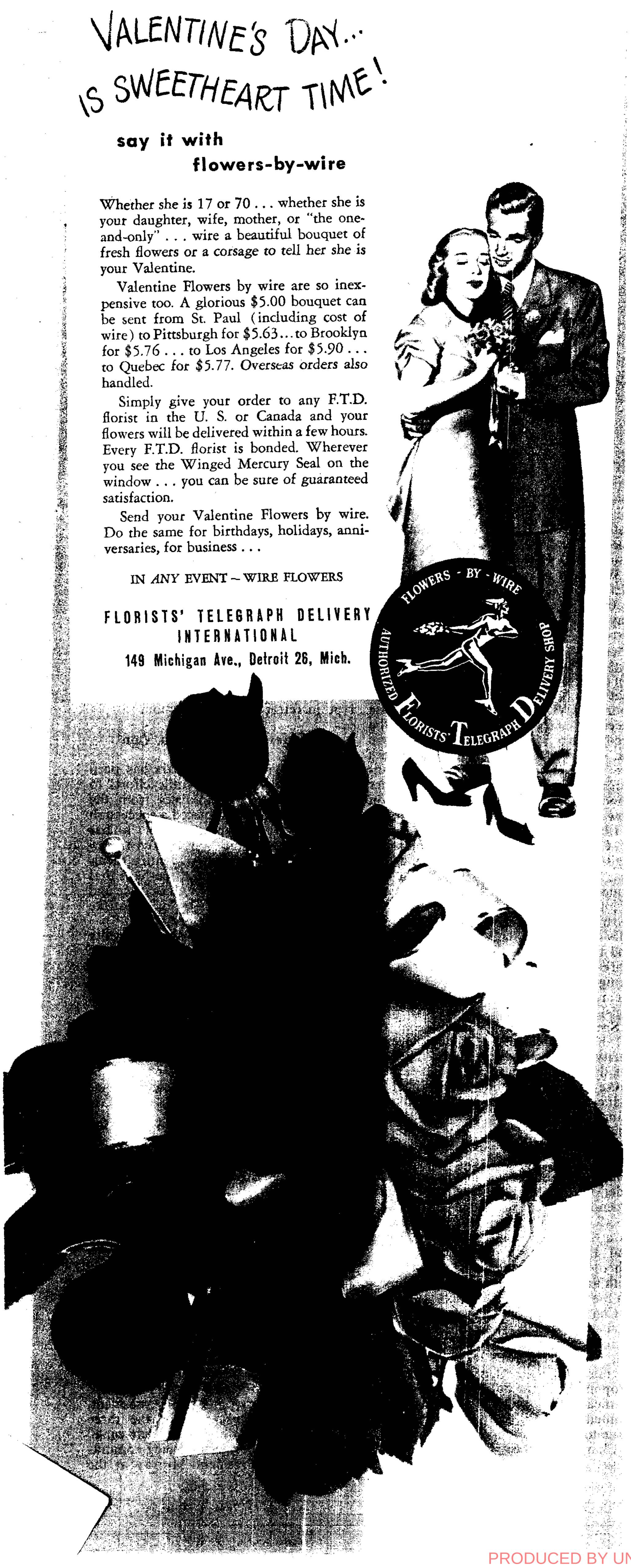
Congress Tries—But in Vain

The Congress in past years has been pursuing persistent but futile efforts to eliminate disloyal employees from the service. Congress has placed a succession of riders on appropriation bills to bar Communists, all on the mistaken theory that they will graciously identify themselves if asked to do so, or perhaps that they will have a twinge of conscience and refuse to sign a loyalty or no-strike pledge! This is a naïve approach.

The difficulties of proving disloyalty charges are great, and the civil rights of employees must be protected from witch hunts. It is clear, however, that the government has not made very serious efforts to investigate questionable employees. In 1945, when the civil service "suitability" investigations were at a peak, only about one person out of every 25 placements was checked. Only 74 persons out of several million placed were declared ineligible on grounds of disloyalty.

In the current fiscal year, the Commission's budget for investigations was cut so drastically that only about 1,500 cases will be investigated. The general need for more investigations is indicated by the size of the so-called "bar" and "flag" files of the Commission, which contain names of persons proved or suspected of disloyalty to the government. In Congressional hearings last year it was reported that these files contained more than 100,000 names. No information has been disclosed as to how many of the suspected cases are in the federal service.

It is no help to the federal service that some of the leaders of one of the major unions of federal workers, the United Public Workers of America, a C.I.O. affiliate, is definitely sympathetic to the Communist party line. Its president, Abram Flaxer, was one of the three members representing the "left-wing" viewpoint on the special policy committee of C.I.O. President Murray at the



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Atlantic City convention last November. This union has frequently vacillated in asserting and then renouncing the right to strike against the government. The "no-strike-against-the-government" rider on Congressional appropriation bills was directed at members of this union.

Any discussion of Communism invariably involves organized labor. Fellow travelers have made some of their most successful forays into this segment of society. Often charges of this nature have been made without justification and with the intent to discredit union labor. Yet, to the credit of labor it must be said that many honest and forward-looking labor leaders and unions are themselves endeavoring to expose and destroy this cancerous growth.

Infiltration of organized labor has been a major objective for Communists for several good reasons. First of all, unions are large in membership. If captured, they represent substantial economic and political power. Secondly, Communism has an appeal to persons who are dissatisfied with their existing status. Communism makes glowing promises, and also works the other side of the street. Communism deliberately encourages discontentment.

Trade unions are by no means uniformly infested. The infiltration is spotty, varying widely from union to union and from one locality to another.

Politics Or Pork Chops

A number of the left-wing unions of the C.I.O. are sympathetic to the Communist party line. The largest of these is the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. Others are Ben Gold's Fur and Leather Workers (he is an avowed Communist); Michael Quill's Transport Workers; Joe Ryan's International Longshoremen (he is not left enough to suit many of his membership); Abram Flaxer's United Public Workers; Reid Robinson's Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers; the Farm Equipment and Metal Workers; the United Furniture Workers; and the American Communications Association. These, among others, are the C.I.O. unions that are "more interested in politics than in pork chops."

The last national conventions of both the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations recognized the gravity of the situation and went on record in opposition to Communism. The A. F. of L. condemned it as a major threat to freedom. Under threat of resigning his leadership, Phil Murray piloted through the C.I.O. convention, unanimously and without debate, a "resent and reject" resolution. Dissatisfied anti-Communists pointed out that Communists had voted for the resolution, against themselves.

The avowed Communists who acknowledge their affiliations and are out in the open are not the most serious menace to democracy. It is the fellow travelers who are difficult to classify. There is no litmus-paper test for these people. In any organization it is difficult to know positively which individuals are actually Communists deliberately working under cover, and which individuals are being unwittingly used as window dressing. Actions are more reliable detectors of the real purposes of an organization than verbal protestations or official labels.

The vicious aspect is not that Communists want a drastic change in our political or economic organization. In a free country, Communists, too, are entitled to their opinions. They have the right to try to persuade the majority to adopt their opinions. The vicious aspect is injected with the fanatical doctrine that the end justifies the means; that deceit, disloyalty, trickery, sham—anything goes if it promotes Communism.

Suppression is no answer to these tactics. Suppression may involve serious infringements on the civil rights of innocent people. Suppression would only force Communism further under ground and renew the zeal of fellow travelers. The democratic way is to arouse the membership of all organizations to assert the prerogatives of majority rule against Communism. It is a problem that all groups in our society must face.

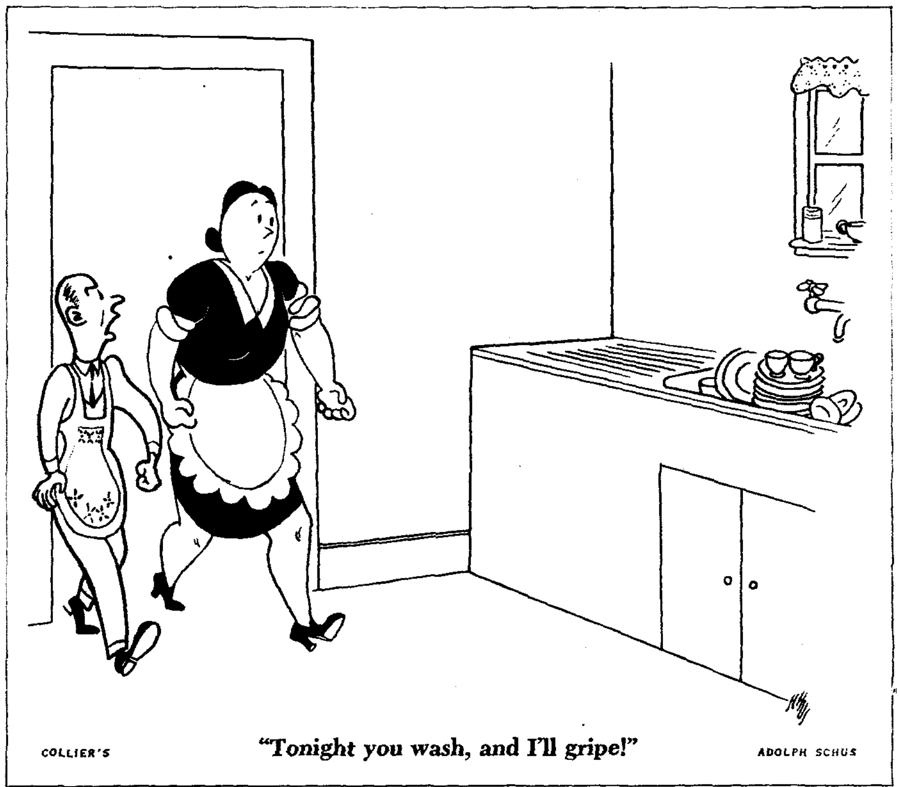
Liberals must divorce themselves from fellow-traveler elements or they will be discredited and immobilized.

Conservatives cannot afford to be smug with the notion that this is a fight outside of their bailiwick, that any battle on the left wing will redound to their benefit. If our institutions topple from Communist infiltration, they, too, will be ground under the heel of tyranny.

Industry and government have it within their power to minimize the superficial appeal of Communism by improving the status of the underprivileged in this country and by showing the people the relative merits of our system of free enterprise, as against any other.

Above all, the spotlight of publicity must continue to shine on the activities of those who are disloyal to the fundamental liberties and freedoms of the individual citizen which our government was formed to foster and protect.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Tonight you wash, and I'll gripe!" ADOLPH SCHUS

IT TAKES A THIEF

Continued from page 23

arm out and clapped her hand over Shelton's mouth. Infuriated, he attempted to knock her hand away. Then his eyes met hers. They stood that way, looking into each other's eyes; and then Shelton's hand began to shake violently and he dropped the telephone with a loud bang onto the marble tabletop and collapsed into a high-backed, Italian-type chair. Mrs. Shelton replaced the telephone on its cradle as the operator's anxious voice flowed out of it.

They were both too frightened to speak for a few minutes. The same thing was rushing through their heads and there was no need to say what it was. Only a solution was needed, and neither of them could find it. At last Mrs. Shelton said, "You didn't give the operator the name or address. Maybe—"

"We'll see," he said, and went into the living room and stretched out on the couch.

Mrs. Shelton went to the front windows and drew the shades. Then she came back to the couch and proceeded to walk up and down beside it, her breasts rising and falling with the heavy rhythm of her breathing.

Nothing happened for nearly an hour. They even made a pass at undressing, just as though he had not shouted frantically into the telephone that his house had been robbed. But they were hardly out of their clothes when the doorbell rang. In dressing gown and slippers Shelton went down the stairs with his wife behind him. In the presence of strangers he always knew how to look calm, so much so that when he opened the door and let the two policemen in, he appeared almost sleepy.

The question of his having hung up without giving his name was cleared away first: He had been too excited to give that detail to the operator. The officers then went about inspecting the premises. That completed, Shelton and his wife sat in the living room with them and gave a detailed description of the seven pieces of jewelry that had been taken from the safe, and the silver service, and the old Persian lamb coat, and the other items, all of which were noted in a black-covered pad that one policeman wrote in. When Shelton had closed the door behind the two officers, he stood thinking for a while, and his wife waited for his word. Finally he said, "We'll report the jewelry to the insurance company tomorrow."

"What about the money?"

"How can I mention the money?"

She knew there was no answer to that one, but it was hard, nevertheless, to give up ninety-one thousand dollars without a complaint.

In bed they lay without moving. Thinking. "What'll we do," she asked, "if they find the crook and he's still got the money?"

A long time later, Shelton said, "They never catch thieves."

EIGHT days passed, in fact, before Shelton's opinion was proved wrong. The telephone rang at dinnertime. He covered the mouthpiece with his palm and turned to his wife. "They want me to come down and identify the stuff." There was a quavering note in his voice.

"What about the money?" she whispered.

"They didn't mention the money," he said, questioning her with his eyes.

"Maybe tell them you're too sick to go now."

"I'll have to go sometime."

"Try to find out first if they found the money."

"I can't *ask* them, can I?" he said angrily, and turned again to the telephone and said he would be right over.

He drove slowly. The new, purring engine, the nineteen-hundred-dollar car for which he could easily get four thousand cash carried him effortlessly toward the police station. He drove slumped in the seat. As though to rehearse, he kept repeating the same sentence in his mind: I am simply a dealer, I am simply a dealer; I keep that much cash on hand to buy cars with. It sounded all right, businesslike. But was it possible they were that dumb? Maybe. They were just plain cops. Plain cops might not realize that ninety-one thousand was too much to have in a safe for that purpose. And still, it was possible they would not stumble on the truth at all, not know that cash in a home safe was probably not entered on any ledger or income-tax form. Cops did not know much about big money, he felt. And yet—ninety-one thousand dollars. Oh! Ninety-one thousand dollars! His insides grew cool at the thought of it. Not twenty thousand, or forty thousand, not even seventy-five thousand, but ninety-one thousand dollars. His retirement, his whole future ease, his very sureness of gait lay entirely in that money. It had become a tingling sensation for him, a smell, a feeling, a taste—ninety-one thousand dollars cash money in his safe at home. He had even stopped bothering to read the papers in the past year. Nothing that happened in the world could touch him while he had ninety-one thousand dollars in his closet.

THERE were three policemen sitting in the room when he entered. He identified himself, and they asked him to sit down. One of them went out. The remaining two were in shirtsleeves and seemed to be merely waiting around. In a little while a gray-haired man entered, followed by a detective who carried a cheap canvas zipper bag which he set on a desk near the door. The detective introduced himself to Shelton, and asked him to repeat his description of the jewelry. Shelton did so in some detail, answering more specific questions as they occurred to the detective.

The gray-haired man had slumped into a chair. Now he sat staring at the floor. Shelton slowly realized, as he described the jewelry, that this was the thief; for the man seemed resigned, very tired, and completely at home in the situation.

The detective went at last to the desk and opened the zipper bag and laid out the jewelry for Shelton to inspect. Shelton glanced at it and said it was his, picking up a wedding ring which had his name and his wife's engraved on the inside.

"We'll have the coat for you by tomorrow and maybe the silver, too," the detective said, idly arranging the jewelry in a pattern on the desk as he spoke. Shelton felt that the detective was getting at something from the way he played with the jewelry. The detective completed the pattern on the desk and then turned his broad, dark face toward Shelton and said, "Is their anything else you lost?"

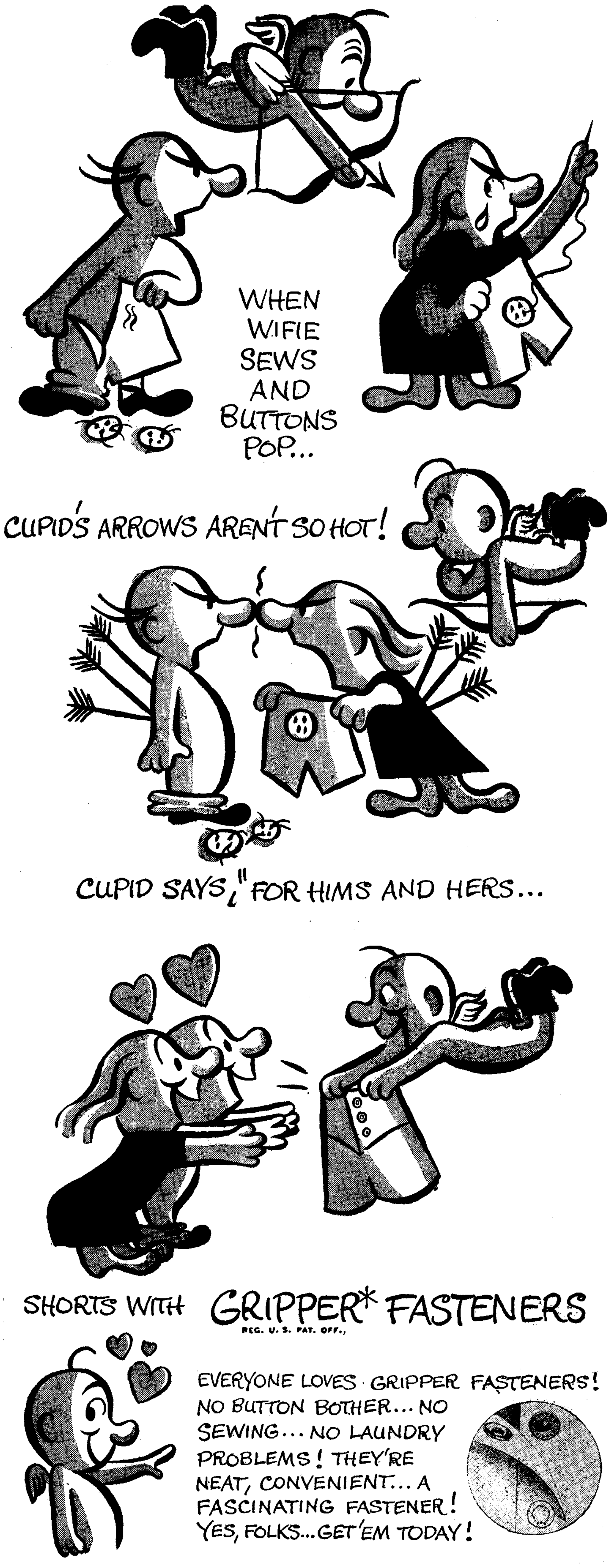
Shelton's hand, of its own accord, moved toward his heart as he said, "That's all I can remember."

The detective turned his whole body now and sat easily on the edge of the desk. "You didn't lose any money?"

The gray-haired thief raised his head, a mystified look clouding his face.

"Money?" asked Shelton. And yet he could not help adding, "What money?" Just curiously.

"We found this on him," the detective said, reaching into the bag and taking out five rolled-up wads of money wrapped in red rubber bands. Shelton's heart hurt him when he saw the rubber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No narcotics. Let children enjoy them freely. Now in greatest demand of their whole 100 year history. A boon to smokers. Buy 2 packs today, one for pocket, one for bedside if night coughs strike.

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RECOGNIZED BY THEIR STRIPES • REMEMBERED BY THEIR SERVICE

NORMALCY AT LAST

Return to the market of tires and clocks;
Of bicycles, skillets and pickle crocks;
Of bird cages, garters, and traps for rats;
Of dog collars, shotguns and derby hats,
And girdles for women and boots for men,
Means drugstores are thoroughly stocked again.

—William W. Pratt

bands, because they, more than any of the other items, were peculiarly his. They were the rubber bands he always used in his office.

"There's ninety-one thousand dollars here," the detective said.

The thief was looking up at Shelton from his chair, an expression of wounded bewilderment drawing his brows together. The detective merely sat on the desk, an observer; the moment suddenly belonged only to Shelton and the thief.

Shelton stared at the money without any expression on his face. It was too late to think fast; he had no idea what sort of mind this stolid detective had and he dared not hesitate long enough to sound the man out. A detective, Shelton knew, is higher than a cop; is more like a businessman, knows more. This one looks smart, and yet maybe . . .

SHELTON broke into a smile and touched one of the wads of bills that lay on the desk. (Oh, the ninety-one thousand; oh, the touch of it!) Sweat was running down his back; his heart pained like a wound. He smiled and stalled for time. "That's a lot of money," he said softly, frantically studying the detective's eyes for a sign.

But the detective was impassive, and said, "Is it yours?"

"Mine?" Shelton said, with a weak laugh. Longingly he looked at the solid wads. "I wish it were, but it isn't. I don't *keep* ninety-one thou—"

The thief, a tall man, stood up quickly and pointed to the money. "What the hell is *this?*" he shouted, amazed.

The detective moved toward him, and he sat down again. "It's his. I took it out of the safe with the other stuff."

"Take it easy," the detective said.

"Where did I get it, then?" the thief demanded in a more frightened tone. "What're you trying to do, pin another job on me? I only pulled one, that's all! You asked me and I told you." And, pointing directly up at Shelton's face, he said, "He's pullin' something!"

The detective, as he turned to Shelton, was an agonizingly expressionless man who seemed to have neither pulse nor point of view. He simply stood there, the law with two little black eyes. "You're sure," he said, "that this is not your money?"

"I ought to know," Shelton said, laughing calmly.

The detective seemed to catch the absurdity of it, and very nearly smiled. Then he turned to the thief and, with a nod of his head, motioned him outside. The two policemen walked out behind him. As soon as the door closed, Shelton could hear the thief resuming his astonished conversation with the policemen.

They were alone. The detective, without a word, returned to the desk and put the jewelry back into the zipper bag. Without turning his head, he said that they would return the stuff to Shelton in the morning. And then he picked up one of the heavy wads, but instead of dropping it into the bag he hefted it thoughtfully in his palm and turned his head to Shelton. "Lot of dough," he said.

"I'll say," Shelton agreed.

The detective continued placing the wads in the bag. Shelton stood a little behind him and to one side, watching as best he could for the slightest change in the man's expression. But there was none; the detective might have been asleep but for his open eyes. Shelton wanted to leave—immediately. It was impossible to know what was happening in the detective's head.

And yet Shelton dared not indicate his desperation. He smiled again, and shifted his weight easily to one foot and started to button his coat, and said—as if the question were quite academic—"What do you fellas do with money like that?"

The detective zipped the bag shut. "Money like what?" he asked evenly.

A twinge of pain shot through Shelton's chest at the suspicious reserve in the detective's question. "I mean, money that's not claimed," he amended.

The detective walked past him toward the door. "We wait," he said, and opened the door.

"I mean, supposing it's never claimed?" Shelton asked, following him, still smiling as though with idle curiosity.

"Hot money is never claimed," the detective said. "We'll just wait. Then we'll start looking around."

"I see."

Shelton walked with the detective to the door of the precinct station, and he even talked amiably, and then they said a pleasant good night.

Staring at the pavement rolling under the wheels of his car, he could summon neither feeling nor thought. It was only when he opened the door of his house, the house that had once contained the fortune of his life, that his numbness flowed away, and he felt weak and ill.

Mrs. Shelton questioned him tactfully and spoke very softly. She knew how furious he was. And then they sat without talking for a long time, until she could wait no longer.

"There must be a way to get it back," she began.

"How?"

"You mean to tell me—?"

"I mean to tell you!" he shouted, and got to his feet. "What'll I do, break into the station house?"

"But they've got laws against robbery!"

In reply, Shelton pulled his collar open and climbed the stairs and went to bed.

THESE days, Shelton rides to business very slowly. The few friends he has on the block have grown accustomed to the gray and haunted stare in his eyes. The children seem to quiet down as he guides his car through their street games.

Sometimes he goes by the police station, and passing it he slows down and peers through the car window at it, but he always continues on.

And when a police car rolls into the block on its ordinary tour, people can be seen stopping to watch until it passes his house. Nobody has said anything, of course, but we are waiting with Shelton for that awful moment when the white coupé pulls up at his door. And it must, of course.

Thirty days, maybe two months from now, it will turn the corner and slow down, and gradually, ominously, come to a stop.

The house is very quiet these nights—almost silent. The shades are drawn, and it is seldom that you see anyone going in or out. The Sheltons are waiting.

THE END

JUDGMENT NEEDED

A flier for 38 years, 55-year-old Ernest C. Hall believes flying instructors should get more pay, use more judgment

FLYING instructors call Ernest Craft Hall the Ancient Birdman, not contemptuously, but as a term of endearment and great respect. Ernie Hall is only 55 but is pretty generally recognized as the patriarch of flight instructors, a profession notoriously short-lived. Hall believes he has taught flying continuously and longer than any other person anywhere and he's still going strong at his small airport at Warren, Ohio, where he operates a fleet of Piper Cubs.

Flying instructors generally don't stay at it very long. Two, three, four years, then they become fed up. Bored with the monotony of up-and-down flying and often dissatisfied with the pay, they drift to other and more profitable flying jobs and youngsters step into their shoes.

Not so with Ernie Hall. He will have stuck to it for 35 years come April 8th. He learned to fly three years before that, so he has been "in aviation" 38 years. And for 32 of those years he has operated his own flying school with but two breaks: In the first World War he was a civilian instructor in the Army and a few years ago he served a term as Ohio's director of aviation.

The old master began flying when sudden death and the airplane were considered synonymous. But the current crashes are worrying him. "Most of these are unnecessary," he vehemently declares. "Airplanes nowadays are really safe, if you want to make them safe. Most of today's accidents don't start three seconds or even three minutes or even three hours before the actual crash. Many have been waiting to happen for months or even years and you can trace them right back to the flying instructor.

WING TALK
EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

"The dope who circles low over his girl's house, waves frantically and then spins in on her front lawn is just an indication of a flying instructor who wasn't alive to his job. The guy probably wasn't a dope; his instructor didn't give him all the facts of life."

The current accident crop, Ernie Hall believes, emphasizes that the flying instructors are turning out too many fliers and not enough pilots. The word pilot is defined by him as requiring the use of judgment.

"Sure, a lot of them have learned how to manipulate an airplane's controls, but too many haven't acquired judgment," he explains "They haven't learned all those little things they ought to know to keep out of trouble, or to get out after they've got in. Blame it on the instructors. A lot of them never acquired judgment; some have but don't know how to impart it to others."

Ernie Hall's very definite stand on instructor responsibility is supported just as vigorously by a nationally recognized aviation safety authority, Jerome (Jerry) Lederer, chief engineer of Aero Insurance Underwriters and former director of the Civil Aeronautics Board's Safety Bureau. Aircraft accidents of all kinds occurred at the rate of more than 12,000 a year in 1946 as against 5,000 for the year before and, declares Jerry Lederer, "The record shows that far too many pilots are already beyond redemption. Much educational work is under way to help them but their flying habits are already patterned for good or evil; their attitude toward safety is fixed except as it may be modified by sad or costly experience, or efforts to learn from the experiences of others. Until we can change man's fundamental attitudes toward all safety and weed out the accident-prone, safety will not begin with the pilot—safety begins with the instructor."

Hall wants instructor jobs to be made more attractive through better pay rates. Some schools pay flight instructors as little as $2 an hour. Ernie thinks $4 is about right, in good-weather areas, with $5 or $6 an hour for instrument or blind-flying training. Then, he argues, a pilot would think seriously of making it a career. Furthermore, he says that the Civil Aeronautics Administration, our aviation police and air-traffic cop, should crack down not only on the airmen who have accidents but also on those instructors whose students are found to have unfavorable accident experience, and they should crack down often.

Today, Ernie Hall charges students $10 an hour for primary flight training on a Cub.

In 1915, when his flying school was at Conneaut Lake Park, Pennsylvania, he charged and got $90 an hour for instruction on a Wright flying boat. However, in those days he provided free room and board for his trainees.

GEORGE R. REISS

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR
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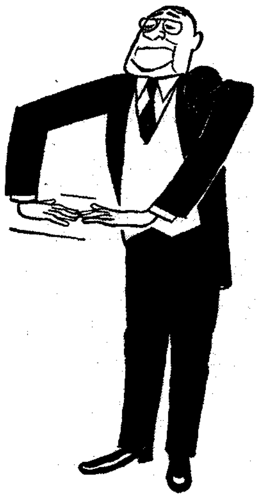
HOW TO BE A BUREAUCRAT



GRASS-GREEN Republicans landing at last on the shores of the Potomac and driving inland to take over Democratic strongholds of bureaucracy are becoming confused. They had thought it would be simple to simplify government. Now they are learning that bureaucracy moves in mysterious ways its blunders to perform.

The brash invaders are discovering that they are ignorant not only of the fancier techniques of bureaucracy, such as the run-around, the loophole letter, the cooling off of senators and the like, but that they do not know even the essential gestures without which government conferences cannot be carried on, or brought to satisfactorily inconclusive endings.

For example, bureaucracy cannot operate without co-ordinators. Civil service has a fuzzy job description, setting forth what a co-ordinator does, but nobody can understand just what it means, perhaps because it is not illustrated.

An easy way to identify a co-ordinator is to define him as a man who, when asked what he does, makes certain gestures with his hands.

First, he opens both hands in stand-up position, with wrists close together and fingers pointing somewhat outward. Then he begins to move his hands apart and outward to describe a half circle. He does this jerkily to show that he is rounding things up, preparatory to herding them together without loss.

At completion of the outward-bound half circle, the fingers are curved slightly inward and the hands continue jerkily to describe the other half of the circle, thus indicating that much stuff has been brought under control.

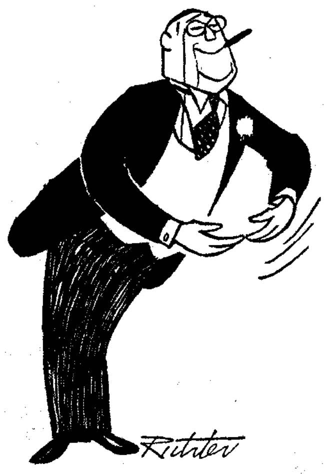
Finally, the co-ordinator rakes all these imaginary matters together, scoops them up in his hands, and puts them in a neat pile right in the middle of your desk. He stirs nostalgic memories of the old-time 60-cent table d'hôte dinner at which the waiter made great motions of raking together a large number of green peas on his platter before depositing six or seven on your plate.

Of almost equal importance with the co-ordinator is the bureaucrat whose job it is to line things up—to get ducks in a row. A conference without this man just doesn't pay off. When his time comes to perform, as usually it does after about two hours of conferring, he stands, flattens his right hand vertically and holds it straight ahead. He then makes a socket of his left hand, places it under his right elbow and on that base he pumps his flattened right forearm up and down pointing intently in one direction, and sighting along it as it pumps . . . That's lining up ducks, or facts, or alibis or something or anything.

In addition to these essential motion makers, bureaucracy also requires the liaison man, who brings operating ideas together and assembles them on your desk. Ask him what he does and he will look around the room, discover a corner, reach out toward that corner, pluck something out of the air and bring it toward you with admirable deftness. When he has gathered several of these items from different parts of the room, you know what he does in the public service and for the public good.

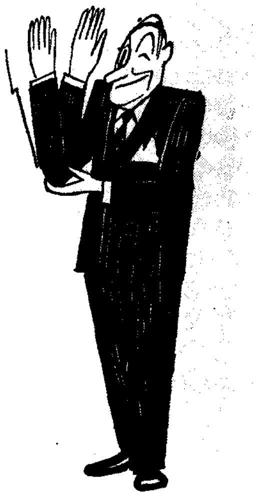
Other necessary gesturers in government include the man who takes people off hooks, the man who irons things out, the man who bumps heads together, the man who indicates what level is involved, and the man who shows how to throw a monkey off your back. The hook-relief operator merely walks over to the wall and with the greatest of ease lifts a squirming citizen or senator from the hook that isn't there. The ironer flattens his hands with palms downward and makes back-and-forth smoothing motions. The head-bumper grabs two imaginary heads by the hair and knocks them together. The level-indicator flattens one or both hands and indicates that the problem of the moment is knee-high, belt-high, head-high or away up above the head at the policy-making level. And the monkey-discarder merely reaches a hand behind his head, grabs the problem monkey firmly and throws him onto another man's back. This, clearly, is a zoological variation of buck passing.

But gestures are only a part of bureaucracy. It is equally as essential to know the technique of the delayed answer. New officials come to Washington determined to give quick answers, either affirmative or negative. But that will never do. If by strange chance, the answer to a seeker after something should be "Yes," the seasoned bureaucrat delays giving it, while he makes a great to-do about how hard it was to work around to that, and how much opposition he had to overcome. This sends the seeker away convinced that there is at least one good man in a Washington bureau.



If the answer is the usual "No," the old-line bureaucrat shies away from giving it directly, for "No" is a radioactive word, considered the most fatal in politics. But this old-liner listens intently, making notes or doodles or something as the appellant citizen explains what he wants, and why. Then comes the process of passing the citizen along from agency to agency, to get the sharp edges of the request rubbed off. The fast-weakening citizen is worn down and goes home without ever having got a definite "No!" from an identifiable source.

That's known as the run-around, and it has many variations. If the applicant is too insistent, or is backed by an insistent member of Congress, it may become necessary to pass the matter to what is conveniently known as "the field," which means everywhere outside of Washington. (An embittered old bureaucrat, homeward bound, defined the field as "the place where the run-arounders run out on you.") By referring a request to the field for a report and recommendation, then to another part of the field for comparison with what is being done there, weeks or months may be used up, the request is likely to go stale because of rapidly moving events, and almost certainly the interested congressman will have become interested in a newer demand from another constituent. Every bureaucrat knows that he can count on constituents to keep a congressman from remaining long on one subject. Sometimes this is known as sleeping on a problem, which, in turn, might be described as snoring from within.



Chester Bowles and various other wartime administrators in Washington used to tell a story that illustrates the purpose of the delaying tactics. The story went like this:

Somewhere in ancient times a king condemned a certain member of his entourage to death. But the condemned man decided to bring the king around, so he went to him and protested that his death would be a great loss to His Majesty's service.

The king asked how come, and the man replied that he was the only magician in the realm.

"Magician?" asked the king. "What magic can you do?"

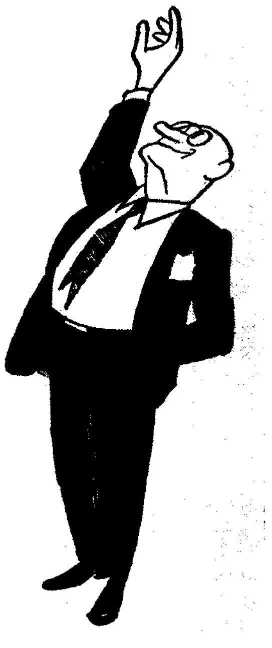
The man looked around quickly, saw the royal bull grazing in the meadow, and said that he could make the bull fly. The king gave him thirty days in which to do it.

The reprieved courtier went away in high spirits, but his friends were not so elated. "All you have done," said they, "is postpone your death."

"Oh, I'm not so sure," said the ever-hopeful bureaucrat of ancient times. "In thirty days the king may die, or I may die, or for all I know, that bull may fly."

In bureaucracy, a postponement ranks almost with a solution.

The word "directive" is one of the handiest yet developed by bureau operators and letter writers. No one knows just what it means. It wobbles all the way from being an order, to being merely a suggestion. If a race horse should be named Directive he could be spoken of as out of Order by Indecision. Anyway, it is a happy word for Washington workers. When hard pressed to do something, but in doubt as to what, a bureaucrat may send out a directive, which will be obeyed maybe in part by those who agree with its apparent purpose, and undoubtedly disregarded by all others. Many a congressman has been cooled down by assurances that a directive would go to the field at once along the lines of his demands.

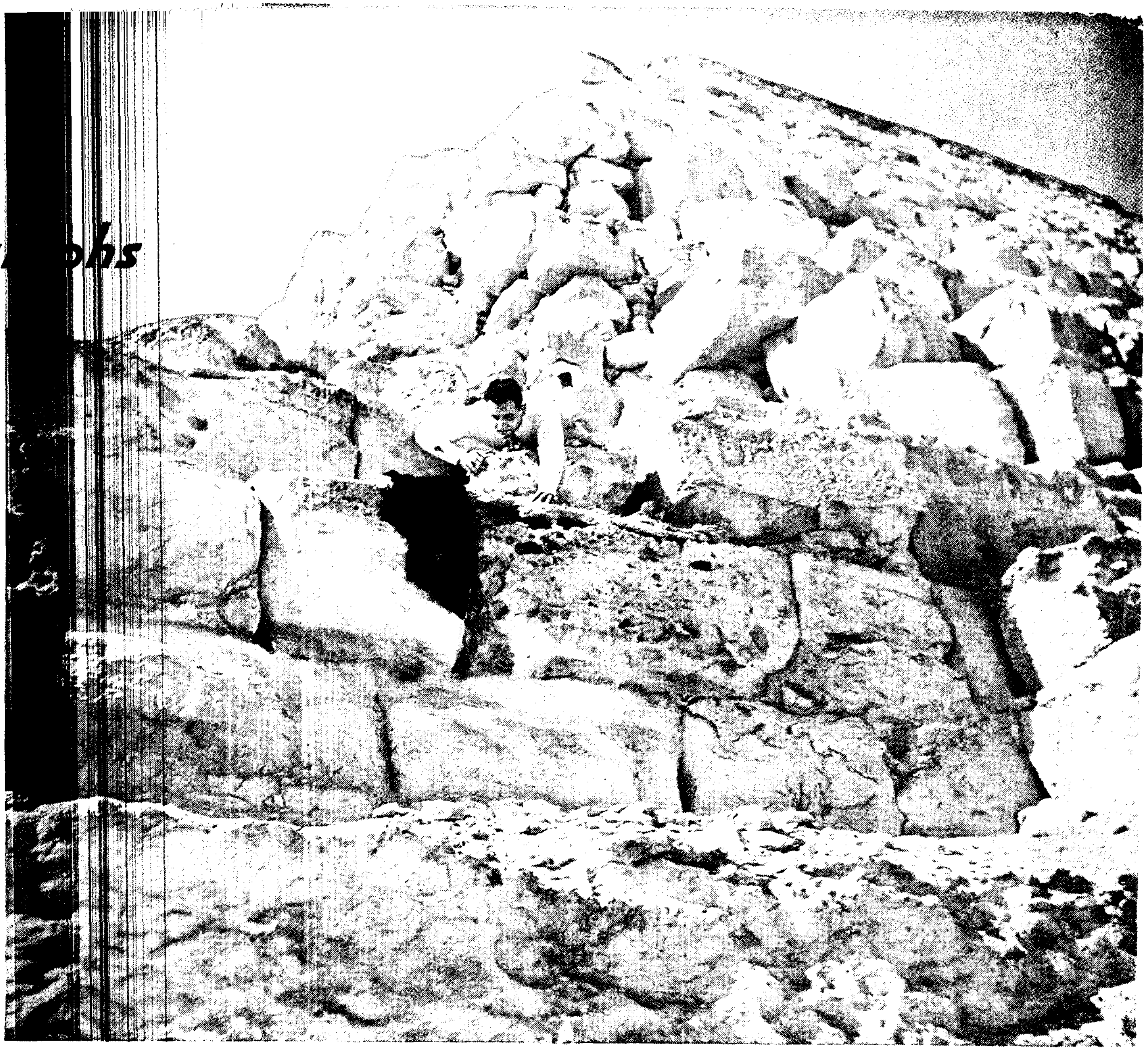


There is a lot more to bureaucracy than all this. For instance, if someone sends you something for "accessioning" that means it is to be added to what you've already got. And so on. But there isn't space now for more easy lessons in How to be a Bureaucrat. Those wishing additional information for accessioning may apply (in triplicate) to the editor on Form 999 (a) 3682 (m) as amended by Form 2638 (g) revised.

JAMES C. DERIEUX

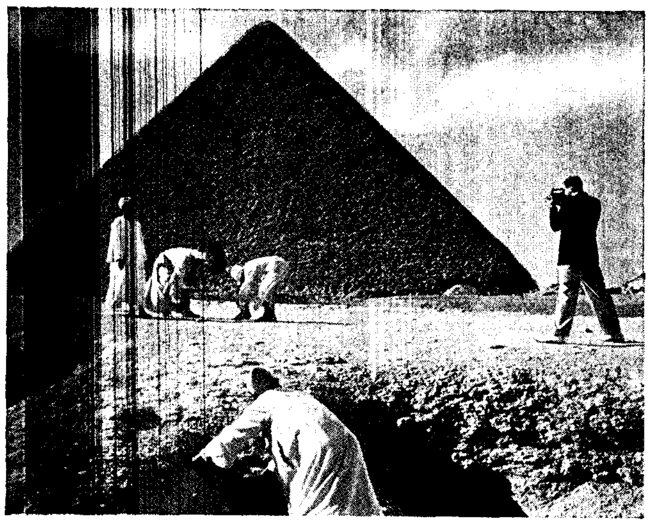
DRAWINGS BY MISCHA RICHTER

"That tomb of Egypt's pharaohs was almost my tombstone!"



① **"Believe me, I was scared!"** writes Bill Kelley, a Kansas City friend of Canadian Club. "I'd bet my friend I could scale the Great Pyramid and return in 45 minutes. Looked like a cinch . . . from a distance. Nobody told me till later that three travelers were recently *killed* in the 450-foot descent. The tiers are chest high, the shelves narrow. Every foothold smooth from erosion. On the way down I slipped and clung there head down, paralyzed with fear, until Arab dragomen rescued me. That was my *first* mishap.

② **"Riding a camel,** I discovered, is a lot like flying a small plane in a big storm . . . only rougher. If The Sphinx could talk she should tell travelers *never* to ride a camel in the desert sun. I got off to walk . . . right into *more* trouble.



③ **"Getting a camera angle** on one of the Pyramids. I kept backing up for better perspective. Nearby were several open excavations 10 feet deep that archaeologists had made for exploratory purposes and never filled in. What did I do? You've guessed it. I fell in!

"The Arab dragomen—well-named—dragged me out. Lucky for a change, I'd landed on some soft sand at one side of the excavation's floor. A similar fall had killed an Englishman last spring. That was enough for *me*. I called it a day.

⑤ **"In the luxurious gardens** of Mena House nearby. I relaxed over Canadian Club highballs with an Egyptian friend. Easily the most luxurious hotel between Turkey and Casablanca, Mena House was the scene of the Cairo Conference. Those were the most *welcome* Canadian Club highballs I've ever enjoyed. It's always been my whisky, but I sure was glad to find it there that day before boarding a TWA plane for home."

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